(Bergsin)

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THE CHILDREN'S
COMPANION.

HARVESTING.

THE

CHILDREN'S COMPANION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF

M. BERQUIN,

AUTHOR OF THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

PHILADELPHIA:

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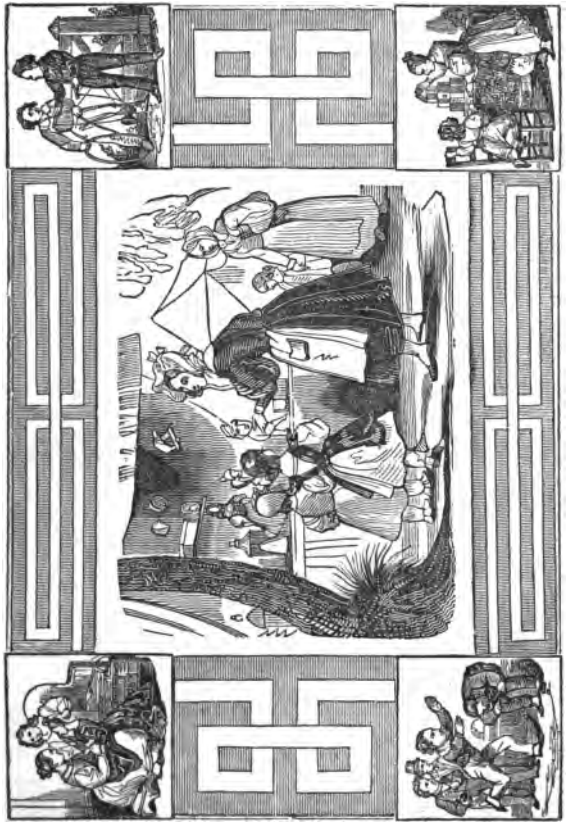
TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

It would be quite superfluous to offer any commendation of the works of a writer who has been so long and so favourably known to the public as M. Berquin, emphatically styled the "Children's Friend." From his Complete Works, recently published in a beautiful style, in Paris, we have selected and translated the following pieces, which compose the first part of the "Livre de Famille," one of his books, which, although it is among his very best productions, has not before been translated into English. It contains some of the finest specimens of those beautiful Dialogues by which he was accustomed to convey to the minds of children the most striking truths in moral, natural, and mental philosophy, in that familiar and agreeable style for which he is so remarkably distinguished among the writers of juvenile books. No child can for a moment withhold from these animated conversations, his earnest and interested attention. They win their way at once to the understanding and

the heart; and the useful truths they inculcate are indelibly engraven on the memory. In rendering them into English, we have endeavoured to retain the simplicity and *naivete* of the original; and by so doing, we trust that we have given the translation its strongest claim on the attention of those whom it was the author's design to conciliate and instruct.

The embellishments of the Paris edition, done by eminent French artists, have been carefully copied and reprinted in this edition.



THE

CHILDREN'S COMPANION.

THE USEFUL BEFORE THE AGREEABLE

MADAME DE VERTEUIL, AND HENRIETTA HER DAUGHTER.

Madame de Verteuil.

TELL me, Henrietta, are you satisfied with your walk to the fair, in company with your cousin and nurse?

Henrietta. Yes, mamma; we have had a great deal of pleasure. We saw some very splendid shops, and handsome illuminations. I cannot tell how many beautiful dolls there were. Cousin Lucy could not be satiated with looking at them. She leapt with joy at every step.

M. de V. You have, without doubt, made some handsome purchases. Your papa gave you some money for having learnt your les-

sons perfectly. Let us see what you have bought.

Hen. Mamma, I have brought nothing home but a little scented box for my sister.

M. de V. Do you then love to keep your money better than to spend it? You know your papa gave you the money that you might make use of it.

Hen. I have made use of it, mamma; I have nothing left.

M. de V. What have you done with it?

Hen. I will tell you all about it. My cousin and I were occupied in looking at a handsome booth. A poor woman was standing near us. She had a little boy on one of her arms, and she held a little girl by the hand. O, my dear, mamma, they were both so beautiful! The little boy stretched forward his body, and extended his little hands to reach the playthings that he saw: then he began to weep because he could not reach them. I then advanced towards his mother and said, "Well, my good woman, have you bought nothing for your children? Here are a great many things that would give them pleasure, and it appears that they wish for some very much."

"Ah, my dear young lady!" replied she, "how can I buy playthings for my children? I should be well satisfied if I had al-

ways enough bread to give them. I did not come here to make them presents. My poor Louisa entreated me so earnestly to bring her to the fair, that I could not refuse her. I knew that the sight would cost nothing; and it was the least I could do to procure them this pleasure, since I am not in a condition to procure them others. I am obliged to work all day to give them from time to time a piece of bread with some ordinary soup at noon, and as much in the evening."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said I to the good woman; "but will you permit me to purchase them something? Stop, here is a little doll that I can give to your daughter."

"And I," said Lucy, "can give a coach or drum to the little boy."

The poor children jumped for joy; but the mother replied, "Ah, my young ladies, that is too fine for them. Since you wish to do them good, winter is now approaching, and my little boy has no stockings to cover his feet. I have to cover them with my apron. For my poor little Louisa, she has nothing but this under jacket, which is ready to fall to pieces."

"O, if that is all," replied I, "we will purchase them." I then addressed myself to the master of a shop, and asked him if he could sell us some stockings and under jackets.

He put on a smile of disdain, and replied, "No, miss, I do not sell this trash. I advise you to employ your money better."

"What shall we do," said I to Nancy.

"O," replied she, "do not be uneasy: I know of a shop where we will find all that is necessary."

"Let us go, Nancy, let us go," said little Lucy.

For my part, I said to the merchant, "Sir, if we have any thing left, we will purchase sweetmeats and trinkets; but we will not buy them of you, since you wished to prevent us from doing good to these poor children."

We then ran toward the shop of which Nancy had spoken. There we purchased a pair of stockings, and a good under-jacket, which we gave to the poor woman.

"This is not all," said I: "have you at present enough bread for this evening?"

"O yes, my dear lady," replied she: "I have enough for to-day; but for to-morrow I know not where to get it."

"Let us go, Nancy, and see if we can find a baker near here. Stop! here is money to buy some French rolls for the poor woman."

"O no, I pray you, miss," replied the woman: "rye bread, if you please; it is good enough for us, and we can get more for the same money."

"I know what you want," said Nancy, "and I will get it."

She immediately went to the baker's, after having recommended us to the mistress of the shop in which we were. It was not long before she returned with a large loaf under her arm. She gave it to the woman, who put it in her apron and began to weep. Ah, mamma, my cousin Lucy and I wept a great deal: I do not know why, for we were very happy. However, the poor children continually looked toward the first shop, and did not appear as well satisfied as their mother.

Lucy perceived this, and said to her, "I am sorry that the poor children have something to regret: I have still a little money remaining, and will buy them each a spice-cake."

"And I," said I, "will buy them each a doll."

We then went to another shop, where I began by buying this little box for my sister; then we gave to the little children their dolls and cakes. Oh! you should have seen how happy they appeared: it was a pleasure to see them. The little girl devoured my hand with kisses; and the good woman retired, after giving us a thousand thanks.

M. de V. I wish you to tell me whether you were not well satisfied with yourselves.

Hen. Ah, mamma, we followed them for

some distance with our eyes. If you had seen with what pleasure the children ate their cake, and caressed their doll! especially the little boy: he leaped with joy in the arms of his mother. I was sorry that I did not buy them some more spice-cakes and toys instead of their stockings and under-jacket; for they did not appear to be pleased with them.

M. de V. Happily their mother thought more prudently than they or you. For tell me, Henrietta, if you were very hungry, and I were to give you a coach that you might go and play with it in the entry, instead of giving you something to eat, would you be satisfied?

Hen. By no means, mamma; I would rather have for the moment, a piece of dry bread than the handsomest coach.

M. de V. I believe it. And if, during the winter you were obliged to remain in a room without fire, and without stockings or under-jacket; and I were to give you, in place of them, a handsome doll to play with, would you not be compelled to weep with cold? and would you not give your doll for the least piece of clothing that would warm you?

Hen. Certainly.

M. de V. Well, it would have been the same with the little unfortunate children, when they would have entered their dwelling, and wanted something to eat.

Hen. But, mamma, they could then have eaten their spice-cake.

M. de V. Yes; but if they had eaten enough to appease their hunger, they would have been sick: that would certainly give you pain.

Hen. O, doubtless it would.

M. de V. And, moreover, all the playthings you would have given them, would they have preserved them from the cold during the winter?

Hen. Alas, no; I am convinced of it.

M. de V. You see, then, that their mother was much wiser in demanding for them bread, an under-jacket, and stockings. For the rest, my dear daughter, I cannot but tell you, that your employment of your money has given me the greatest satisfaction: I will not fail to inform your father of it; and he, like myself, will certainly love you more.

Hen. O, so much the better, mamma; this is what I most desire.

M. de V. You are deprived of what you could have purchased for yourself, that you might afford relief to the unfortunate, and offer a little present to your sister; this is a pleasant fair-day for you.

OBEDIENCE.

MADAME DE VERTEUIL, AND PAULINE HER DAUGHTER.

Pauline.

MAMMA, why should children obey the commands of older persons?

Madame de Verteuil. It is because children do not know what can do them good or evil; and every moment dreadful accidents would happen to them, if the older persons by whom they are surrounded were not continually engaged in preserving them from them. Do you not remember what happened the other day to poor Alexander, while playing with the candle?

Paul. Yes, mamma, I remember very well.

M. de V. The little flame appeared so handsome, that he wished to touch it. I told him that it would burn him; but he was disobedient; and what happened to him?

Paul. He took the flame in his little hands, and burned them. Poor Alexander! I still seem to hear him cry.

M. de V. Would it not have been better for him to have obeyed me?

Paul. Certainly, mamma.

M. de V. This is the reason why children should always obey older persons. They should be satisfied that when any thing is forbidden them, it is because it would do them some injury.

Paul. And how do the older persons know this?

M. de V. Because when they were young, they learned it from their papa, mamma, or nurse. They remember that every time they would not believe it, they soon had cause to repent.

Paul. O, this is fine, mamma; what you now tell me, I will, perhaps, one day tell to my children?

M. de V. In the mean while, do you wish that I should give you other reasons why you should obey persons older than yourself?

Paul. Yes, mamma; it will give me great pleasure.

M. de V. Could you yourself prepare your dinner or supper?

Paul. No, mamma; I am not cook enough for that.

M. de V. And could you make your own clothes?

Paul. How could I do it? I cannot manage my needle yet.

M. de V. But now that your clothes are made, could you dress yourself without assistance?

Paul. O, no; I should be much embarrassed without the help of Nancy.

M. de V. And when you take a walk, have I not to take you by the hand to prevent any accident from happening to you?

Paul. Yes; for if you did not, the coaches would soon run over me.

M. de V. You now see in how many things you have need of the help of older persons.

Paul. It is true.

M. de V. But can you not do something for them? Could you, for example, iron for Nancy, who every day takes so much pains to dress and undress you? Could you pick the plants for the cook who prepares them for eating? Have you money to give to the seamstress who makes your clothes? Do you render the least service to your papa, who pays this money for you? Would you be capable, finally, to watch over me in my sickness, as I do in yours?

Paul. No, mamma.

M. de V. You see how many things your

papa, your mamma, Nancy, the seamstress, the cook, in a word, all older persons, can do for you. You also see that, in your turn, you can do nothing for them.

Paul. That is true, mamma: I am still too small.

M. de V. There is one thing, however, that you can do for us.

Paul. Ah! what is it, I pray you?

M. de V. It is by being mild and obedient, that you can comfort us for the pains we take in watching continually over you. For example, when Nancy says, "Do not touch the candle," and, notwithstanding this, you persist in taking it, she must lay aside her work to take the candle out of your hands, that you may not set the house on fire. When she says, "Do not torment your little brother," and you continue to tease him, she must again lay aside her work to take your brother from you, that you may not make him cry any longer. When she says, "Do not run down the stairs so fast," and you only go the faster, she must a third time lay aside her work, and take you by the hand, to prevent you from hurting your head by falling from the top of the stairs; as that would most certainly take place. Is not all this very fatiguing for Nancy?

Paul. Yes, mamma. I now think she has good reason for scolding me.

M. de V. It is necessary for her to do so; and if you still refuse to obey her, she will finally be obliged to say to you, "Listen, my child; since you will not remain quiet, and by this you prevent me from finishing my work, you will have the goodness to perform yourself, every thing that you have need of. When you ask me to put you to bed, I cannot do it, because I shall have my work to finish." It is thus that Nancy should speak. What would you then do? Can you undress yourself?

Paul. No, mamma.

M. de V. You see, then, that if children can do nothing without the help of larger persons, they should always be ready to obey them, to save them trouble; otherwise they should be abandoned to themselves, to do what they wanted done as they best could.

Paul. That appears to be just.

M. de V. This is not all: there is still another thing to consider.

Paul. What is it, mamma?

M. de V. Are not large persons stronger than children? Is not Nancy, for example, stronger than you are?

Paul. Certainly.

M. de V. Large persons, therefore, are able to give assistance to children; but for the same reason, they can also force the children to obey them. When Nancy calls you, and you do not go to her, what does she do?

Paul. She gets up and takes me by the arm.

M. de V. And when she has hold of you, can you prevent her from taking you with her?

Paul. No, mamma.

M. de V. Is it not better, then, to obey cheerfully, than to be dragged by force, and also scolded all the way? What good does your stubbornness do you? You may cry and stamp; all you can do is useless: it appears to me to be better to spare yourself the grief and shame.

Paul. Yes, mamma, that will be much better; and little as I am, I hope that I will soon be forward in understanding.

JUSTICE.

THE FIRST DAY.

M. DE PALMY, CHARLES, AUGUSTUS, AND PAUL, HIS CHILDREN.

M. De Palmy.

CHARLES, Augustus, Paul, my dear children, come here.

Charles, (*advancing with the others.*) What do you want with us, papa?

M. de P. You will be delighted to hear: I will tell you. We will begin with the largest. Here, Charles, is a horse that I give you; it is for you alone, do you hear? that is to say, henceforth you alone can do what you please with it.

Char. O, papa, I thank you. We will go and have many races together.

M. de P. Augustus, it is now your turn. Here is a wheelbarrow; it is yours; you alone will have the right to use it.

Aug. Many thanks to you, papa; it shall not remain in the coach-house. It will do to convey all that I want into my garden.

M. de P. That is very well. Paul, my son, come here: here is a coach: you alone are master of it.

Paul. O, papa, how handsome it is! I thank you with all my heart. I will go to try it.

M. de P. Stop, stop, my dear children: I have something of importance to tell you. If you desire to make yourselves beloved by each other, you should lend your playthings by turns; for good brothers should be always ready to oblige: in this manner your amusements will be more varied, and interesting. Is it not true, Charles? It is you I ask.

Char. I am of your opinion, papa.

M. de P. Do you know why I asked you this question?

Char. I can guess near the truth.

M. de P. Let us hear what you think; I wish to know.

Char. It is because you were yesterday in the garden when I was playing with Augustus. He asked me to lend him my whip; I did not do it; my refusal made him angry, and our party was broken up.

M. de P. I am glad that you remember it. This always happens when children are not

obliging. This is the reason you should always be ready to lend, mutually, your playthings; but you should never take them from one another. You, Charles, have no right either to the wheelbarrow of Augustus, or to the coach of Paul; therefore you should not take them without having first asked your brothers if they will lend them to you. If they lend them, it is well: you can use them till they demand them; then you should return them with a good grace, since they are the owners. Do you understand this, my son?

Char. Yes, papa.

M. de P. And you, Augustus, you should take neither Paul's coach, nor Charles's horse, if they do not wish to lend them to you. Each is master of his own property.

Aug. Yes, papa; that is right.

M. de P. Finally, you, Paul, should not touch your brothers' playthings without their permission, as they should not touch yours. Each of you has no right to any thing but that which I gave to him. Now you are well instructed, you may go and play under the trees, and be willing to comply with each other's wishes.

All, together. Yes, yes, yes, papa.

THE SECOND DAY.

M. de P. Well, my children, yesterday there prevailed much harmony among you: why is it not the same to-day?

Char. It is not my fault, papa. Augustus has taken my horse, and does not wish to return it.

M. de P. Did he ask you for it?

Char. No, papa.

M. de P. Why, Augustus, have you taken your brother's horse? Did not I tell you yesterday not to touch it without his permission?

Aug. It is very true, papa; but I had nothing to play with: Paul had taken my wheelbarrow. I found Charles's horse without any thing to do, and I thought I might use it whilst he ran after butterflies.

M. de P. That is nothing to the purpose. You had no right to the horse, though your brother was not using it at that moment. And you, Paul, why did you take your brother's wheelbarrow without first knowing if he would lend it to you?

Paul. Papa, it was because I went a moment to the door, and while I was gone Augustus pulled my coach; he had not asked my permission; then I took my revenge on his wheelbarrow by trundling it.

M. de P. It appears to me, Augustus, that you had deserved it. But you, Paul, take care next time. Even if one of your brothers takes any thing belonging to you, you should not take what belongs to him; otherwise there will be never-ending quarrels. You should rather desire him to return it; and if he will not, tell him you will let me know of it: if he still refuses, you should come to me, and I will settle the matter. Go bring your playthings to me, that I may do justice.

Char. What is doing justice, papa?

M. de P. It is to render to each that which belongs to him, and punish those who have merited it. Here, Charles, take your horse. Augustus, here is your wheelbarrow. Here is your coach, Paul. Each can now have what belongs to him; but since Augustus has been the cause of all these quarrels· since he has been the first to take the coach of Paul whilst Paul was gone to the door; and Charles's horse whilst Charles ran after butterflies, he must pass the remainder of the day without playing with his wheelbarrow: it shall remain in the corner.

Aug. But, papa—

M. de P. My son, the sentence is pronounced. You should yourself feel that it is

just; and you know you must obey my orders without murmuring.

Aug. Well, papa, I will obey you.

M. de P. It is your first duty. For you, Paul, remember that henceforth you should take nothing from another upon the pretext that he has taken something of yours. That is called taking justice into your own hands; and this right does not belong to children; it belongs to their father. If the children pretend to do justice themselves, they will pass the day in taking and retaking each other's playthings; then they quarrel, perhaps even fight; which would be dreadful between brothers, who should always love each other. Remember, in future, that I alone have the right to settle your disputes; and try, above all, to conduct yourselves so well, that I shall not be continually disturbed.

THE THIRD DAY.

M. de P. What is the matter my dear children? What is the cause of your dispute.

Aug. Papa, Charles has taken my ball, and pushed it into a hole.

M. de P. Go, Charles; you must get this ball out, since you pushed it in. You know

that it belongs to Augustus; and justice requires that each should have his own.

Char. I wish to do so, papa; but it is not my fault if the hole is so deep. It is not possible to reach the ball, even with the tongs.

M. de P. That is nothing to Augustus: he should not suffer because you threw his ball into a hole. It is you who have lost it; it is you who should restore it: and if that is not in your power, you must compensate your brother by giving him another ball equally good. In any case, he should have what belongs to him, or something of equal value. You know that this is justice. Have you a similar ball?

Char. Yes, papa. Here it is.

M. de P. Augustus, see if it is as good as yours?

Aug. Yes, papa; it is exactly like it.

M. de P. Well, it is yours, to replace that which your brother lost. Charles, you ought to give it to him, since you have deprived him of his; he should not suffer by your fault. If you had done that of your own accord, then I should have said that you were a just child, who knew how to restore to others what belonged to them, without giving your father the trouble to compel you; for when children will not be just themselves, their father should compel them to do justice.

Char. I am of the same opinion.

M. de P. Why did you not at first make this reflection? But it is impossible that you have not made it: hide nothing from me. Did not a voice rise in your heart, which told you that you should give your ball to Augustus, since you have lost his?

Char. Yes, papa; I have from the first felt that it was just.

M. de P. Well, my son, why did you not yield to so honourable a sentiment? You would have been more satisfied with yourself than you are at this moment. Yes, my dear son, may this be a lesson for you another time. Never resist the first impulse of the heart, when it speaks against yourself. It is by following these noble impulses, whatever sacrifice it may cost, that we acquire a habit and taste for justice; the most useful virtue among men.

ON KEEPING PROMISES.

M. de Palmy.

AM going to take a walk, my children. Come, who are the two whose turn it is to go with me?

Charles and Augustus. It is our turn, papa; it is our turn.

M. de P. Are you agreed between you?

Char. Paul knows that I stayed at home yesterday.

Aug. And I the day before.

M. de P. It is therefore his turn to remain at home to-day.

Paul. Yes, my dear papa, that is true. But, my dear Augustus, will you not remain in my place? I am exceedingly desirous of taking a walk to-day. Here; if you let me go in your place, I will give you that handsome top which I lent yesterday to my cousin to play with.

Aug. I am willing to remain in your place. Where is the top?

C

Paul. My cousin has not yet returned it to me. He is to give it to me this evening, and I promise that you shall then have it.

Aug. Oh! that is another thing. Give me the top immediately, or you shall not go.

Paul. O, my dear Augustus, let me go: I assure you that I will give it to you as soon as my cousin comes.

Aug. I cannot help that. (*He lets go his hand.*) I have already told you; give me the top, or I will go.

Paul. I have not got it now; how then can I give it to you?

Aug. In that case there is no alternative: you must remain at home.

M. de P. But, Augustus, since your brother promises to give you his top, is it not the same as if you now received it? You can have it this evening.

Aug. That is not so certain as you think, papa. He yesterday promised me a delicious apple for a handsome flower that I had given him; and when I demanded the apple, he said that he had eaten it.

Paul. Well, do you believe that I will eat the top?

Aug. No; but I am afraid you will keep it; and I am not going to remain at home for nothing.

M. de P. If that is the case, Augustus is

right. When you are not faithful to your word, your promises are of no use. You should not, therefore, be surprised if persons refuse to confide in you. Can you immediately give the top to your brother?

Paul. No, papa; my cousin is to keep it till the evening.

M. de P. I am sorry; but I can do nothing for you. You must remain at home. This lesson may, perhaps, teach you hereafter to keep your promises.

Paul. But, papa—

M. de P. You have nothing more to say. But I have yet to tell you another thing. Since you did not yesterday give your brother the apple you promised him, you must give him one to-day. You know that a father should exercise justice among his children, if they will not be just among themselves. Every time that you promise something that belongs to you, as an apple, a top, or any thing else, this thing belongs no longer to you; it belongs to the person to whom you promised it; because, in virtue of your promise, you give him the right over the thing that you formerly possessed. If the top was now in your hands, you would give it to Augustus: would you not? and from this moment would it not be his property?

Paul. Yes, papa

M. de P. But since you have not got it, and therefore cannot give it away, you promise to give it to your brother as soon as you receive it; and you pray him to regard it as already in his possession, and to do for you the same as if he had received it: is it not on your promise alone, that you wish him really to yield his turn to go out?

Paul. Yes, papa; that is the agreement.

M. de P. Your brother, therefore, must regard the promise as the thing itself; and that can only be when he is certain that you will keep your promise. I now ask you yourself, if he can be sure that you will give him the top to-day, when he remembers that you yesterday refused to give him your apple?

Paul. Yes; but, papa, I now promise to keep my promise.

M. de P. And how will he know whether you will keep it? He who is known to break his promises, is the same as one who is known to tell lies: a liar is not believed, even though he speak the truth; because we cannot immediately distinguish whether it be true or not; and we cannot confide in the word of a person who is in the habit of breaking it, even though he has for once determined to keep it, because we have no index to find out the sincerity of the resolution: is it not, therefore, a shame for a boy, educated as you

have been, to make no more account of his words than a known liar?

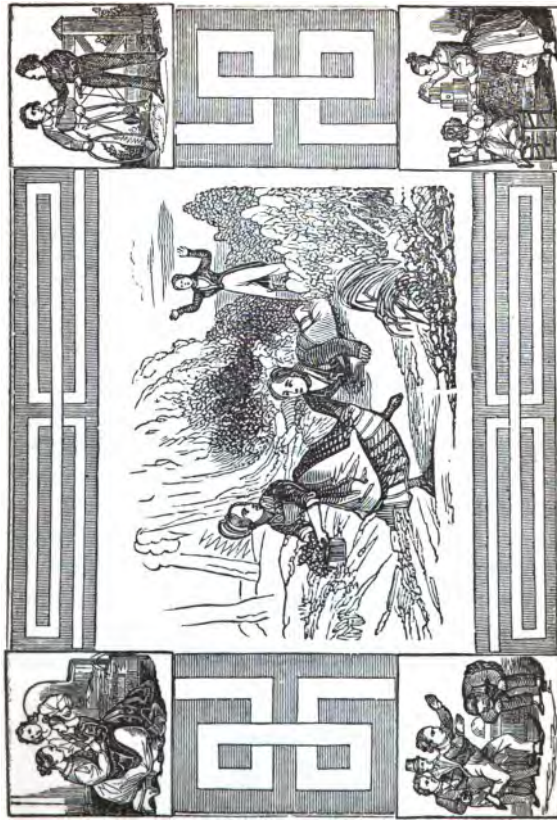
Paul. Oh, papa! you make me feel the great wickedness of my fault.

M. de P. I am glad that you have acknowledged it, so that you keep your promises in future. When you have acquired the reputation of being faithful to your promises, then your word will be taken as readily as the thing itself, and I shall derive honour from being your father: but if you continue to break your word, your promises will be disregarded, even when the most solemn; and I shall blush to reckon you among the number of my children.

Paul. Oh, papa! with what a misfortune you threaten me.

M. de P. It is you alone who can prevent it.

Paul. Yes, that is true, papa: my first promise is to correct myself; and I wish to show you, by keeping this, that I will henceforth be faithful to all others.



PROPERTY;

OR, YOURS AND MINE.

M. DE VERTEUIL, ADRIEN HIS SON, AND A LITTLE GIRL.

Adrien.

EE, papa, the handsome flowers! I will go and gather some.

M. de V. You must not, Adrien: I forbid you to touch them.

Adr. Why, papa, I pray you, may I not have some?

M. de V. Because these flowers are not yours; they belong to the gardener, who lives yonder in that small cottage.

Adr. O, papa, only two or three!

M. de V. Not one. Do you not remember, my son, that you complained to me the other day that your sister had torn up your lettuce to sow mignonette in its place?

Adr. Well, papa, had not I reason? I had had so much trouble to make my lettuce grow!

M. de V. What had you done to make it grow?

Adr. You know very well, since you have seen me make my garden. It was a little spot of ground filled with weeds and pebbles; I had occupied three entire days in clearing it of the weeds and stones, and in smoothing it with my rake. I had digged it for more than a foot in depth; I had manured the ground; I had afterwards transplanted some lettuce, which I watered evening and morning: you know with what care I tore up the roots: and when my lettuce rose above the ground, when I hoped to have soon presented you with some salad, my sister came and destroyed it all, to put in its place some mignonette, under pretence that it has a better smell. What do you say of this fine undertaking?

M. de V. I say that it was very bad of her since it was your garden, and you had taken so much trouble to cultivate it.

Adr. Should she thus make me lose, to gratify a light caprice, all the fruit of my labours?

M. de V. Certainly not: but know you not, my son, that the pain your sister has given you, by tearing up your lettuce, is nothing to compare with that you would cause the gardener, were you to tear up his flowers?

Adr. How, papa, I pray you?

M. de V. Because he has taken still more pains to adorn his garden, than you have to cultivate yours.

Adr. What pains has he taken, papa?

M. de V. I will tell you. Last autumn, he cleared out all the beds; he spread over them a very rich manure, and planted a great many bulbous roots, which you now see in blossom. Do you not know those bulbous roots that your mother has placed in the vases on the mantel?

Adr. Indeed, papa, these flowers are exactly like mamma's.

M. de V. Yes; but they cost the poor gardener much more trouble to make them grow; and I have told you only the half of his labour. After having put these bulbous roots in the ground, it was necessary to cover them with manure to keep them from the cold, and to make straw beds to preserve them from the frost: this is the manner in which he has kept his hot-beds during the winter. Afterwards, on the approach of spring, when the excessive cold had ceased, he uncovered these flowers by degrees, and carefully watered them when the weather was too dry. How much trouble has it cost him to rear them till they have attained their present size! Now, if you would go and pluck one, and I another;

if all who admire them were to go and do the same, would not all the labour of this industrious man be lost? and would he not have as much cause to complain of us, as you had the other day to complain of your sister?

Adr. Yes, papa, that is true; but what does he do with all these flowers? he has so many of them. He cannot eat them, as we would have eaten our lettuce.

M. de V. No, my son; but he gathers them to sell in the city. By this means he procures money; and you know he must have that to lodge and feed himself. The more he has in his garden, the more money he receives. You understand this without explanation, do you not?

Adr. Yes, papa, I understand very well. But Louis, the gardener, does not complain when you gather the flowers for us: however, I have seen that he takes much pains to cultivate them. Yesterday he came with his wife and all his children to pull up the weeds; because, said he, the flowers will become larger and more beautiful.

M. de V. That is very true; but do you wish that I should show you the difference?

Adr. I would be much obliged to you, papa.

M. de V. If my affairs would permit me, I would myself plant and cultivate the trees and

flowers of my garden. It is an agreeable occupation, and a very good exercise, when one becomes accustomed to it. But I am often occupied with much more important affairs. This is the reason why I hired the gardener Louis, and said to him, "My friend, I have not time to do all that is necessary in my garden, to keep it in order. If you will take my place, and perform all the necessary labour, I will give you a hundred crowns a year. If you receive this sum for your labour, all the fruits and flowers that grow in my garden will belong to me."—"I will do it, sir, with pleasure," replied Louis: "it is a bargain."—Since that time Louis has come each day to my garden, to perform the necessary work, to plant, sow, rake, and keep all in good order. However, by virtue of our agreement, the fruits and flowers belong to me, in consideration of the hundred crowns that I give Louis for his labour: but neither you nor I, nor any other person, has given any thing to the gardener for his care. He cultivates this garden for his own advantage, and therefore nobody has any right to prevent it, by coming and gathering the flowers he has taken so much pains to cultivate.

Adr. You are right, papa. But suppose you give him money for some of his flowers?

M. de V. Then he will willingly give them to us.

Adr. Well, let us buy some, I pray you: I have six cents that I can lay out.

M. de V. You cannot obtain many for six cents. The season is not yet advanced; flowers are rare, and consequently bear a high price. Let us, however, go to his cottage and speak with him.

Adr. Let us go, papa, let us go.

M. de V., (*advancing.*) His door seems to be fastened; I fear he has gone out. Go, knock. (*Adrian runs and knocks at the door. No one answers. He returns.*)

M. de V. He has, without doubt, gone to sell his flowers in the city. We will buy some another time.

Adr. I am very sorry that I cannot carry a handsome bouquet for mamma.

M. de V. Since you have that wish, I can procure other flowers which are not so rare, but are, nevertheless, quite as beautiful.

Adr. Where, papa?

M. de V. Yonder, in that heath. We shall find there some wild flowers, that no person has sown or planted, but which grow of themselves on the old stalks, or which spring from seed fallen from the flowers of the last year.

Adr. Oh, that is wonderful, papa. Will you take me there?

M. de V. With great pleasure, my son. (*They go to the heath.*)

Adr. Oh! look, papa, at the number of handsome flowers. May I gather them?

M. de V. Yes, my son, you may gather them without doing the least injury to any body. (*Adrian begins to gather the flowers.*)

Adr. O, papa, see how many I have already gathered! I can hold no more in my hand. I am afraid I shall spoil them.

M. de V. Have you nothing you can put them in?

Adr. No, I do not know how. Oh! I cannot think. My hat will do very well.

M. de V. Without doubt: the weather is mild enough to have the head uncovered. (*Adrian puts the flowers which he has in his hand, into his hat, and continues to gather them.*)

Adr. O, papa, here are two eggs that I have just found in a basket; I will take them. (*He lays down his hat near the basket, and runs towards his father with an egg in each hand.*)

M. de V. What have you done, Adrian? you should not have taken these eggs, as they do not belong to you. They belong to some one; for they did not get into the basket of themselves. (*A little girl comes out from among the heath, where she was concealed, and seeing the eggs in the hand of Adrian,*

she runs to his hat, which she seizes, with the flowers, crying,) My little master, those eggs are mine. If you do not give them to me, I will keep your hat."

(*Adrian quits his father, and runs after the little girl. He makes a false step, falls upon the eggs, and breaks them. He rises and cries to the little girl,*) "How, you little thief! are you not going to give me my flowers? I have had the trouble of collecting them; they belong to me.

Girl. I also have taken the trouble to seek those lapwing's eggs that you have taken from me. They are mine: you must restore them, or you shall neither have your hat nor your flowers.

Adr. How do you wish me to restore your eggs? I have broken them by accident.

Girl. Well, in that case, you must pay me what they would sell for in the city.

Adr., (*to his father, who had approached in the interval.*) Do you hear, papa? she wishes to keep my hat and my flowers.

M. de V. What do you wish me to say, Adrian? Why did you break the eggs? She has taken the trouble to find them that she might sell them: it is not just that you should make her lose the fruit of her labour. Tell me, my child, how much they are sold for?

Girl. Three cents a piece, sir, is the common price.

M. de V., (*to Adrian.*) You see, my son, that you have made this little girl lose six cents. You must give her the money that you just now wished to give to the gardener for a bouquet. (*To the little girl.*) Will you not return, on this condition, his hat and his flowers?

Girl. Yes, sir, I demand nothing more.

M. de V. In that case, both of you are out of the predicament.

Adr. Yes, papa; but it will cost me six cents.

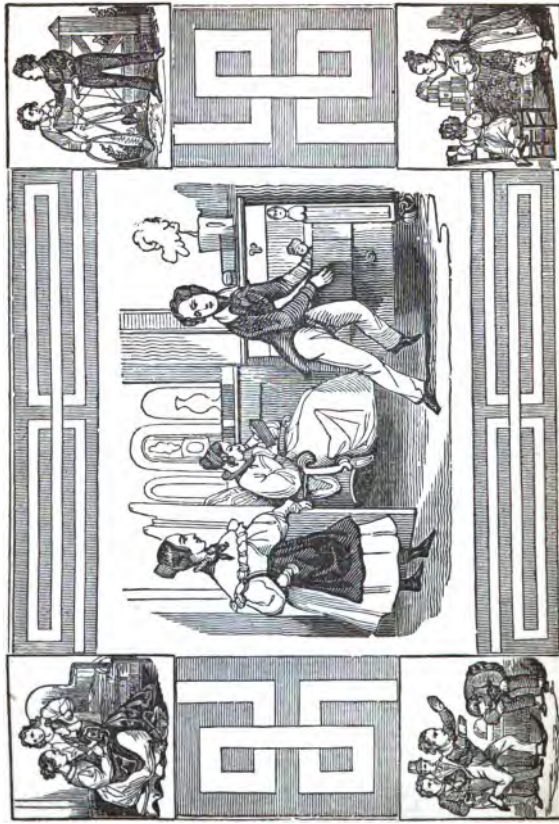
M. de V. You deserve it. Why did you touch that which did not belong to you? You could here gather flowers, because they grow naturally, no person taking the trouble to cultivate them; but you should know that eggs are not found in a basket without some person putting them there; this little girl has run a long time in the heath to find them; you had no right to seize on the fruit of her labour; therefore you must make her a compensation; and as you cannot return the eggs, you must give her their value in money: this value is just six cents. This, my son, is all you have to do; otherwise the little girl can justly retain your flowers and your hat till you have satisfied her.

Adr. Yes, papa, I feel the justice of your judgment. Here, my dear friend, is my six cents; they are yours.

Girl, (*returning his hat and flowers.*) Here, my little master, here is what belongs to you.

M. de V. Let us go, my son, it is time to depart. If you wish to be led by me, you will henceforth never touch what you find, without knowing beforehand whether it belongs to any one or not; you see that you have risked your hat, while she risked her six cents.

Adr. Yes, papa; it is a good lesson, I assure you, and I shall be wiser for the future.



THE THIEF.

MADAME DE LIMEUIL, MAXIMAN HER SON, MINETTE HER NIECE.

Minette, (*entering.*)

GOOD morning, my dear aunt. Good morning, Maximan.

Maximan, (*coldly.*) Good morning, cousin.

Min. What pretty things you have there, cousin! Shall I play with you?

Max. No, I thank you. (*He collects his toys with an anxious air.*)

Min. O, dear Maximan, do let me look at them; we shall amuse ourselves finely together.

Max. No, Minette: I am sorry, but that cannot be. (*He places his playthings in a drawer, shuts it carefully, and stands before the bureau, looking suspiciously at Minette.*)

Min. Well, cousin, why will you not let me play with you? That is not polite at all.

Is it aunt? Tell him, do, to let me see his toys for a moment.

Mde. de Limeuil. Listen to me, my dear niece. Maximan is not so much in the wrong, not to let you play with him. Yesterday you took away from him his little bell.

Min., (*with embarrassment.*) I, aunt!

Mde. de L. Yes, I know you took it yesterday without his knowledge; and this morning, instead of giving it back when he sent for it, you told the servant that you knew not what he meant.

Min., (*blushing.*) My dear aunt, I beg your pardon; I will do so no more; and tomorrow I will bring back the bell.

Mde. de L. I advise you to do so, otherwise I shall tell your mother, and you will be severely punished. It is a dreadful thing to take what does not belong to one. Do you know that is what is properly called stealing? which is a dreadful vice.

Min. Oh, dear aunt! you make me blush.

Mde. de L. It becomes you now, indeed, to be astonished because my son will not associate with you; is it not your own fault? You may judge yourself? When your cousin Adelaide comes to see us, Maximan is delighted; he hastens to meet her, embraces her, and lends her all his toys that she wishes for. He knows that Adelaide is a good little

girl, who would be ashamed to take away by stealth, the least thing belonging to another. But it is very different when you come here. My son is sorry to see you come. All his pleasures are interrupted, because he mistrusts you; and he fears that, under a pretext of playing with him, you will take away his toys.

Min. But, my dear aunt—

Mde. de L. What can you say? Answer me this question, Do you remember the day that Cecilia took away your doll's clothes?

Min. Alas! yes: I remember she took them, she said, because her own doll had lost hers.

Mde. de L. An excellent reason, truly; and how did you behave to her when she came to see you again?

Min. I took care that she should not touch my things. When I saw her handle any thing I took it from her immediately. I watched her the whole time till she went away.

Mde. de L. And tell me, had you any pleasure in playing, when you expected every moment that something would disappear? Had you a moment of comfort when Cecilia was in the room?

Min. No, certainly, aunt; it must be confessed I was very unhappy all the time she

was there, and I was not at my ease until she had gone.

Mde. de L. Well, Minette, must it not be the same with Maximan? Must not he be as much disturbed by you as you were by Cecilia? Must he not be ill at ease with you? and must he not wish you to go? You saw how he hastened to put away his playthings when you came in. You see now, how he is obliged to stand in front of the drawer, like a sentinel, for fear that you will profit by his absence if he stirs, and that you will take away something. Can this be very agreeable to him?

Min. No, aunt, I confess it cannot.

Mde. de L. And if your friends know that you are in the habit of stealing, will they not all act as Maximan does? Wherever you go every one will take care to shut up her playthings, and will watch you continually. No one will associate with you. All pleasure will cease at your approach. You will have to sit alone in a corner. But what is worse than all, no one can esteem or love you, and you will be pointed at in the street, as a little thief.

Min. O, my dear aunt, that shall never happen to me in my life. I assure you now, I am entirely corrected.

Mde. de L. Attend to this in future. This

time I will not tell your mother, and I will tell Maximan not to speak of it to any of his companions.

Min. O, yes, cousin, I beg of you to tell no one. I will give you back your little bell; and besides, I will give you a pretty purse to keep your money in.

Max. No, no; I do not want your purse. Give me back only my little bell.

M. de L. Be at ease, Minette. Maximan will keep your secret in the hope that you will amend. But if he were to accept the purse you offer him, as if to purchase his silence, it would be then as if he had shared your fault. But, I repeat again, take care not to fall into the same faults another time. If the same were to happen a second time, I must inform your mother, and ask her to punish you with the greatest rigour; for I would not for the world have a thief in my family. For your part, Maximan, you can now have nothing to fear from Minette, and you may play with her in safety.

Max. Well, mamma, I will; and I will no more distrust my cousin, if she fears to displease you as much as I should in her place.

CONSCIENCE.

MADAME DE VERTEUIL, AND PAULINE HER DAUGHTER.

Madame de Verteuil.

PAULINE, if, when you are playing with your brother, who is smaller and weaker than yourself, you chance to take something from him by force, or beat him; or, in a word, make him feel sorry, do you not feel in yourself that it is very bad? and do you not soon feel ashamed of having acted in this unkind manner.

Pauline. Yes, mamma, I confess it: I no longer feel as happy as before, and I think myself very wicked to have acted so badly.

Mde. de V. And if, in a moment of rage, you should enter his chamber when he is absent, and cast the playthings with which he amuses himself into the fire, would you not soon feel a secret inquietude, as if you were afraid of some one, when, at the same time, you were alone in the room when you did it,

and, in consequence, you had to fear no punishment?

Paul. Ah, mamma, you are right.

Mde. de V. It would appear from the readiness of your reply, that you have done something of this sort.

Paul. Ah, mamma, you guess still better: I will tell you all. Yesterday evening, Henrietta would not lend me her doll's apron, to put on mine. I was very angry, though I said not a word; but when she went out of the chamber, I took the apron and cast it into the street, saying, "See, miss, what you gain by it. You would not lend me your apron; you will have it no longer; and your doll will be no better off than mine."

Mde. de V. I will not scold you, Pauline, since you have so freely confessed your fault, and appear to be sorry for it.

Paul. Oh! yes, mamma; I cannot tell you how sorry I now feel. But this is not all; I wish to punish myself, and will give my doll's handsomest apron to my sister.

Mde. de V. That is right, and the sooner done the better. I am glad that you thought of it yourself. When we deprive any person of something belonging to him, we should always repair our fault as speedily as possible. But let us return. You already know by experience, that we feel sorry every time

that we do wrong, even though no person has seen us, and therefore we have no reason to fear being punished. Can any person know that you threw your sister's apron into the street? And yet have you not been sorry?

Paul. Ah! indeed I have been, mamma!

Mde. de V. But, on the contrary, when, from your own feelings, you give your sister something that will give her great pleasure; when, on perceiving your little brother in some danger, you immediately leave your play to run to his succour; when you meet a poor old man in the street who is ready to die of hunger, and you give him the half of your dinner, do you not feel something within you, which tells you that you have done right; and do you not feel happy for having acted in this manner?

Paul. Certainly, mamma; it is a great pleasure.

Mde. de V. And do you not enjoy this pleasure, although there is no person to tell you that you have acted right?

Paul. Yes, mamma.

Mde. de V. You therefore feel something within which tells you that you have done right, and that it was your duty to do so? so that, for example, had you chosen rather to divert yourself than to run to the assistance of your brother, I should be justified in scold-

ing you, and might say, "How is this, Pauline? You could have prevented your brother from hurting himself, and you did not do it. That was very wrong in you."

Paul. Yes, mamma, I feel in myself something which tells me that I should have merited your reproaches.

Mde. de V. Well, Pauline, this feeling of sorrow and repentance of the evil we have done; this feeling of satisfaction and joy at the good we have done; the persuasion we feel that it is our duty to abstain from the one, and practise the other, is what we call *conscience.* And these sentiments, this conscience, God has placed in every heart; so that on every occasion we may know what we should do, and what it is our duty to avoid.

Paul. Ah, mamma, if you would act as a conscience to me, I should be more sure, after having asked your advice, concerning what I should do.

Mde. de V. I shall always consider it a duty to aid you with my counsels; but I am not with you every moment of the day. Besides, it is necessary for you to learn early to consult your own sentiments for the regulation of your conduct.

Paul. O, I promise you that I will never do any thing without listening to my conscience.

Mde. de V. Yes, my dear daughter, when you wish to do any thing, and you feel in yourself that it would be wrong, and that you would have cause hereafter to be sorry for it; do not do it, however great may be your desire to do it. To satisfy your fancy for one moment, you would be sad at heart for many hours, for many days, and even, if the thing was of a serious character, for whole years. You have already experienced this in the case of Henrietta's doll's apron. At the time you threw it in the street, you felt, perhaps, some pleasure in gratifying your malice; but how many times afterwards did you feel ashamed at the remembrance of that disgraceful action!

Paul. I could not sleep all the night for thinking of it.

Mde. de V. Were not your feelings of perplexity and sorrow, much more numerous than those of pleasure on accomplishing your revenge?

Paul. Oh, mamma! they will admit of no comparison.

Mde. de V. I will give you another example. Let us suppose that a little boy was very anxious to play with a wooden horse; and not having one, and seeing no other manner of procuring one, he steals one from his companion: he would then have a horse to

play with; but do you think that would make him happy?

Paul. But, mamma, would he not at least be happy in possessing a handsome horse?

Mde. de V. At the first, he might: but look at what would afterwards befall him if the thing should be discovered. You know very well that he would not long be allowed to play with the horse, and he would pay dear for the pleasure which he had enjoyed.

Paul. That is very true, mamma; but suppose no person knew it?

Mde. de V. He would always know it himself, and could not pardon himself. He could never take the horse in his hand without thinking thus: "I am a thief. If my companions find it out, they will treat me with disdain, and will not allow me to play with them, because I am a thief; and though no one knows it, I am not the less despicable in my own eyes." In the midst of these sad thoughts, do you think the little boy would have much pleasure in playing with his wooden horse?

Paul. I think not, mamma.

Mde. de V. And then, in what a continual agony would he be, for fear of being discovered and punished! He would not dare to play with the horse when any of his companions were with him; and at the least noise

he would hide it in a corner, and hide himself. Think well of this, and then tell me truly, whether you think the horse would not give him more pain than pleasure?

Paul. O, I have no doubt of it, mamma.

Mde. de V. You see, from what we have said, that God, who loves us as his children, and who knows that we can only be happy in doing good, has placed in our hearts a feeling which we cannot overcome, and which prevents us from doing evil from which misfortunes might arise. He has even done more: he has so ordered it, that things which pass in our own minds, can be discovered by others; which will keep us still more from doing evil.

Paul. How can they be discovered, mamma?

Mde. de V. You may have an example in children who tell a lie. Even if a person did not know that they were telling falsehoods, they could not prevent themselves from hesitating and blushing, because of this feeling of shame which arises in our hearts when we do a bad action. Have you never seen little Agatha, when she was telling a story?

Paul. Yes, mamma. It was but yesterday that she told something of her brother that was not true. As she advanced in her story, she became embarrassed, and her cheeks became as red as fire: her aunt then said to her, "Fie, Agatha! how could you say that?

Are you not ashamed to be so deceitful?" She then had to confess that what she said of her brother was not true; and it was very well that she did so; otherwise the poor child would have been severely beaten, if they had supposed that what Agatha had said about him was true.

Mde. de V. You see that this proves of what great use this inward monitor is, which God has given to us, and which manifests itself outwardly, not only to prevent us from doing evil by the fear of being discovered; but even if we have done it, to prevent others from being injured by it, in discovering it to others.

Paul. O, I feel that, mamma.

Mde. de V. When you have grown larger, and know more of mankind, you will see, that after having committed any bad action, people are always uneasy, moody, and agitated, when there are, perhaps, no persons who can punish them. They know that they have merited punishment, and that though they will not receive it at the hands of man, they will, sooner or later, receive it at the hand of God. Heaven, as I have told you, wishes us to be happy on earth, and has attached our happiness to the habit of doing good. Your father and I, are always careful to draw you, by our instructions, from that which would render

you less happy; so God, the father of all, watches continually over us, to prevent us, by our conscience, from doing what would render us unhappy. If it is your duty to listen to our counsels and to profit by them, are we not still more strongly obliged to hear and to follow the counsels of God? and should we not be doubly worthy of punishment by rendering ourselves criminal? We should then have no excuse. We could not say "I knew not that I did wrong," for we did know it, and did not stop doing it, notwithstanding that. Is not this conduct worthy of the greatest punishment?

Paul. I think so, mamma.

M. de V. Remember then always, my dear daughter, that the voice of conscience is that of God himself, which cries aloud to prevent you from doing that which you should avoid. When you disobey this voice, it is God himself whom you disobey; and would not this be a dreadful piece of ingratitude on your part towards Him who has done so much good for you, who still continues to do it every day for you, and who demands no other price for his benefits, than that you should employ them for your own happiness and that of your fellow beings, that you might find new reasons every day for loving him?

Paul. O, mamma! I hope that I shall never be so ungrateful.

M. de V. I do not believe that you will become so, after the impression which this conversation has made upon you. I have hitherto endeavoured to inspire you with the desire of doing good by showing you the loveliness of virtue: I have now only to inspire you with a hatred of vice by a story which will make you detest it.

Paul. Oh! tell me it, mamma.

M. de V. Listen. A very rich jeweller was obliged by his commercial affairs to go upon a journey. He departed, accompanied by a single domestic, carrying with him in his portmanteau a large number of his most valuable jewels. The unfaithful servant was tempted by the value of this treasure. As he was aiding his master to dismount in a narrow lane, he took a pistol which he carried in his belt, shot him through the head, and, having tied a large stone to his neck, he cast him into a river which ran near the road. He then drove his horse into the forest, mounted on that of his master which carried the jewels, and having crossed the sea, he retired into a small city in England, where he had reason to believe he would never be recognised. For fear of attracting attention, he began business in a small way,

which he increased by degrees. In this manner, no one was surprised to see him become very rich at the end of a few years, which was attributed to his constant labour, economy, and skill. This conduct gained him great consideration, and he received, in marriage, the hand of one of the richest young ladies of the city; and as he always appeared to be affable and generous, he was unanimously elected to the office of chief magistrate. He distinguished himself for a long time in his new condition, till one day, as he was seated in his tribunal with the other judges, over whom he presided, a man was led before him, accused of the crime of killing his master, for the purpose of robbing him. The witnesses were heard, and on their testimony the jury declared the man to be guilty. The multitude waited in silence for the judge to pronounce the sentence of death. Every eye was fixed upon him. Suddenly they saw him change colour, raise his arms to heaven, and pass, by turns, from a deep sadness to an extraordinary agitation. He finally rose from his seat, and to the surprise of all the assistants, he placed himself by the side of the accused, and thus addressed the judges:—

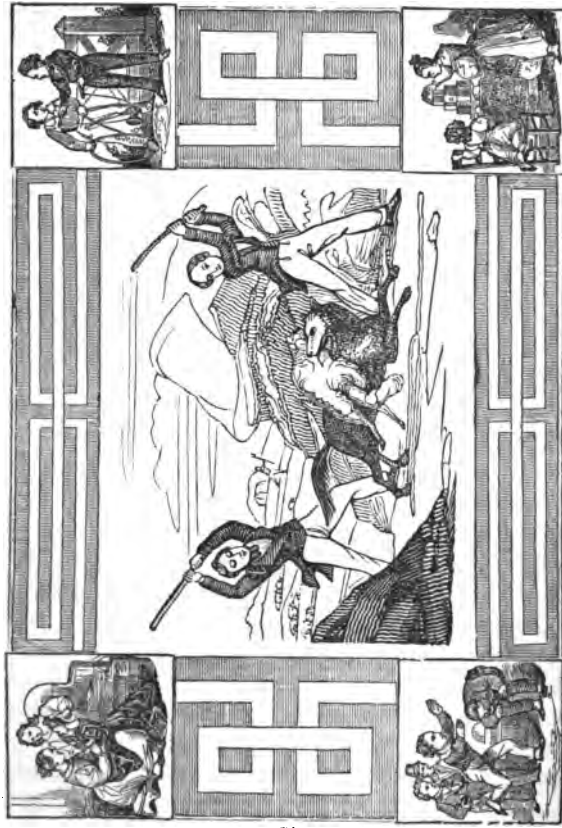
"You see, gentlemen, a wonderful example of the just vengeance of Heaven. After a

silence of sixteen years, its voice denounces to you a man as culpable as this unfortunate being who has just been convicted of his crime."

He then began the recital of the murder he had committed, dwelling upon the greatness of his ingratitude towards his master, who had drawn him from the lowest degree of poverty, and had always shown the greatest confidence in him. He related in what manner he had escaped the hands of justice, and how he had usurped, for so long a time, by his hypocrisy, the esteem and affection of every one. "But," added he, "no sooner had this unfortunate person appeared before this tribunal, than the crime of which he is guilty presented mine to me in all its horror. The hand of an avenging God has struck me. My crime was painted before me in so terrible an aspect, that I could not pronounce sentence against a person less culpable than I, before having accused myself. I can only deliver myself from the torments of my conscience, by praying you to punish me in the same way with him. I here declare before the Supreme Judge of all, that I deserve to be executed; and I demand no favour but a speedy death."

In finishing these words he fell, pale and speechless, at the feet of the judges. His reason abandoned him. A violent frenzy

seized on his spirit. They were obliged to shut him up in a madhouse, and load him with chains to prevent him from destroying himself, in the continual increase of his rage. He lived many years, filled with remorse, which devoured his heart. This is a terrible lesson given us by Providence to teach us that no judge is so inexorable as our conscience for the punishment of our crimes!



A WHOLE COUNTRY REFORMED

BY FOUR CHILDREN.

N the declivity of a hill that rises at some distance from Paris, was perceived from afar, a village whose situation appeared so delightful, that even the most urgent travellers usually descended from their coaches that they might enjoy the perspective of a delicious country. You probably suppose that the children of this village were very happy. Doubtless they are so at the present time: but formerly how much did they complain! From whence did their misfortune arise? you ask. Were they often sick? On the contrary, the air that they breathed from their birth was the most favourable for health. Were their parents poor? They certainly were not rich; but can we not live tranquil and satisfied without great riches?

From whence did their misfortune arise? you still demand. Well, if I must tell you, it arose from the bad education that some of them had received, and the bad example they gave to others. They had, above all, the fault of being discontented and turbulent. As soon as only two were together, there was a quarrel commenced.

"Ah, could you see yourself, Colin! What a foolish appearance you make in your new suit!" was probably said by one boy to make another ashamed of his tatters.

"Well, yours is a new coat, to be sure! But you are proud, I believe, of your red vest and blue stockings. I don't know what prevents me from throwing you into this ditch, that you may be of the same colour all over."

This is a slight specimen of the compliments they were accustomed to pass on meeting one another. From words they soon came to blows. They beat each other; they tore each other's hair, and dragged one another in the dirt, till their parents came to separate them, and gave them the discipline of the rod.

As soon as a stranger appeared in the village, they disputed with the dogs the privi lege of running after him and vexing him.

At school they were quarrelling or kicking against the benches with their feet. It gene-

rally happened that their master finally perceived them, and gave them a box on the ear. Every day five or six were severely punished. Therefore they did not like to go to school; and when their parents compelled them to go, they took the longest road, arrived late, said their lessons badly, and received a new punishment.

They were no happier when school was out; for they could not go pleasantly and peaceably to amuse themselves together, because they were always doing mischief, till their parents were tired of reproving them.

They therefore passed every day in quarrelling and fighting in the streets, in being reprimanded or punished at school, and in receiving severe censures from their parents on their return home.

This is an exact picture of the life they formerly led. You doubtless wish to know how the change which was announced to you was effected. The following is a faithful history.

At the end of the village, there was a handsome house that a rich man of the city, named M. de Guercy, had bought, with the design of fixing his abode there. He was expected every moment, with his family.

The two coaches that carried them, himself, his wife, his children, and domestics,

finally appeared on the high road. At the noise which they made, all the children of the village assembled to see them pass. But instead of politely saluting them, and receiving them with marks of joy and friendship, they burst out into an insulting laugh, and followed them with shouts.

The children of M. de Guercy had remarked this unmannerly conduct, and spoke low to one another. They could not conceive how children could be so rude. They soon learned to know them better.

The next day they took a short walk in the neighbourhood, to become acquainted with the country. It was necessary to pass through the village. The first who perceived them ran to apprize his comrades, who soon came out in crowds from their dwellings: the rudest of them only came to the threshold, and when they saw them about to pass, they hastily re-entered, shutting the door in their faces. The others insolently regarded them without returning their salutation, or answered them only by grimaces and mock reverences.

I feel, my dear young readers, in how great a degree this conduct appears culpable to you. But which of you can guess how the children of M. de Guercy conducted themselves towards these rude children? Did they re-

turn their insults, or revenge themselves by blows?

No: they did a great deal better. How? I will tell you.

They tranquilly pursued their road, not only without showing the least resentment, but even without appearing to remark what was passing around them. But hardly had they entered a small grove at the extremity of the village, when they began the conversation which I will relate to you, after having made you acquainted with their names. Louis, Augustus, Charles, and Frederick, were their names in the order of their age and stature, commencing with the eldest. I make it a duty to designate them to you very clearly, so that you can yourselves judge to whom belongs the most reasonable opinion in the deliberation they are making.

"I have known many wicked little boys in my life," said Frederick; "but I declare I have never seen any so bad as these little countrymen. I was tempted to choose one of my size, to teach him how to conduct himself. Do you know what should be done? We have only to cut a stick, and in repassing through the village to distribute blows to all who wish to insult us. This is, I believe, the best method we can take."

"I am of Frederick's opinion," cried

Charles. "We should make ourselves respected in the country. Louis, are you of the same opinion?"

Louis. No, I assure you; I will take care to have no hand in such a project.

Augustus. Louis is right: this would be a fine business for our family on its arrival into the village!

Lou. And if a misfortune should happen to one of us, and he should be brought, covered with wounds, to our parents, what would be their sorrow; and would you not be inconsolable for having so cruelly afflicted them?

Fred. Truly; I did not think of that.

Char. Well, Louis, you, who are oldest, should think more wisely than the others; tell us what you would have us to do.

Lou. What I would have you to do, my dear friends? It is nothing at all. In reproaching these little boys for their rudeness, would it not be ridiculous in us to appear ruder than themselves?

Fred. Very true.

Lou. This is not all. If, instead of quarrelling with them, we could cure them of their love of quarrelling, would not this be a great pleasure and glory for us?

Char. Yes; but how can we accomplish it?

Lou. Truly, this is the difficulty. We

could, however—Yes, an idea strikes me: listen.

Augustus, Charles, and Frederick. Now for it! now for it!

Lou. Do you remember the day when we took our large dog Castor, to fasten him in the yard? Do you remember how savage and snarling he was? Do you recollect, Frederick, how he began by tearing with his teeth your coat collar?

Fred. Yes, I remember. He would have torn me in pieces had I not ran away.

Lou. Our papa gave us, on this occasion, some good advice. "My children," said he, "take care that you do not provoke Castor. Instead of throwing stones at him, give him from time to time a piece of bread, and you will see, at the end of some days, that his character will be a little softened, and that he will even form an attachment for you. I am sure that in this manner you can soon play with him without danger."

Aug. In effect, it was not a long time before this took place. Far from seeking to bite us, he was the first to caress us.

Fred. I got on his back to-day, and put my finger in his mouth, without his attempting to bite me.

Lou. You see, then, my friends, what can be gained by mildness.

Char. Yes; but what do you intend by telling us about the dog?

Lou. A very simple thing. It is because creatures endowed with reason ought not to be, by any means, less tractable than dogs. Therefore, if by good treatment we have softened the savage character of Castor, we have the greatest hope to reform also, in the same manner, the quarrelsome humour of these little countrymen. Yes, my brothers: I dare promise you that with patience and moderation we can accomplish the change, and, perhaps, gain their most tender attachment.

These words, spoken with much earnestness, made so great an impression on the little troop, that it was unanimously resolved to follow the plan proposed by Louis. His three brothers had hardly given their consent, before they heard a sudden noise among the bushes. They turned their eyes towards the spot. What was their surprise when they perceived their papa! He had followed them in their walk. Having remarked in the evening, as well as themselves, the rudeness of the children of the village, he had feared that they would offer some insult to his sons, and he wished to observe the manner in which they would conduct themselves.

His first movement was to take Louis in his arms, and tenderly press him to his bosom. "You have given me great joy, my dear son," said he to him, "by persuading these little boasters from the fine expedition which they meditated. I am pleased with your good conduct also, my dear Augustus, in having so well seconded your brother. For you, sirs, I should punish you for having meditated violence; but I pardon you, because you have not yet had enough experience and reflection to foresee the dreadful consequences to which you are ready to expose yourselves; and above all, because you agreed, without resistance, to the wise counsel of your elder brothers."

At these words, the children of M. de Guercy cast themselves into his arms, and, after having loaded him with caresses, they promised to remain faithful to the resolution they had adopted.

"It is not your good will that I doubt," replied M. de Guercy; "but I fear—"

The children. What, papa?

M. de Guercy. How much time do you think it will take to accomplish, completely, your design?

Fred. I demand but fifteen days.

Char. Yes, or a month at the most.

Aug. Ah, my brothers, how quick you intend to perform it!

M. de Guer. What do you think, Louis?

Lou. I cannot tell you the exact time, papa; but I believe that we shall be very fortunate if this labour does not cost us more than a year.

M. de Guer. I am exactly of your opinion, and this is what caused my anxiety. I believe, my dear boys, that your constancy cannot be kept up for so long a time. It is not only for a moment that Charles and Frederick must be struck by the wise counsels of their brothers. But consider, my children, that from the moment in which your reason was first developed, I have continually endeavoured to inspire you with good sentiments and principles. I have even left my residence in the city to consecrate my whole time to your instruction. It is not thus with the little boys of the village. Left to themselves the moment they quit their mother's breast, from whence can they derive ideas of honour and generosity? Their parents, occupied from the break of day with constant labour, have not leisure to instruct them.

There are but the schoolmaster and the rector who can give them, in general, and from time to time, a few lessons on the mode of conducting themselves, whilst each one of them in particular should be followed every moment in the day. You should, therefore,

not be surprised that these children, led on by one another, acquire bad habits, and become strengthened in them. You know, from your own experience, that it is not an easy matter to eradicate them. Therefore, to accomplish your enterprise, you will have to overcome many difficulties. I do not say this with the view of making you abandon your noble design; on the contrary, it is to encourage you to endeavour to succeed. You will gain much more glory if you do succeed. It is not by your discourse, it is by your example that you can overcome all obstacles. You cannot correct your pupils without making yourselves more perfect, and, in consequence, without giving me the greatest joy that a father's heart can feel

During this discourse, M. de Guercy had the pleasure to read in the eyes and on the countenances of his children, every sentiment calculated to flatter his hopes. After having inflamed their zeal by motives of honour, he made them feel ashamed to let it be basely extinguished. "The fate of the village," said he to them, "is in your hands. Remember that if, after having aided these children to throw off their vices, you let them fall into them again, you will render them still more wicked, since you will have taken away the excuse they had, at least in their ignorance.

With what dreadful reproaches would you not have to load yourselves!"

"No, no, papa," cried all the children at the same time; "do not fear that we shall lose courage. We love you too much ever to give you that mortification."

The night now approached, and the whole party left the grove, holding each other by the hand. Their conversation on their return home, and during the rest of the evening, was on the same subject. After some general instructions, M. de Guercy told his children that he would give up the management of this affair to themselves; and that he would only aid them by his counsel, if they found they had need of it to conduct their plan.

They immediately began to put it in execution. Their first idea was to go often into the village, to familiarize the little countrymen with their presence. They received, at first, many deafening shouts, which they could have made the subject of many quarrels; but they did not appear to hear them. The more rudely the little boys acted, the more politely the four brothers treated them. "What is their reason for doing this?" said the villagers: "is it because the children of the city are cowards? Ah! they doubtless show much more courage by this modera

tion, than they would do by fighting, since they know how to overcome the violent desire they sometimes feel, especially Charles and Frederick, to turn round abruptly, and give us a blow with their fists."

This conduct could not fail to succeed. At the end of some days the little countrymen, tired of worrying them in vain, let them pass without paying them the least attention. They were no longer remarked but by some rational persons, who, astonished to see them so mild and so reserved, saluted them on their passage with affection. The children of M. de Guercy profited by this disposition to form an acquaintance with some of them. They adroitly asked them questions, that they might be made acquainted with the poor widows and infirm old men who had need of help. As their father made it a principle that they should always have money at their disposal, they resolved to put by their little savings to relieve the necessities of the most unfortunate. Their greatest pleasure consisted in going to see them themselves, and in carrying them necessaries. Hope and consolation in consequence entered these miserable huts, which resounded before their arrival with sighs of sorrow, and frequently with cries of despair.

The history of their benevolence had already run from cottage to cottage, through-

out the whole extent of the village. The little countrymen were astonished to hear their parents speak only with expressions of respect of these same children whom they themselves treated with disdain. They did not, perhaps, wish to credit their fame by report. It soon happened, in spite of themselves, that their own experience made them recall their unjust opinion.

A little boy had lost a twelve-cent piece, which his mother had given him to buy bread. He was grievously afflicted, and in fear that he should be beaten if he did not find it. One of the children of M. de Guercy, passing by at that time, and being informed of the cause of his sorrow, aided him in his search, which, being unsuccessful, he gave him from his own pocket the small sum he had lost.

Another, playing imprudently near a ditch, fell into the water up to his chin, and could not regain the bank. One of the children of M. de Guercy, hearing his cries from the neighbouring field, ran to his assistance, and at the risk of being drowned, he succeeded in pulling him out of the greenish mire in which he was struggling.

Now, can you guess, among the four brothers, those who performed these good actions? It was Frederick who did the first,

and Charles, the second. Their names should be told with the more exactness, as, since they have appeared ready to fight with the little countrymen, you would have suspected them of wickedness, which assuredly was not in their characters: they were courageous, without being deficient in sensibility.

On the other hand, Louis and Augustus, whose prudence may have appeared in your eyes a want of courage, soon had an occasion to put this virtue to a proof. A wolf threw himself into the midst of a flock, and, after having killed many of the sheep, he took one by the throat, and throwing it on his back, he ran off with it, lashing his sides with his tail. Louis and Augustus met him in a narrow road. He, content with his prey, proudly continued on his way, without taking any notice of the two brothers, whose size did not inspire him with much dread. This meeting was attended with more dreadful consequences for him than he seemed to have imagined. Louis had a knotty stick, with which he struck so hard a blow on the hind leg of the wolf, whilst Augustus struck him on the head, that the ferocious animal, suddenly becoming more timid than the sheep mangled between his teeth, let it fall from his bloody jaws and fled, howling like one in despair, without having gained any other

advantage over the two young champions than beating them in the race which he gained, notwithstanding their pursuit, although he could run on but three legs.

I leave you to imagine how greatly this event, of which the little shepherd ran to give an account in the village, changed the opinion of his companions. They had repulsed the children of M. de Guercy with disdain; they durst not now approach them from respect. A happy event finally succeeded in putting them on familiar terms.

The four brothers were playing together in the large yard belonging to the house. Their ball, missing its aim, flew over the wall, and fell on the public road, in the midst of a crowd of children returning from school. Some days sooner, this ball would assuredly have been an apple of discord: the little boys would not have wished to return it, and Charles and Frederick were not in the humour of leaving it, without fighting, in their hands. It happened quite otherwise on this occasion. The one who had picked it up ran to return it to Louis, who was looking for it; he presented it with so much grace, that Louis invited him, as well as his comrades, to come and see them play. This was the first occasion for teaching them how much pleasure depends on the absence of dissension

and quarrelling. Notwithstanding their extreme liveliness, the children of M. de Guercy never quarrelled. They did not use unfair artifices in a doubtful case; each was the first to condemn himself when he was in the wrong; the victor had as little pride, as the vanquished jealousy; and the game ended without one being able to guess, the moment after, by any movement of insolence or spite, who had gained or lost.

They had still time to play another game before the dinner hour. They persuaded the little countrymen to take a part in this. Louis and Frederick on one side, Augustus and Charles on the other, divided the little troop with as much equality as possible. And, who would believe it? this second game produced no more disputes than the first; in so great a degree had the children of M. de Guercy attained an ascendency by force of example.

They had the pleasure of remarking, the same evening, the good effect of this first lesson. In passing through the village, they heard their names pronounced with applause. They approached, agitated with joy. There had just arisen a discussion between the players, and on one of them crying out to the others to play without quarrelling, as they had done in the morning with the children of M.

de Guercy, they all clapped their hands at the proposal.

From this moment, the children of M. de Guercy began to experience the purest enjoyment. By being in company more and more with their young instructers, the little countrymen delighted to take them as their models; and these, on their part, would have blushed to give them the example of any fault. From thence there arose among them a lively emulation who should be distinguished by the most sensible conduct.

Freely admitted into the house of M. de Guercy, the little boys of the village, seeing his children delight in studying and in fulfilling their duties with as much ardour as they used in playing, also became more studious and more attentive; above all, those whose month's schooling was paid by the four brothers, sought to evince their gratitude to their benefactors by their rapid improvement.

On seeing the children of M. de Guercy living among themselves in the most intimate union, and never disputing but with the greatest mildness, and the most delicate care, the little boys of the village resolved to leave off their old custom of disputing on the most frivolous subjects. Soon no more was heard of quarrels, still less of fightings; and if, from time to time, there arose some little quarrel,

it was soon settled by the just decision of the four young brothers, whom they never failed to make the arbiters of the dispute.

The children of M. de Guercy continued to employ their spending-money in relieving the wants of the poor. The little boys of the village would have been very glad to imitate them in this particular; but as their purse was very badly supplied, they sought at least to make up the deficiency in another manner: they divided their bread with the children who had none; they aided the old men to travel on difficult roads; they went errands for them, and eagerly rendered them all the good offices in their power.

The travellers who had passed this village some months before, no longer recognised it. In place of the insults they had encountered at each step, they now received the most obliging assistance. It was who should take care of their horses; who should conduct them to the inn; who should acquaint them with the road or the person they inquired for; in a word, who should pay them the most attention and kindness.

The fathers of these children, whose tempers were formerly continually sharpened by the sorrows to which they constantly exposed them, were sensible of the great improvement in the manners and morals of their children,

and consequently treated them with more paternal tenderness. Grateful for this gentle treatment, the children endeavoured still more to give pleasure to the authors of their being. No more divisions arose between neighbours because of the miserable quarrels of their children. The peace which reigned in each household had extended its influence so as to include every cottage.

This is not all. As markets were often held in the village, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood frequently had occasion to go there and make their purchases. They were soon struck with the change that was effected, and still more surprised to learn the cause. Oh! how they wished to have M. de Guercy and his children likewise in their dwellings! These wishes were soon granted in part.

Spring, which came to restore to nature her crown of flowers, saw flourish, for the first time in this district, the virtues which, till then, had been strangers there. Innocence and joy clothed with new charms this delightful country. The children, spread in groups among the fields, sported there in peace, like a band of brothers. Some were lying on the grass, and the deep red of their cheeks formed a charming contrast with its soft verdure. The sparkling of their eyes was no longer tarnished by tears; the purity of their countenances was no longer veiled in

deep projects of wickedness; a smile was on their lips, and neatness in their clothing. The birds, whose loves they had ceased to disturb, fluttered with confidence over their heads, and came without terror to gather the crumbs they let fall, and appeared to emulate each other in seeking to pay them for the liberty in which they left their young brood, by songs of joy and gratitude.

The countrymen, who had never enjoyed so delightful a spectacle, could not contain the excess of their surprise and satisfaction. But among all these fathers, where was he whose transports could equal the rapture of M. de Guercy? "I see happiness finally reign around me," said he to himself; "and this general happiness is the work of my children! Ah! their whole life will be happy, since they early knew the charms of benevolence, the most delightful of all virtues. Oh, my good sons! how much should I cherish you! The old men bless you; the women caress you; the children joyfully sport around you; everybody here shares with me the pleasure of loving you."

The period of a year that Louis had demanded to give complete success to the enterprise he had executed with his brothers, would be ended the following Sunday. M. de Guercy, who had taken the exact date

upon his memorandum book, wished to solemnize this day by a brilliant festival that would perpetuate its memory in the village. The better to enjoy the surprise of his children, he told them the evening before, to take a long walk the next morning, whilst all his domestics remained in the kitchen, occupied with a thousand preparations. The oven of the house had never before been so well heated.

The next day, when divine service was ended, M. de Guercy came the first out of the church, and having assembled the countrymen before the door, he invited all, parents and children to follow him to his house. The interior of the yard was filled with tables properly covered, around which he invited them to be seated. Afterwards mounting on the steps with his four sons, "My friends," said he, "I present my children to you. They have laboured an entire year to make you happy. I see with the greatest satisfaction that they have succeeded. Let us all profit by the useful lesson they have given us. Let us exert in our affairs as much intelligence as your children and mine exert in their pleasures. I am rich, and you have need of my fortune. You are laborious, and I have need of your labour. I intend to buy the land in which this village is situated; and my first act of

possession will be to surrender to you all my rights. It will only be necessary to sacrifice others to that of the natural equality between all men. I foresee that it will not be long before it will be established throughout all France. It may elsewhere cost blood: let it cost us only tears of affection and pleasure. Let us always remember that we are brothers. Let us live united by the same bands as these children. I give you mine to love as much as I wish to love yours. May this happy country henceforth be inhabited but with one family, in which all, without distinction, can labour in concert for its prosperity!"

He had hardly finished this discourse, before the countrymen rushed from their seats, and threw themselves on their knees before him in front of the steps. The men kissed his clothing, the women threw themselves into his arms; they passed his children from one to another, loading them with caresses. M. de Guercy, agitated too violently by this touching scene, and unable to sustain it longer, ordered his domestics to serve the refreshments they had prepared. This little banquet was followed by songs and dances, in which the joy that reigned in their hearts was seen to shine; and all, in retiring, filled the air with the names of M. de Guercy and

his children, and the most tender wishes for their happiness.

M. de Guercy was not long in accomplishing the project with which his generous heart was filled. "Several good writers," said he to himself, "have made men acquainted with the great interest which they have in mutually serving and loving one another. Some base persons have treated these ideas as chimerical; I myself have believed the execution of them to be most difficult: but I return thanks to my children for having undeceived me! The example I have received from them, I owe to others. Without contracting my sentiments of benevolence for all men, I must limit the exercise of them to the country which I wish to purchase. Ah! if the image of happiness which I am about to exhibit could engage my neighbours to wish to taste likewise of the enjoyment! Of what consequence is it to lose servants, since we can gain brothers and friends! It prepares a revolution in their ideas. Men will no longer be distinguished by vain titles. Let us seek first the more glorious distinction of charity to our fellow-creatures; or rather, let this sentiment be spread so equally in every heart, that the exercise of it may become as natural as that of liberty."

Animated by this hope, M. de Guercy, at

the price of every sacrifice that his large fortune would permit, earnestly endeavoured to purchase this land, on which he wished to spend the remainder of his life. He only waited to secure his purchase, in order to commence the work which he meditated. He immediately erected a public school, hired intelligent masters, furnished them with all the books necessary for instruction, and opened gratuitously the entrance to the children of the poor. He also established workhouses to furnish employment to the poor in the bad season, and founded an asylum destined to receive the infirm and the old. He gave to one poor family a little spot of ground, with the tools for cultivating it: to another a cow or some she-goats, which nourished them with their milk: to another, a spinning-wheel, some needles, and tools of different kinds. He was fully paid by their thanks and blessings. "Any one might repurchase this land," he sometimes said, "but the sweet fruits which my heart has already gathered from it, the transfer could never deprive me of."

Happily its possession was not disputed. The year was ended, and the next day, which would repay him for all his expenses, showed him in how great a degree the villagers had profited by them. Ease reigned throughout

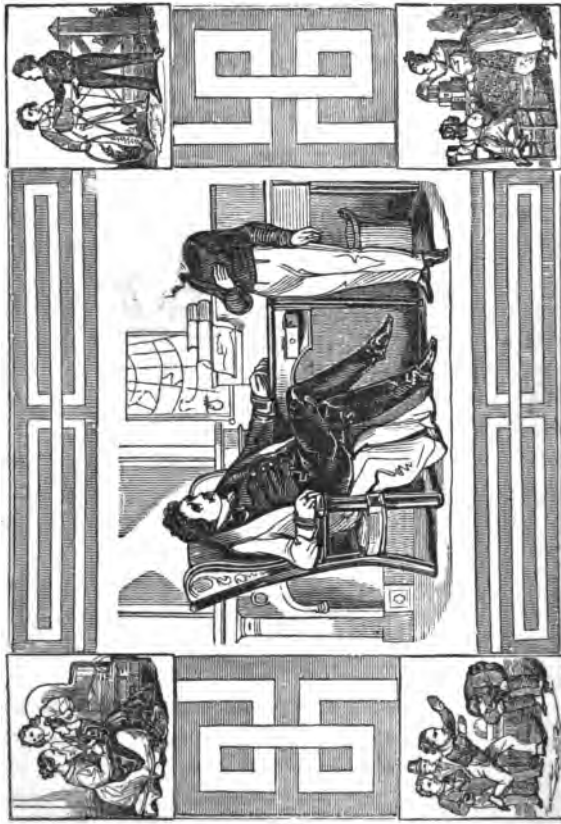
the whole extent of his estate. There was not a single arm which remained inactive, nor any portion of the land that was uncultivated. The following year was still more happy. As all the countrymen had divided their labour between their vineyards and their fields; and as they had not spared their labour, the abundance of the fruit which they gathered, joined to its good quality, repaid him in part for his individual charities and his establishments. The inhabitants of the village gained no less than he. Their market received a preference from purchasers. The certainty of finding it always filled with the best provisions; the facility of supplying themselves at the same time, at a fair price, with all kinds of manufactures in the workhouses; the pleasure of trading with none but honest persons; all these advantages united, succeeded in drawing all persons within a league or two to this place, to purchase their provisions. Every day new establishments were formed. The proprietors of the neighbourhood, seeing their markets and lands deserted, soon felt that, for their own interest, they must follow the example of M. de Guercy. They hastened to obtain knowledge from his experience. He sent them to his children. "It is to them," said he, "that I owe the principles I have practised. After

having inspired me with the idea of the good I could do, they sustained it every day by their zeal and intelligence. Nothing will be wanting to complete my happiness, if you participate in it."

The children being consulted, ingenuously pointed out the path they had followed. The proprietors did not blush to be directed by their instructions, and they found no cause to repent it. The cottages of the neighbourhood first became happy and flourishing. This narrow circle was afterwards extended on every side. Thanks were continually showered on M. de Guercy. What a joy for this good father to see the first source of happiness spring from the bosom of his family, and spreading by degrees over the whole country, as the odour exhaled at break of day, from the alabaster cup of a young flower, insensibly perfumes the whole extent of the garden!

The first day in which M. de Guercy was the irrevocable possessor of his property, after having, for a time, according to his promise, generously given up to his dependants all his rights, he ran to overturn, with his own hand, the three posts; a sad monument raised, under the name of justice, to feudal tyranny. The next day the countrymen planted in their place four young trees, which they called Louis, Augustus, Charles, and Frederick. These

trees, cultivated with care, increased in size, and form, at the present time, like their namesakes, the finest ornament of the country. Even the dark shade that they spread is of public utility to persons of every age. The old men, seated under their shade, decide the little quarrels which threaten to divide families: men of a mature age come there to relax from their labours: the young persons celebrate their weddings there; and the children interrupt their sports under the foliage to hear their parents relate the history of the four good brothers, and to learn, by their example, that even children can contribute to the happiness of their country.



LINEN, PAPER.

M. DE VERTEUIL, AND ADRIAN HIS SON.

M. de Verteuil.

ADRIAN, would you like me to show you the plant of which linen is made?

Adrian. How, papa! Is linen made of a plant?

M. de V. Yes, my son: it is made of this plant which you see here, called flax.

Adr. Papa, that is singular. Linen is white, and this plant is green; at least it is not like wood, which is always white in the interior. The linen, perhaps, is in the interior of the plant, when the bark has been taken off.

M. de V. No, my son; it is precisely of this green bark or rind that linen is made, but you know very well that it is not used in the condition in which you see it on the plant. Much labour is required before the linen is made like that of your ruffle.

Adr. Has my ruffle then, papa, been a plant?

M. de V. Yes, my son; such a plant as you here see.

Adr. I have heard mamma many times say, that linen was made of flax; but I would never have imagined that it came from a thing which has so little resemblance to it.

M. de V. It is the same with most people. But shall I tell you of the labour that must be gone through with, before this plant can become linen?

Adr. O do, papa, I pray you. I imagine that it is very curious.

M. de V. We should at first suppose that these little round grains which you see hanging there were berries, because they are gathered for two purposes; either for seed or for another use.

Adr. Is this, then, the part of which linen is made?

M. de V. No, my son; but oil is obtained from them: and from what remains of the grain after the oil is extracted, cakes are made for cows.

Adr. Nothing is then lost of it, I see.

M. de V. This is certainly one of the most useful plants. To prepare it to make linen, after having cut it at the bottom of the stalk, they put it in water to soak. When it has

been there for some time, they take it out to dry; and when it is dry, it is broken in pieces by beating the stalk with a wooden instrument.

Adr. What, papa! are not these plants good for anything till they are rotten and broken in pieces?

M. de V. They are not left to rot entirely; neither are they broken entirely in pieces. It is only the soft parts that rot and fall in pieces. but in the rind there are a great many fine threads, as long as the stalk itself, which are so strong and flexible, that they neither spoil nor break, although they have been soaking for some time in water, and afterwards beaten very heavily. These threads remain whole and uninjured; and it is of these alone that linen can be made. The remainder is good for nothing. The stalks being broken by the first operation, they are taken up by small parcels, and again beaten with hammers or sticks, till all the soft parts have fallen away, and nothing remains in the hand but the long threads.

Adr. And can cloth be made immediately of these long threads?

M. de V. No, my son; these threads are still too thick. To render them useful, it is necessary to employ an instrument called a flax-comb. This instrument is a small board

filled with small sharp points of iron, and then fastened to a large block. They take a handful of these threads of which we have just spoken, and draw them through the sharp points of the comb, nearly in the same manner as you draw your hair through the comb when you comb it. The sharp points of the comb divide the thread into many still finer threads, till at last they become finer than hair. Then, when they are fine enough, it is spun on a spinning wheel into a thread like that which your mother employs in sewing, and this is the thread of which linen is made.

Adr. And is this thread white?

M. de V. No; it is still gray. But when the linen is woven, it is sent to the bleacher, who wets it, and exposes it to the air on the grass. In this manner it becomes white, as your shirts do when they are washed.

Adr. I now wish only to know how the linen is made.

M. de V. You must see, to understand. I will take you some day to a weaver's, and by seeing him work you will understand, at one view, how it is made. But shall I tell you what is made of linen when it becomes old, and so worn out as to be no longer fit to wear?

Adr. You will give me great pleasure, papa.

M. de V. Well, my son, they make paper of it, such as you write upon.

Adr. That is very singular. How do they do it, I pray you?

M. de V. They gather all the pieces of old linen that they can procure, and throw them into water in large vats, on which fall continually large wooden hammers, till they are reduced to a species of pulp. They take a very fine layer of this pulp on a square frame, made of brass wire, in the manner of a sieve. They afterwards overturn this frame on a cloth, and the layer of pulp then appears under the form of a sheet of paper. They place on this a second piece of cloth, on which they also lay, by means of the frame, a second sheet: another piece of cloth is placed on this, and then another sheet of paper, and so on. When the pieces of cloth and layers of pulp form a pile of a certain height, they put them under a press, by which the superfluous moisture of the layers of pulp is pressed out, and then they have the consistence of a sheet of paper. They are afterwards taken, sheet by sheet, from between the pieces of cloth, and left to dry. Finally, they spread on them a sort of glue, again put them under the press, then withdraw them to let them dry a second time; and this is the paper on which we write and print. Is it not astonishing that so

many useful things can be made of this plant? and should we not be very happy that we can gather the seed, so that we can make it grow again the next year?

Adr. Certainly, papa, we should be very glad: otherwise we should have no linen or paper.

M. de V. There is yet another plant which can be used for nearly the same purpose as flax. Shall I show it to you?

Adr. Yes, papa, I pray you.

M. de V. There it is on the other side of the road. It is called hemp. After having gathered the grain, of which a part is kept for seed and the other for making oil, they soak the stalks like flax. They beat it, comb it in the same manner, and make a thread, from which they weave linen; but it is coarser than that made of flax. The beaten hemp also serves to make all kinds of cord, from twine to the cable. On leaving the house of the weaver, where you will see how linen is made, I will take you to a rope factory, where you will see them make ropes; and from thence to a paper mill. In this manner you will yourself see of what use linen and hemp are to us, and learn with what care they should be cultivated.

AIR

MADAME DE VERTEUIL, AND PAULINE HER DAUGHTER.

Madame de Verteuil, (*holding a bellows.*)

HOLD your hand, Pauline, before the pipe of the bellows. (*She blows it.*) Do you feel any thing against your hand?

Pauline. Indeed, mamma, I feel nothing but wind.

Mde. de V. Do you know what this wind is?

Paul. No, mamma, I don't know.

Mde. de V. It is the *air*, which enters by these holes in the bellows, and which is forced out when I press it.

Paul. What is air, mamma?

Mde. de V. Open your mouth, Pauline, and draw in your breath. Do you not feel something cold come into your mouth?

Paul. Yes, mamma.

Mde. de V. Well, this is air, which enters into your mouth when you draw in your

breath, and which goes out when you breathe. There is air in every place, and therefore, in every place you can breathe—here, in the garden, or in the street. Give me that square paper bag which is lying on the table.

Paul. What do you want it for, mamma?

Mde. de V. Look: I will fill it full of air. (*She blows in the paper bag till it is full of air, and then closes it at the top.*) Now feel the bag. Does it not feel as if it were full?

Paul. It is true. But what is in it?

Mde. de V. Only the air which I have blown into it. Do you wish that I should let it out?

Paul. Yes, mamma; let us see.

M. de V. Give me that large pin.

Paul. Here it is, mamma.

Mde. de V., (*pricking the bag with the pin.*) Now put your hand before the hole: do you not feel the air coming out?

Paul. Yes, I feel it.

Mde. de V. The bag has now become flat and empty. There is no longer any thing in it. It was nothing but air which filled it: now there is nothing in it, and nothing has gone out of it but air.

Paul. Oh! fill it again, mamma.

Mde. de V. Very willingly, my daughter. (*She again blows in the bag.*) But you must put your finger on the hole to stop it; for if

you do not, the air will go out as fast as I blow it in.

Paul. Yes, mamma.

Mde. de V. Now take away your finger, and look. The bag becomes empty as soon as I cease to blow into it; because the air goes out by the little hole. Do you feel it?

Paul. Yes, mamma, I feel the air, but I do not see it.

Mde. de V. No, we cannot see air.

Paul. Why, mamma?

Mde. de V. I know not how to explain it to you: you cannot understand.

Paul. But, mamma, if there is air everywhere, there is some between us and those large trees near the window. Why does not the air prevent us from seeing them, as when I draw the curtains?

Mde. de V. Before I answer you, look into my wash-basin. It is full of water, but notwithstanding, you see the flowers that are painted at the bottom, as if there was no water between the flowers and you.

Paul. It is true, mamma; we must look close to see if there is actually water there. It was but this morning that I was deceived by it. I wished to take a plate from the table, and I spilled some water on my arms, because I did not see that the plate was full of it.

Mde. de V. And when the glass panes of your windows are clean, can you not see the statues in the garden, as if there was no glass between the statues and you?

Paul. Yes, mamma.

Mde. de V. Yet another word. When there is a broken glass in the top of a window, and you feel cold, have you not observed how difficult it is sometimes, to discover the glass which is broken?

Paul. Yes, mamma.

Mde. de V. Water and glass are such pure substances, that we can see through them. But as air is more pure, and more delicate, we see through it without seeing it. I will show you, in another manner, that you are surrounded by it on all sides. Stand still; I will walk round you, waving my fan: do you not feel the wind on all sides?

Paul. Yes, mamma.

Mde. de V. It is the air between us that I put in motion with my fan, and drive against you. The same thing would happen if I did it in the street, in the garden, or any other place. There is, then, air everywhere. But tell me, have you not sometimes seen the fish sporting in the fish-pond at your grandmother's?

Paul. O yes; they are pretty little animals. They come to the surface of the wa-

ter as soon as you throw a piece of bread to them; and they devour it so eagerly!

Mde. de V. Well, Pauline, fish must always be surrounded by water, as we must be by air. If they are taken from the water, they wriggle and twist about, and die in a short time. The same thing would happen to us if we were deprived of air. We should twist about like them, and then soon die. Happily there is no fear that we shall be deprived of air, as the earth is surrounded with it.

Paul. But, mamma, does it not reach the stars?

Mde. de V. That I will tell you another time. Before instructing you in this, you must learn a great deal more.

Paul. I will study diligently, that the time may soon come.

THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.

M. DE VERTEUIL, AND PAULINE HIS DAUGHTER.

Pauline.

DEAR PAPA, what is this that you have in these basins? here is one that looks like a little garden.

M. de Verteuil. I have not taken much pains to cultivate them, as you see. I had only to put into the water a few small seeds, like those you see in the first basin.

Paul. What is this plant called, papa?

M. de V. It is the water-cress, that you love so much. I hope soon to make some salad of it.

Paul. It is already good to eat.

M. de V. Look now at this second basin. I placed some seeds there to soak, three or four days ago. See if they are exactly like those in the first basin, which have been soaking only since morning.

Paul. No, papa; there is some white about these, that is not on the others.

M. de V. You have noticed this difference very well. The seeds, by being soaked in the water, have burst; and from the cracks these little white points have come out.

Paul. What are the little white points, papa?

M. de V. They are the young roots of the plant. When the seeds have been soaking for some days in water, they become penetrated with moisture, and swell up. Do you not observe that these are larger than those in the first basin?

Paul. Yes, papa.

M. de V. When they are thus swelled up, they open at some point, and these little white points come out of the opening. Do you know what these roots do?

Paul. No, papa.

M. de V. They suck up the water that is in the basin. The seed being thus nourished, becomes still larger, and then there comes out on another side, two small yellow branches, which divide afterwards each into three small leaves, which, by degrees, become green. Look in this third basin: the seeds have been there from eight to ten days, and the plant has already some leaves. Do you see, also, the reddish covering of the seed?

Paul. Yes, papa, very well.

M. de V. The seeds are here still much larger; each has a stalk to which several leaves are attached. When they shall have remained some days longer in the water, other leaves will spring out from among them. The roots and branches will become larger and thicker; and the covering of the seeds will become loose and fall off, as has already happened in the fourth basin.

Paul. O yes, papa; here is salad full grown; we have only to season it.

M. de V. I will cut a few stalks which you may taste beforehand: but do you see, if I keep the roots in water, new leaves will keep growing, provided we always keep the basin full of water.

Paul. You must then put some in from time to time, papa?

M. de V. It is true, my daughter. As the plants grow large, the roots suck up more; it is then necessary to supply them with it. Stop, here is another basin: I put water in them the first days only. The water-cress in growing larger, quickly exhausted it; and as soon as this happened, it began to wither. Do you not see that the branches have become slender and dry? the leaves are all yellow. The water-cress is now worth nothing; it must be thrown away.

Paul. O, it is a great loss!

M. de V. Shall I now tell you how we procure the seed from which water-cresses grow?

Paul. I shall be very glad to learn, papa.

M. de V. When, instead of cutting the water-cress to eat, we let it get larger, it grows quite high, like those which are in these two pots with earth in them, and small white flowers grow on the top of the stalk, as you see there in the first pot.

Paul. O yes; I see it.

M. de V. When the flowers decay, and begin to fall, the seed comes in their place. You can see this in the second pot; look.

Paul. I do not see any seed, papa.

M. de V. Do you not see those small shells that are there on the stalk?

Paul. Yes, yes; they are like small beans.

M. de V. I will gather one and open it: look and see what is in it.

Paul. This is singular! But, papa, these seeds are green, and those which are in the basin are red.

M. de V. That is because they are not yet ripe. If I had left them for a longer time on the stalk, they would have become red, like the others. See, here are some beginning to become red; they are almost ripe enough

to produce other cresses. Some of them will be perfectly ripe in a few days.

Paul. I wish there were some ripe now, papa.

M. de V. Why, Pauline?

Paul. Because I wish to make them grow myself.

M. de V. This wish gives me great pleasure. I shall always be glad to see you try these little experiments; it is the best method of learning. As soon as these seeds become ripe, I will gather them, and I will carefully keep them to put in the water or ground, when it is time. But then you will have to see every day that the basins are filled with water, or that the earth is wet; for, my daughter, although the cresses are in the ground, they must always have water; otherwise they will decay, like that which I deprived of water in the basin which I have shown you. Water is equally necessary to flowers, plants and trees: all have need of it.

Paul. Do the large trees in our garden come in the same manner as water-cresses?

M. de V. Yes, Pauline, in the same manner; but you know that it must take a longer time, and more earth and water. Have you not sometimes seen acorns lying on the ground in your grandmother's park?

Paul. Yes, papa; I have sometimes gathered them to play with.

M. de V. Well, Pauline, acorns are the seeds of the oak. These acorns grow upon the oak nearly in the same manner as the seeds of the water-cress grow upon its stalk. When the acorns are ripe, they fall from the tree; and if we plant one of them, there will grow first a root which pierces into the earth, and sucks up the moisture. Then there come up out of the earth small green leaves, and from the midst of these leaves there comes a stem, on which grows many other leaves and branches. This oak increases in size from day to day, and from year to year, till it becomes as large as those in your grandmother's park. Is it not wonderful, Pauline, that a large tree comes from a little acorn?

Paul. It is, certainly, papa; but how does this happen? I do not understand.

M. de V. Neither do I understand it, and no one can explain it. However, it is so; since we see it happen every day. When we go, this autumn, to your grandmother's, we shall take care to gather some acorns to plant in our garden, that you may see the young oaks grow, yourself.

Paul. Yes, papa, I hope that we shall soon have a small park planted by my hand.

RAIN.

MADAME DE VERTEUIL, AND PAULINE HER DAUGHTER.

Pauline.

AIN! ah, my dear mamma! how I wish it would rain!

Mde. de Verteuil. Why, Pauline?

Paul. Because the gardener said that if it did not rain, the gooseberries would not come to perfection?

Mde. de V. But how is it that I hear you complain sometimes of the rain, when it prevents you from taking a walk?

Paul. O, I shall never again complain. I hope it will rain, mamma.

Mde. de V. I should like it to rain, too, my daughter; but neither you nor I, nor any person on earth, can make it rain at his command. We must wait till it falls of itself.

Paul. But, mamma, the rain falls from the clouds. If we could mount to the clouds, could we not make it rain?

Mde. de V. No, my daughter. It is very easy to go to the clouds: but to cause rain to fall, is what we cannot do.

Paul. Easy to go to the clouds! How is that? It appears to me that we should have wings like a bird, in order to do that.

Mde. de V. Wings would be an excellent thing for this purpose; but, alas! we have them not. We have feet; and our feet are sufficient.

Paul. Feet to go to the clouds!

M. de V. Certainly, Pauline; and you shall soon be convinced that it is very easy to understand.

Paul. O let us see, mamma, I pray you.

M. de V. You must know first, that in some countries there are high mountains; that is, large mounds of earth, sand, and stone, which are thirty or forty times as high as the steeple of Notre-Dame, and higher still than mount Valerian, that you have seen from the top of the chateau of Chaillot.

Paul. Well, mamma, these mountains?

M. de V. When a person has climbed to their top, he is as high as the clouds, and sometimes higher: he then sees them under his feet, as we see them over our heads.

Paul. How are they formed, mamma?

Mde. de V. You can tell me, Pauline?

Paul. I, mamma? I have never climbed any mountains that I can remember.

M. de V. It is true. But nevertheless you have walked in a sort of cloud.

Paul. When, mamma?

M. de V. Last winter. Do you not remember the thick fog which surprised us one day as we were returning from your uncle's?

Paul. Yes, mamma. I remember it very well.

M. de V. Well, Pauline, this fog was a species of cloud; and we see under our feet clouds, like a fog, when we are on the top of a high mountain.

Paul. That is singular.

Mde. de V. Although we were then in the midst of the fog, it was impossible for us to cause rain to fall. It is therefore impossible for us to make rain fall from the clouds, even when we are in the midst of them.

Paul. How they does it happen to rain, mamma?

M. de V. Your papa has promised to explain that to you.

Paul. How kind he is! I know that he will keep his promise.

VAPOUR.

M. DE VERTEUIL, AND PAULINE HIS DAUGHTER.

Pauline.

LET me get on this small bench near the window, papa. I will not open it. I only want to look through the glass into the street.

M. de V. You may, Pauline. Come, I will lift you myself on the bench. You can now see the coaches, and the fine ladies in them, pass by as if the windows were open.

Paul. It is true, papa. (*After a moment of silence.*) But what is this? I cannot see through the glass. It was so clear but a moment ago! How is this, I pray you?

M. de V. You have obscured it with your breath. Come to this other window. Do you not see very clearly through it?

Paul. Yes, papa.

M. de V. Open your mouth now a little by putting out your lips, and blow your breath

against the window which is still clear. Do you not see how it has been obscured by the vapour that came out of your mouth?

Paul. Yes, papa.

M. de V. Do you know what this vapour is?

Paul. O no, papa.

M. de V. It is warm water that came out of your mouth with the air you blew from it. Stop, I will do it myself, that you may see better. When I blow my breath against this glass, it becomes covered with a certain quantity of vapour. If I blow still stronger, or for a longer time, this vapour becomes thicker and thicker, till it becomes water. Look; I will begin again. See, it is already formed into little drops, which begin to roll down the glass. They are now at the bottom: there is no longer any vapour, and you can see through this same glass, which was but now so dim.

Paul. It is true, papa.

M. de V. You see then, with your own eyes, that vapour properly is nothing but water. When this vapour is light, it remains sometime in the state which you see on this glass; and then you cannot distinguish by your eyes whether it is water. But touch it with the end of your finger and you will feel that it is moist. If this vapour becomes thick, then it turns to water; and when this water

rolls away, there is no more vapour. Look again. (*He again begins the operation.*)

Paul. All this is true, papa.

M. de V. Do you wish that I should show it you still more clearly with a cup of boiling water?

Paul. Oh, let us see, I pray you. (*M. de Verteuil goes for a cup and saucer; he pours some boiling water into the cup.*)

M. de V. See how much vapour rises from this water.

Paul. Yes, papa; there is a great deal.

M. de V. Hold your hand above it; you will feel that the vapour is warm, and also moist.

Paul., (*putting her hand in the vapour.*) Yes, that is true.

M. de V. You see that this saucer is very dry; touch it yourself. Well, I will place it a moment in the vapour. Do you see how quickly it has become wet? Now I will expose it a longer time. Look, the vapour begins to thicken on the bottom of the saucer. It is already forming into drops: these drops collect around the edge. There is one ready to fall; catch it in your hand, Pauline. This drop is certainly water like that in the cup.

Paul. Yes, it is the same thing.

M. de V. In our next conversation, I will explain the formation of clouds.

CLOUDS.

M. DE VERTEUIL, ADRIAN, PAULINE.

M. de Verteuil.

OUR little sister, Adrian, is nicely crouched up in the corner, to warm herself in the sun.

Pauline. O it feels very comfortable here, I assure you.

M. de V. You are finely caught: the sun has disappeared.

Paul. This is very strange. How does this happen, papa?

M. de V. Come here to the window, and you will see. Do you see that large white cloud floating in the air?

Paul. Yes, papa.

M. de V. Well, Pauline, the sun is behind it, as behind a curtain. This is the reason why you cannot see it; but when the cloud has passed away, it will be as if the curtain were drawn, and then the sun will again ap-

pear. Look, the cloud has already gone away by degrees, and the sun appears anew.

Adrian. Of what is a cloud made, papa?

Paul. I should like to know too, papa.

M. de V. Come to the table, and I will explain it to you. (*Adrian and Pauline approach to the table. M. de Verteuil lifts the lid off from a kettle which is on a furnace.*) Do you see the smoke which rises from the kettle? Search your memory, Pauline; you should know what it is.

Paul. O yes, papa, I remember. It is vapour like that which comes out of my mouth, and like that which rose the other day from the cup.

M. de V. You remember it very well. This smoke is nothing but water, which, by the great heat of the fire placed under the kettle, rises in vapour. When vapour is stopped by any thing, or when it collects, thickens, and becomes cool, it turns to water; but when it is neither stopped, nor can collect, thicken, or cool, then it disperses and is lost in the air, as does at present the vapour which rises from the kettle, when I do not hold the porringer above it. Let us now return to the window. Do you see that terrace which runs along the house? There remains there still some of the water that fell in the rain yesterday. The sun darts his powerful rays upon

it. Look closely, and you will see that there is vapour rising from it, like that from the kettle, but not so thick.

Adr. I see it rise. Stop, Pauline, look towards the middle; do you see it?

Paul. Yes, yes; I see it also, brother.

M. de V. Well, my children, these vapours rise in the same manner as those of the boiling water. The sun heats the water on the terrace, as fire heats the water in the kettle. Do you know, Pauline, how much heat the sun gives?

Paul. O yes, papa; I felt it just now in my little corner, when it shone upon me.

M. de V. He heats the water in the terrace in the same manner; this is the reason why it smokes and rises in vapour, like that from the kettle. Look! do you see how the sun heats also the water in the ditch?

Paul. Yes, papa.

M. de V. This water should also rise in vapour; but the vapour is not so thick as that which rises from the water on the terrace.

Adr. Why, papa?

M. de V. There is but little water on the terrace; therefore this water can be very easily heated. But in the ditch there is a great deal of water; therefore this water cannot be easily heated. You have seen in the kitchen, that it takes much less time to boil a

little water in a small kettle, than to boil a large quantity of water in a large caldron.

Adr. It is true, papa.

M. de V. You must not then be astonished that the water in the ditch does not give as thick vapour as that on the terrace; and this is the reason why we cannot see the vapour which rises from the ditch.

Paul. But, papa, how do you know that vapours rise from the ditch, since you cannot see them?

M. de V. Because we know that ditches, ponds, and other large bodies of water are dried up by degrees, if they do not receive new water. But do you know what we can do that you can be convinced of it by your own eyes?

Adr. What, papa?

M. de V. We can place a large tub near the ditch or in the garden, and we can fill it so full of water that it will hold no more. We can then let this water remain several days without adding any to it. Then if you look into the tub, you will see that there is not so much water in it as there was at first; but that the water has decreased some every day. After a short time this will be less still, and thus it will continue till the tub is entirely empty; provided, however, that it does not

rain in the interval; for you know very well that the rain would enter and fill it.

Adr. I shall be glad to try this experiment.

M. de V. We could begin it to-day, and we could every day go and see how much of the water has evaporated. But tell me, Pauline, when you let some water fall on your doll's frock, or wash it, what do you do in order to dry it?

Paul. I give it to Nancy, who places it before the fire, or puts it in the sun?

M. de V. And then the frock dries. Is it not so?

Paul. Yes, papa.

M. de V. And while it was drying, did you never see smoke rising from it?

Paul. O, often, when the heat of the fire or that of the sun was very strong.

M. de V. When this is the case, so many vapours rise at once, that you can see them; but when the fire was small, or the sun was not hot, did you see any vapours?

Paul. No, papa.

M. de V. However, the frock dried by degrees.

Paul. O, certainly.

M. de V. You know then that the water evaporates, although you do not see the vapour; but when there is neither fire nor sun,

and Nancy hangs the frock in the open air, does it not finally dry, though it takes more time?

Paul. Yes, papa.

M. de V. Thus, then, the heat of the air alone is sufficient to evaporate all the moisture. But you know what becomes of all the vapours that rise, either from the terrace, or from the ditch, or from your doll's frock, or finally, from all that is moist on the earth?

Paul. No, papa.

M. de V. They rise in the air, collect, and remain suspended there. It is this which forms the clouds.

Paul. What, papa, is that large cloud there formed only of vapour?

M. de V. No, my daughter. But this is enough for to-day on this subject: we will continue it in another conversation.

CAUSES OF RAIN.

M. DE VERTEUIL, PAULINE AND ADRIAN HIS CHILDREN.

Adrian.

JUST permit me, papa, to walk in the garden with my sister.

M. de V. I would, my son, but the weather is so very cloudy I am afraid it will rain soon. See, I am right; the first drops begin to fall.

Pauline. O, so much the worse—no, so much the better, I mean. The rain will advance the gooseberries.

M. de V. That is true. The gooseberries and all the other fruits have need of it.

Paul. We shall have a heavy storm, for the clouds are very black.

M. de V. Do you remember what forms the clouds?

Paul. Yes, papa; they are vapours like those which came out of the tea-kettle the other day.

M. de V. You remember it very well. As

we said the same evening, all the vapours which rise from the water, and all the dampness in the earth, ascend in the air, collect together, and form clouds; but do you recollect what happens when the vapours become too heavy?

Adr. Yes, papa; these vapours become water again.

M. de V. Right. Well, when the vapours become water they fall again like these drops of rain.

Paul. Yes, I understand. As the boiling water which you received in the cup fell again in drops along the borders.

M. de V. You could not know it better, my dear Pauline; but do you remember why the vapours rise, and the drops fall?

Adr. No, papa.

M. de V. It is because the vapours are lighter than the air, and the drops of water heavier.

Paul. I do not quite understand that, papa.

M. de V. I will explain it to you in another manner. I have here a little piece of wood, and a small stone; take them both, and throw them into this basin of water.

Paul., (*after throwing them into the water.*) O, there is the little stone at the bottom of the water, and the wood too—but no, the wood rises to the top.

Adr. And will the stone rise too, papa?

M. de V. No, my son, the stone will remain at the bottom of the water: look, if I push this piece of wood to the bottom of the basin, as soon as I let go it will rise.

Adr. Yes, that is true, papa.

Paul. And the stone?

M. de V. If I lift it to the top of the basin and drop it, it will fall to the bottom, as before.

Adr. Yes, I see that the piece of wood cannot stay at the bottom, nor the stone at the top.

M. de V. I am going to put in a large stone, and a large piece of wood: look, is not the piece of wood of the same size as the stone?

Adr. Yes, papa, it is the same size.

M. de V. Can you lift this piece of wood, and hold it in your hands?

Adr. I will try. (*He lifts the piece of wood.*) O yes, I am strong enough to hold it.

M. de V. Let us try the stone, now.

Adr., (*trying to lift the stone.*) O no, papa; it is too heavy for me; it is all I can do to move it.

M. de V. You are then convinced that the stone is heavier than the wood, although they are both of the same size.

Adr. O, I cannot doubt it.

M. de V. I will now throw the stone and the piece of wood into this tub of water.

Paul. There is the stone at the bottom, and the piece of wood rising to the top.

Adr. What is the reason of that, papa?

M. de V. It is because the wood being lighter than an equal quantity of water, rises to the surface; and, on the contrary, the stone being heavier than an equal quantity of water, descends to the bottom. It is the same with clouds; the vapours of which they are formed are lighter than the air, and that is the reason that they seek, like the piece of wood, to rise above it. But when they become water again, this water being heavier than the air, is sure, like the stone, to fall.

Adr. But, papa, after what you told me, I thought that vapours were always water.

M. de V. Yes, Adrian, they are always water, but not water alone. Vapours are water mingled with warm air; that is to say, with air and fire. The warm air mingled with the vapours makes them lighter than water alone, as I am going to give you a proof. (*M. de Verteuil causes to be brought a bowl of soap and water, and a pipe of straw.*) Look, my children, I will take a little soap and water in this pipe; see, it forms a drop, and falls: I will take another and blow into it, and you will see the difference. (*He blows.*)

Paul. Oh, papa, what a pretty ball! It is all colours.

M. de V., (*shaking the ball from his pipe.*) Do you see? It floats in the air now, because its weight is about equal to an equal quantity of air. If I could have made it a great deal larger, instead of floating, it would have risen rapidly, like smoke, because it would have been much lighter than the air.

Adr. O papa, that is singular; perhaps that is the reason that those large balloons* which we have seen, rise with men in them, above the clouds.

M. de V. Yes, my dear Adrian; I am glad that you have found out that yourself. But let us return to our ball of soap. I will touch it with my finger. Do you see, my children, it breaks; the warm air which I have blown into it spreads itself throughout the room. But the soap and water are not light enough to sustain themselves like it; and they fall, as you can see, in little drops. The same thing happens to vapours and clouds. The vapours are little balls of water, mingled with warm air. These balls are, really, in a small compass, like those which I have just expanded into a

* The first balloons used in France were filled with heated air, and not with gas. To these M. Berquin refers here

larger. While the balls of water remain entire, they float in the air, like those of soap; but as soon as they burst, either from being pushed too violently against each other, or from some other cause, the warm air which they contained is dispersed; the water alone remains, and as it is too heavy to be sustained in the air, it falls immediately, and in falling it collects in small drops, like those which you see falling at present. Do you understand now how rain is formed?

Paul. Yes, yes, papa; and henceforward, when we get wet, we shall at least know why.

(Berquin)

NAS

THE

CHILDREN'S

FIRESIDE BOOK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF

M. BERQUIN,

AUTHOR OF THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, ETC.

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PREFACE.

The following pages have been selected from the Paris edition of M. Berquin's complete works. They contain some of the best and most useful of the numerous pieces written by that eminent author for the use of children. Those relating to Natural Philosophy and Political Economy will be found particularly useful, as they convey certain elementary views of those interesting subjects in a style entirely suited to the comprehension of children; and the pieces which relate solely to morals and deportment will be found by the reader to be stamped with the same characteristics which have so long rendered the Children's Friend one of the most popular, as it certainly is one of the most useful and entertaining of juvenile books.

THE

FIRESIDE BOOK.

THE BAD CONSEQUENCES OF ANGER.

MADAME DE COLIGNY, AGATHA HER DAUGHTER, EMILY HER NIECE, AND JUSTINE HER MAID.

Agatha.

MAMMA! come into my cousin's room: do you see her mirror all in pieces? and here, near the table, a large porcelain jar broken? Poor Emily will be very sorry. How can this have happened?

Mde de Coligny. I know nothing about it, Agatha: I am going to call Justine to inform me. (*She calls.*) Justine! Justine!

Justine, (*coming forward.*) What do you wish, madam?

Mde. de C. I wish to know the cause of this *accident.*

Just., (*with embarrassment.*) Madam, it is—oh! I dare not tell you.

Mde. de C. Fear nothing; speak: the mischief is done. Is it you who have caused it?

Just. O no, madam; I would have confessed it to you at once. I must say, however, that I caused this misfortune by another which happened to me.

Mde. de C. Relate the affair to me as it happened.

Just. This is it, madam. While Miss Emily was at breakfast with you, I wished to put her clothes, which were on the marble of the dressing table under the mirror, in order. I do not know how it was ever done, but I pushed over a pretty English flower-pot, which Miss Emily bought yesterday, and which was hidden in the folds of a napkin, so that I could not see it. The pot fell from the dressing table, and was broken into a thousand pieces.

Mde. de C. And what did Emily do when you told her of the accident?

Just. O, madam, she was in so great a passion, and was so angry with me, that I did not know where to hide myself. At first, I did not answer her, fearing to provoke her further; but at last, seeing it did not appease her, I could not help saying, "After all, miss, what am I guilty of? Could I guess that a

flower pot would be hidden in a napkin?" These words only inflamed her anger:—"How! will you be so impertinent as to say it was my fault?" replied she. She then ran to the table to get a bunch of keys; but by the violence of her movements she overset the table, and all the porcelain jars upon it fell in pieces on the floor. In the anger which this new misfortune caused her, she threw the keys at my head: fortunately I stooped, and the keys striking the mirror, broke it into a thousand pieces.

Mde. de C. Really, Emily gained a great deal by that: and what did she say then?

Just. O, madam, I know nothing about it: I ran with all my speed from the room. My first impulse was to complain of this bad treatment to you, and to ask for my dismissal; but another reflection restrained me. Miss Emily has so good a heart! It is a great pity that she is always guided by the first movement of her anger.

Mde. de C. Yes, certainly, it is a great pity; this defect alone dims all her other qualities. With the best heart in the world, some great misfortune will happen to her, sooner or later, if she continues to abandon herself to these fits of passion; but I will punish her in a manner that will correct her. The porcelain belonged to her; she can do

as she wishes; I will not give her any in its place: but for my glass she must pay me, without excuse; and as it was very large and very handsome, her purse will cause her to remember it for a long time. She will have all the time to learn what is gained by passion. This is not all: I forbid you, Justine, to do the least thing for her service, until she has come to beg your pardon in my presence, promising never again to behave toward you as she has to-day.

Just. O, madam, it is not necessary; Miss Emily will reflect upon it herself, and I am already satisfied.

Mde. de C. But I am not; she must be taught that she is not to maltreat you or any other person. I will not keep you in my service if you do not fulfil my orders punctually. Emily shall not have come to my house to spoil her character. I should be badly keeping the promise I made to my sister, when she confided to me, on her death-bed, her education. But she is coming. Come here, Emily.

Emily, (*running to throw herself into the arms of Mde. de Coligny.*) Oh, my dear aunt, I know I merit all that you can tell me. I deserve the most severe punishment. What was my folly to give myself up to my passion! Oh! if you could know how much I regret it.

Mde. de C. I believe it, Emily; but regret comes always too late, and can make no reparation. If you had struck Justine on the head with your keys, and—

Em. I beg of you, my dear aunt, say no more; you pierce my heart. I do not know where to hide myself for shame and grief. My dear Justine, I beg you to excuse me: if ever I am angry with you again, you have only to say, "Emily, remember the keys," and I shall be sure to stop my passion. But this is not all—take this, my dear Justine, (*putting a purse in her hands;*) this will make you forget the trouble I have caused you.

Just., (*wiping her eyes.*) No, miss, it is too much; I do not want it—I will not take it.

Mde. de C. You can take it, Justine; Emily has offered it to you, to show you that she will spare nothing to repair her fault; but nevertheless, she ought not to believe that an outrage can be atoned for by money. I am glad, however, that she has thought, herself, of asking you to excuse her, and to offer you all the reparation in her power. If she had failed to do this, I should have told her of it myself. I am glad that she thought of it: that proves that she is penetrated with regret for the fault she has committed.

Em. Oh yes, my dear aunt! I feel it too well.

Mde. de C. In that case, I shall say nothing more to you, and I will leave you to your reflections and regret. But you, my dear Agatha, receive a useful lesson from your cousin's misfortune, and see what happens when anger is permitted to conquer. Far from procuring any satisfaction, it only causes new troubles, and precipitates one into a greater embarrassment. Think on the frightful remorse which the unhappy Emily would always have felt, if she had hit Justine with the keys, and destroyed one of her eyes. For this, when you feel anger about to seize you, think of this adventure, and try to exert all your strength to conquer your passion. If you do not accustom yourself early to command yourself, you will become the slave of all the passions, and after having made you a thousand times an object of laughter in the eyes of reasonable people, perhaps they would carry you, in spite of yourself, into misfortunes, the idea of which makes one tremble; and which you would wish in vain, every day of your life, to recall at the price of your blood.

THE FIVE SENSES.

MRS. DALTON, AND SARAH HER DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Dalton.

OOK, Sarah, here is your doll, which has limbs, and a head, and nose and mouth like you. Is your doll a thing like yourself, or do you think you are something different from your doll?

Sarah. O mamma, it seems to me I am quite different.

Mrs. Dalt. What is this difference, then, between you? What, for instance, can you do, which your doll cannot?

Sar. See, mamma, I can lift my hand; I can run, and jump, and stand on one foot; my doll cannot do any of these.

Mrs. Dalt. You are right; you can move, and the doll cannot; but you have seen your little brother's coach roll: it moves also.

Sar. O yes, mamma, when Nancy draws

it in front, or pushes it from behind, it must move then; but when I move I have no need of any one to push me, or to pull me; see how I can run and jump all alone.

Mrs. Dalt. Very true; the coach and the doll cannot move of themselves; we must draw the one, and carry the other; but you can move of your own accord: you can get up and sit down, and walk slowly or run, just as you choose: you can use your feet, and hands, and tongue, as you like. But, Sarah, your little brother can neither talk, nor jump, nor run; he has to be carried like a doll; is not he at least the same as a doll?

Sar. No, not quite, it seems to me, mamma; my little brother can lift his hands, and shake his head, and cry; and then, too, little children will grow large; but my doll will never grow.

Mrs. Dalt. Your observation is quite right; but, Sarah, how do you know that your little brother can do all that you have just said?

Sar. Because I have often seen it.

Mrs. Dalt. And what have you seen it with?

Sar. With my eyes, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. And if you had not had eyes, would you have been able to see it?

Sar. O, certainly not.

Mrs. Dalt. You would never have known

then, that your little brother could shake his head, or lift his hands.

Sar. No, indeed, I never could.

Mrs. Dalt. And could you know any thing if you had no eyes? Could you know, for instance, what was passing around you?

Sar. I think not, mamma; I should be then as I am in the night, when I awake, and there is no light; it seems as if there was nothing in the room.

Mrs. Dalt. Yes, it is just so; but shut your eyes a moment—there—tell me now, is the table on which you are leaning, hard or soft?

Sar. The table is hard, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. How do you know that, my daughter? you cannot see it, fc your eyes are shut.

Sar. It is true, mamma, I cannot see it; but I know very well the table is hard when I touch it.

Mrs. Dalt. Then you can discover this by the touch, without using your eyes to see it.

Sar. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. You can know something in two ways then; by sight and by touch.

Sar. That is true, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. Shut your eyes again for a little while, and put your hands behind your

back. What is this that I place under your nose?

Sar. A rose, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. You have guessed rightly. But how do you know that it is a rose, since you have neither seen nor felt it?

Sar. But I smelled it; nothing in the world has so sweet a smell.

Mrs. Dalt. Thus, my daughter, you can know something more by smelling.

Sar. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. Here are three ways, then, by which you can *know something;* by seeing, feeling, smelling. (*Sarah half opens her eyes.*) No, no, Sarah, I have not done yet; keep your eyes shut, if you please.

Sar. Stop, mamma, I must warn you; I shall cheat in spite of myself.

Mrs. Dalt. How can that be?

Sar. I try in vain; I cannot keep my eyes shut so long; they open of themselves, before I think.

Mrs. Dalt. Come, then, I will blindfold you with this handkerchief, so that you will not be able to see, even if you wished to. (*She ties the handkerchief over her eyes.*) There, do you see now?

Sar. No, mamma, indeed I do not.

(*Mrs. Dalton beckons, without speaking, to*

Henrietta, her eldest daughter, who is playing with her little brother and his nurse, at the other end of the room, to approach quietly.)

Mrs. Dalt., (*to Sarah.*) You are quite sure you can see nothing; that is not all. Put one of your hands behind your back, and hold your nose with the other, to be certain that you can neither feel nor smell. Remain so. Here is a visiter whom I will introduce to you. (*To Henrietta.*) Come forward, I pray you, and wish Sarah good morning.

Henrietta. Good morning, Sarah.

Sar. Good morning, Henrietta.

Mrs. Dalt. Ha! ha! Sarah, how do you know it is Henrietta who wishes you good morning?

Sar. Because I heard her, mamma; I can certainly recognise my sister's voice.

Mrs. Dalt. Very well: here is a new discovery; you know something else; not by having seen, nor felt, nor smelled, but merely by having heard. So then, there are already four ways by which you can know something; seeing, feeling, smelling, and hearing.

Sar. Yes, truly, mamma, I have four ways of gaining knowledge.

Mrs. Dalt. Place yourself again as you were just now; Henrietta will hold her hands over your ears. In this condition you can

neither see, touch, smell, nor hear. Let us try if there remains still any other means by which you can know something.

Sar. Well, mamma, I am ready.

Mrs. Dalt. Open your mouth. What have I put into it?

Sar., (*after tasting it.*) It is gooseberry jelly.

Mrs. Dalt. And how do you know that?

Sar. Trust to my taste: I am quite a judge.

Mrs. Dalt. Your taste has not deceived you: and here, then, is the fifth means by which you can know something. Can you tell me now these five means, or would you wish me to repeat them to you once more?

Sar. I would rather have you say them, mamma; for I might leave out some, and I should be quite sorry to forget them.

Mrs. Dalt., (*after removing the bandage from Sarah's eyes.*) These five means by which we can know any thing, or acquire knowledge, are—seeing, feeling, smelling, hearing, tasting. They are called the "five senses."

Sar. I am very glad to feel certain that I am not deficient in any. I can very well see, hear, smell, feel, and taste.

Mrs. Dalt. And can your doll do any of these?

Sar. I defy her to do one, let her choose which she will.

Mrs. Dalt. There is then a great difference between you; your doll can neither move of her own accord, nor see, nor feel, nor smell, nor hear, nor taste, as you can; and do you know what we call those who can do these things?

Sar. No, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. We call them living and animated beings. So you are a living and animated creature, and your doll is not. But tell me, now, are animals, such as dogs, and cats, and birds, living and animated creatures?

Sar. I think they are, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. You are right; for the cat can move of her own accord as well as you; and, indeed, I am inclined to think she can run a little faster, and jump a little higher. Is it not so?

Sar. Yes, mamma, I allow her these advantages.

Mrs. Dalt. And when you go towards her, clapping your hands, can she hear the noise you make?

Sar. O, she certainly hears it, for she immediately runs away.

Mrs. Dalt. And when you touch her on the back with a stick?

Sar. She runs away faster still.

Mrs. Dalt. She is then sensible to the touch?

Sar. Yes, mamma, I assure you she is very sensitive on that point.

Mrs. Dalt. But what if you only show her the stick, and shake it at her, without following her?

Sar. She sees it so well that I very soon see no more of her.

Mrs. Dalt. Here are already three senses which she possesses as well as you; sight, touch, and hearing. Let us see, now, if she has taste and smell.

Sar. O, I will answer for it: she can smell afar off a fricassee; and if you throw her at the same time, a piece of mutton and a cork, she can very soon find out the difference.

Mrs. Dalt. It is the same with all other animals; they can move about at will; they can see, hear, feel, smell, and taste, as we can. They are, then, like us, living and animated creatures. Your doll can do nothing like this; it is a thing without life, an inanimate thing, as well as this table, and these chairs.

Sar. I, then, have something more than this table, these chairs, and my doll? But what have I more than a cat?

Mrs. Dalt. Something very precious, of which we will speak in another conversation.

THE SENSATIONS.

MRS. DALTON, AND SARAH HER DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Dalton.

HUT your eyes, Sarah, and do not open them till I tell you. Very well. Now think of Nancy. Is it not as if you saw her?

Sarah. Yes, mamma; it seems as if I saw her.

Mrs. Dalt. How do you see her?

Sar. As if she was before me; or rather, as if she was in my head.

Mrs. Dalt. Well, Sarah, when Nancy being absent you nevertheless see her as if she was in your head, or before you, then you picture to yourself what is called an image of Nancy.

Sar. May I now open my eyes?

Mrs. Dalt. Yes, my daughter. But tell me, as you were thinking of Nancy, could you not at the same time think of your little bro-

ther, your sister, your doll, and your grandmother's house?

Sar. Certainly; I thought of all of them as you named them to me.

Mrs. Dalt. Is it not as if all these images were before you, when you think of them?

Sar. Yes, mamma; I saw them before me, though I had my eyes open. Why did you make me shut them just now?

Mrs. Dalt. Because, not being distracted by any other thing, you might think of Nancy alone, and consequently paint a more lively image. You could have also remarked more clearly what always happens when we think of any thing. But you can think of it, even when your eyes are open. For example, think now of your little brother; do you not see his image, without shutting your eyes?

Sar. Yes, mamma; he appears to be smiling.

Mrs. Dalt. Think now of the table which is in the dining room. Can you tell me precisely of what colour it is as if you saw it? Is it black or white?

Sar. Neither, mamma. It is of a brownish colour.

Mrs. Dalt. Is it round or square?

Sar. It is round.

Mrs. Dalt. Very well. You see then, that by thinking of the table you can call up its

image, and tell me its colour and form, as if it was before your eyes.

Sar. True, mamma; but how does this happen?

Mrs. Dalt. This table has strongly struck your sight, which is, as you know, one of the senses. This impression, once well made, suffices to recall the image of the table whenever you think of it.

Sar. But, mamma, I sometimes think of things I have never seen. For example, I now picture to myself a doll twice as large as mine; I give it a beautiful robe of gold and silver tissue, bracelets of pearls, and a necklace of diamonds. I have never really seen a doll of this size, nor one so handsomely dressed. How then is it that I can picture it to myself?

Mrs. Dalt. This explanation will actually lead us too far. It suffices, that in thinking of a thing you have once seen, you can call up its image whenever you please. But tell me, have you often heard a tambourine, smelled a rose, eaten strawberries, or touched satin?

Sar. Certainly, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. Think of the tambourine; what happens?

Sar. I seem to hear the noise.

Mrs. Dalt. And the rose?

Sar. I seem to inhale its sweet smell.

Mrs. Dalt. The strawberries?

Sar. I can almost taste them: my mouth begins to water.

Mrs. Dalt. The satin?

Sar. I imagine that I feel it. How soft it is under my fingers!

Mrs. Dalt. Do you now understand, Sarah? These objects have formerly made an impression on your senses; the tambourine on your hearing, the rose on your smelling, the strawberries on your taste, and the satin on your feeling. These impressions, which are called sensations, call to mind, when you think of them, each of the objects; and the effect they produced on you is nearly the same as they now produce. But I fear that you are fatigued: we will continue this conversation another time.

Sar. As you please, mamma. But believe me, I shall always feel a pleasure in conversing with you.

IMAGINATION.

MRS. DALTON, AND SARAH HER DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Dalton.

AM going to open this drawer, Sarah: look here; what do you see in it?

Sar. A white riband with red stripes, and little flowers between the stripes. Oh how pretty it is!

Mrs. Dalt. Shut your eyes now. Can you not still fancy you see what is in the drawer?

Sar., (*shutting her eyes.*) Yes, mamma; I see the same white riband, and the same red stripes. I can even see the little flowers.

Mrs. Dalt. You see the riband very much as you see your doll in the looking-glass, when I hold her behind you, so that you cannot see the doll itself: you see in the glass a representation or an image of your doll. Open your eyes. I will put the doll behind you on a table. Can you see her now, with out turning round?

Sar. No, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. Now I will put a looking-glass before you. Look in it.

Sar. Now I can see my doll very well.

Mrs. Dalt. That is, you see a representation of your doll in the looking-glass. Is it not very much in the same way that you saw, just now, within you, the image of the white riband with red stripes, and the flowers on it?

Sar. Yes, mamma; but have I then a looking-glass in my mind when I see the riband?

Mrs. Dalt. No, my daughter, there is no looking-glass in your mind. I will show you the difference. In the glass you can see only such things as you place really before it; and you must stand by it if you wish to see your doll in it. Is it not so?

Sar. Yes, mamma; certainly.

Mrs. Dalt. But your mind can represent to itself images of distant objects. For example, what is it that hangs in your room against the wall, between the window and the bed?

Sar. Your picture, mamma, and papa's picture also.

Mrs. Dalt. You can represent to yourself these pictures, as well as the riband you saw just now?

Sar. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. And nevertheless, these portraits are in another room. But to go still further: what were hanging upon the tree under which we stayed so long talking the other day in your grandmamma's garden?

Sar. They were very fine peaches, just ripening.

Mrs. Dalt. And how did they look?

Sar. They were white, just turning a beautiful pink.

Mrs. Dalt. You see by this, Sarah, that your mind is very different from the looking-glass, which only represents those objects which are placed before it: but your mind can represent to you any thing you please; no matter how distant the object may be from you.

Sar. That is true, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. Would you like now to know the name of this faculty, which our mind has, of figuring objects to itself?

Paul. Yes, mamma, very much.

Mrs. Dalt. This faculty is called *imagination.*

MEMORY.

MRS. DALTON, AND SARAH HER DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Dalton.

CAN you tell me, Pauline, what you did yesterday at your aunt's?

Sarah. Yes, mamma; in the morning we visited the pigeons, chickens, and the aviary; and in the afternoon we rode through the grove in a handsome coach.

Mrs. Dalt. Can you also tell me what you did last week at your grandmother's the day that your uncle and aunt dined there?

Sar. O yes, mamma; we sailed along the shores of the river in a little boat. Oh, how delightful it was!

Mrs. Dalt. You remember all this very well, Sarah. You may hence perceive that your mind has the power of recalling all that you have done. And what happened while we were passing under the bridge in the boat?

Sar. The pulley through which the rope passed which held the sail, fell into the water. Papa, my uncle, and cousin searched for it a long time, but could not find it; and then we had to return home because they could not hoist the sail.

Mrs. Dalt. Your recital is very correct. You have related all the circumstances of the accident. You perceive by this, that your mind has the power of recalling all that you have seen, as if you did it yourself.

Sar. It is true, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. Do you know what this power of the mind is called?

Sar. It is called memory, is it not, mamma?

Mrs. Dalt. Yes, Sarah.

Sar. Is it not also this which makes me remember what I have read, or have been told?

Mrs. Dalt. Yes. But, Sarah, do you remember all that was said at your grandmamma's table? For example, do you remember what was related about a certain little boy?

Sar. No, mamma; I do not remember.

Mrs. Dalt. You were present, however, when your aunt related it; and you heard it very well, since you laughed at it. Besides, in the evening after you returned, you related the story to Nancy. It was then in your memory.

Sar. That may be, mamma; but now I do not remember any thing about it: I have forgotten it all.

Mrs. Dalt. Let me see if I can restore to your mind the power of representing this history, as it did the evening you related it to Nancy.

Sar. Oh, let us see, mamma!

Mrs. Dalt. Did not your aunt say, that the little boy went to take a walk in the field, and began running after the butterflies? Do you remember what then happened to him?

Sar. Then—then—Oh! mamma, I now remember the rest of the story. Looking up, and not seeing what was under his feet, he came to the banks of a ditch, and tumbled into it. His papa had a great deal of trouble to pull him out; and he could not be recognised under the mask of mud which covered his face.

Mrs. Dalt. That is exactly the whole story. I had not much trouble to call it to your mind, because it is not long since you have heard it. But if, at the end of some years, I should ask you about it, you would, perhaps, have forgotten it, or I should have forgotten it myself.

Sar. That is likely, mamma; but, at least, I am sure I shall never forget the pains you take to instruct me.

REASON, JUDGMENT.

MRS. DALTON, AND SARAH HER DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Dalton.

PRAY, Sarah, can you tell me what reason is? I have already explained it to you.

Sarah. Yes, mamma: it is—it is—I cannot explain it, but I know what it is. For example, I have reason, and animals have not.

Mrs. Dalt. To make you understand better what is meant by reason, I will tell you that you show reason when you understand what I say, and answer correctly. You also show reason when, on every occasion, you reflect on what you should do. Shall I give you an example?

Sar. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. Let us suppose that you wish now to walk in the street. The first thing you have to do is to descend into the street: is it not?

Sar. There is nothing more certain.

Mrs. Dalt. You must then begin by reflecting on what you must do to get into the street?

Sar. That is true.

Mrs. Dalt. We are here near an open window facing the street. By this window it is easy to go into the street when we wish. Look, I will throw out this piece of paper: it is in the street already. We can, therefore, go into the street by passing through the window; and this is the shortest way.

Sar. I am certain of it, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. This, however, is not the only way: there is another. Near the door of your chamber there are stairs which descend into the yard: then, crossing the yard, you arrive at the gate which opens into the street. Which of these two methods appears best?

Sar. But, mamma, I cannot go out through the window.

Mrs. Dalt. Why not, since it is open? You can jump from it, or I can throw you out as I just now threw out the piece of paper; and certainly, by taking this road, you will arrive much sooner in the street, than if you went by the stairs, the yard, and the gate.

Sar. But, mamma, I shall fall if you throw me from the window.

Mrs. Dalt. Certainly, Sarah; it is likely

you would fall and break your limbs. Then you would be in the street, but you could not walk; you would have to be carried to bed, where you would remain six weeks without being able to move. You can now tell whether it is better to go immediately into the street by the window, and break a limb or two, or to go more slowly by the stairs and yard, preserving your limbs entire?

Sar. It is not difficult to choose, mamma; I would rather take the longer road.

Mrs. Dalt. Why, my daughter?

Sar. Because, if to arrive sooner in the street, I must break a limb, what good will it do me to be there, since I cannot walk?

Mrs. Dalt. Your reflection was very just, Sarah. But do you know what we have done while conversing?

Sar. No, mamma; I do not know.

Mrs. Dalt. We have made use of our reason to find out whether it is best to get into the street by the window, or to go down the stairs; and we have found that the last method is the best. Shall I tell you how we accomplished this?

Sar. It will give me great pleasure, mamma?

Mrs. Dalt. We at first inquired into the advantages and disadvantages of each of these methods of going into the street, either by

jumping out of the window, or going down the stairs. This inquiry satisfied us that the advantage of leaping from the window would be, that you would arrive there sooner, but the disadvantage attached to this method would be the risk of breaking your limbs. On the contrary, the disadvantage of going into the street by the stairs would be, that it would take you longer; but we find in return this advantage; that you could run there without any danger of being hurt. Is it not this, my daughter, which passed in our minds?

Sar. Yes, mamma; I answer for mine.

Mrs. Dalt. After we had found these advantages and disadvantages, we compared them with each other, and said, "Which is better—to arrive a little sooner in the street with a broken limb, or to be a little longer, and arrive safely?" After this comparison, we decided that it was better to be a little longer, and that we should go into the street, not by the window, but by the stairs and the yard; do you understand that?

Sar. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. Well, my daughter, when we thus examine the advantages and disadvantages of a thing, and compare them together to decide which is better, this operation is called *reasoning*, and the conclusion we draw,

judgment. Shall I give you another example of reasoning and judgment?

Sar. O mamma, you will give me great pleasure.

Mrs. Dalt. You know that your aunt's two parrots pronounced certain words almost like human beings, so that persons might be deceived by the resemblance?

Sar. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. Let us now suppose that we were near the dining room of your aunt, and we heard a conversation in it through the door; what do you think we should do to judge, without entering, whether it was the two parrots, or two servants that we heard?

Sar. Could we not tell by their voices?

Mrs. Dalt. This method would not be infallible, since we have just seen that the parrots can so exactly imitate the human voice, that we may be deceived by it

Sar. It is true.

Mrs. Dalt. We must then find a more certain method.

Sar. Oh! let us see.

Mrs. Dalt. Consider. What is it you imagine, supposing, always, that we are not allowed to enter the place where they are speaking?

Sar. Indeed, mamma, I do not know.

Mrs. Dalt. Suppose we should listen to what they say? You know that parrots, as you have already said, always speak the same phrases?

Sar. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. Therefore, if we listened to what was said in the dining-room, and we heard nothing but "Scrape, scrape, James;" "Have you breakfasted, James?" whom could we suspect of saying these words?

Sar. The parrots, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. You are right. The parrots can say these words, and they say them continually. We have no reason to suppose that the servants would be continually saying to each other, "Scrape, scrape, James;" "Have you breakfasted, James?" for that is not very amusing. Am I not right?

Sar. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. But if we heard them say, "Have you counted the plates, Mary?" "No, Fanny, I do not count them till I have folded the table cloth:" or, if we heard another conversation of this kind concerning housekeeping, could we likewise attribute them to the parrots?

Sar. No, mamma: I should think, rather, that it was the servants who were talking?

Mrs. Dalt. This is exactly what we should think, and we should have employed our rea-

son to perform a process of reasoning and form a judgment; for we should have compared what the parrots usually say, with what the servants can say during their occupation; and from this comparison we could judge, by the nature of the discourse, whether the parrots or servants were speaking.

Sar. I thank you, mamma, for having taught me the use of my reason. I will use it to reason, by myself, on all that I see or hear; and I will afterward consult you on the judgment I have formed.

LIBERTY, WILL.

MRS. DALTON, AND SARAH HER DAUGHTER.

Sarah.

EVERY thing is placed in order in my chamber, mamma, as you desired me. There is now nothing lying about the floor. What shall I now do?

Mrs. Dalt. You can go and work in your garden, or amuse yourself by playing with your doll. Which of these two amusements do you like best? I give you entire liberty about your choice.

Sar. I think, mamma, I would rather play with my doll.

Mrs. Dalt. Well: but I think it is a long time since you worked in your garden. I happened to look at it as I was passing, and I thought I perceived a number of weeds. The flowers appeared to languish on their stalks. You have certainly not watered them for several days.

Sar. It is true, mamma: you put me in mind of it.

Mrs. Dalt. The flowers suffer much from the heat and drought. Would it not be better to water them?

Sar. O mamma, they can do without it a little longer; besides, my doll wishes to try on her new apron. I must see if it fits her.

Mrs. Dalt. You are mistress, as I told you, and can do as you please about it: but I ask one moment of reflection. If you let your garden be exhausted by weeds, and neglect to water it, the flowers will be more drooping to-morrow than they are to-day. To-morrow morning, you know, we set out early to pass the day with your grandmamma; and we shall not return till night. But if the flowers are not watered for two days after to-morrow, they will, perhaps, be in so bad a condition, that all the water in the reservoir would not revive them.

Sar. O, that would be very bad.

Mrs. Dalt. And then your garden will remain waste for six weeks, till the time of the autumn flowers; for you know your papa said, when he gave you each a little piece of ground, that if any of you neglected your garden, and left your flowers to perish, you should have no more that season.

Sar. It is true, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. Now which do you think is better—to have a moment of pleasure with your doll, and afterwards feel, for six weeks, the sorrow of seeing nothing but weeds in your garden, or to leave your doll an hour or two, with which you can play every day, and work in your garden, that you may enjoy, all the rest of the summer, the pleasure of seeing it embellished with the most beautiful flowers?

Sar. From the manner in which you represent these things, mamma, it does not appear that there is much reason to hesitate.

Mrs. Dalt. So it seems to me.

Sar. Come, I have determined; I will go immediately into my garden.

Mrs. Dalt. That is right. But stop a moment, Sarah. You must first remark what we have just done. Lend me your attention.

Sar. Well, mamma, I will listen.

Mrs. Dalt. We have just reasoned about the doll and the garden, as we did yesterday about the window and the stairs. Have we not examined the advantages and the disadvantages of playing with your doll, or of working in your garden, to find which of the two is better?

Sar. It is true, mamma; I did not think of it.

Mrs. Dalt. And what did you do when

you said it was better to work in the garden, than to play with your doll?

Sar. I remember, mamma: I have formed a judgment, or opinion.

Mrs. Dalt. Very well, my daughter; but when you afterwards said, "Come, I have determined; I will go immediately into my garden?"

Sar. You have not yet told me what that is called, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. I will tell you directly. Answer me first. Did you not, yourself, decide that you would work in your garden?

Sar. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. Although you decided thus, because it seemed best to do so, were you not at liberty to choose the other?

Sar. Yes, mamma; you gave me liberty to choose.

Mrs. Dalt. Well, Sarah, this power which we have of deciding between two or more things, is called liberty; and the operation by which we determine to give one the preference, is called *will*.

Sar. I thank you, mamma, for this instruction. I will endeavour to remember it.

Mrs. Dalt. Come, give me a kiss, and lose not a moment in going to work in your garden.

FABLE, FICTION, AND HISTORY.

MRS. DALTON, AND SARAH HER DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Dalton.

HEN you play with your doll, Sarah, do you not sometimes speak to it as if you were its governess, and it could understand you?

Sar. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. And did you not make it appear afterwards as if it answered you, and refused to follow your wise instructions? Have you not often come to me, saying, "Mamma, the doll cries, and will not behave; it will do nothing that I tell it;" or, "The doll is good at present; it promises not to cry any more." You know very well, however, that the doll can be neither good nor bad, and that it can neither cry nor promise any thing.

Sar. It is true, mamma; but I only did it for sport.

Mrs. Dalt. Sometimes I do the same myself, and say to the doll, "My child, do not be so noisy; your clamouring will turn your mamma's head; if you continue to make such a noise, I shall have to put you in a corner." At another time I say, "My dear child, will you not cease to be so obstinate? You should be docile and obedient. Come, you need not cry, nor bite your lips, nor let your nead fall on your shoulders." You know very well that, notwithstanding what I say to your doll, I do not believe that it can understand what I say.

Sar. O yes, mamma; you only do it to play with me.

Mrs. Dalt. This is one of my motives, my dear daughter; but there is another more serious one. Can you not guess what it is?

Sar. No, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. I wish, in playing with you, to teach you what you should do, and what you should avoid. For example, when I tell your doll that its cries make me deaf, and threaten to put it in a corner, it is to make you reflect that if you cry it will make my head ache, and you will be put in the corner.

Sar. That is a very good method.

Mrs. Dalt. And when I say to the cat, "Fie! puss; you should not be so wicked; you should not scratch, because I have hurt

you a little without knowing it, in playing with you; if you do so, no one will play with you, and you will be left to play by yourself, like a wild cat;" you know very well that the cat does not understand a word I say to it.

Sar. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. But for what do you think I say this to the cat?

Sar. I think I can guess, mamma. It is to teach me, indirectly, that I should neither pinch, nor scratch, nor strike, when, by chance, in playing, some one hurts me a little; because no one will wish to play with me if I do.

Mrs. Dalt. You are right. Thus, when I afterwards say, "Puss should be sorry for having behaved so bad; she should beg pardon, and promise to behave better in future," it is not that I hope to see the cat profit by this advice: it is to teach you, indirectly, what you should do on a similar occurrence.

Sar. O, I understand the lesson very well, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. When we wish to instruct children, or even men, in playing, what they should do or avoid, we tell them that on such an occasion such or such animals acted in such or such a manner. We do not tell them this to make them believe it really was so, because it frequently happens that it is what every

one knows that animals could not do; but only to show them what is good or bad, and what are usually the consequences of such an action.

Sar. It is well imagined, at least.

Mrs. Dalt. To render the instruction clearer, and the lesson more striking, we must take care to arrange the story in such a manner that it happens the same to the animals, as it would happen to children or men, if they acted like the animals. This narration is called a *fable.* Shall I give you an example?

Sar. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. To make you understand better the fable that I shall relate, I must first tell you that there are countries in which are found wild beasts, such as wolves, tigers, bears, leopards, and lions.

Sar. O yes, mamma; I have seen them in my pictures.

Mrs. Dalt. These animals are formed as the picture represents them. They eat all the other animals that they can catch: it is for this reason they are called ferocious beasts, or carnivorous animals. They even attack the largest animals, as horses and oxen, although they are much smaller.

Sar. How then do they crush them?

Mrs. Dalt. Because, notwithstanding their

small size, they have prodigious strength: they are, also, exceedingly nimble, and are always animated with a fury which makes them brave every danger.

Sar. I should not like to meet one on my path.

Mrs. Dalt. I believe it; but to return. To make men see what advantage those who are weak may derive by joining themselves together against those who are stronger; and of what consequence it is, for this purpose, to live always in friendship, the fable which I am about to tell you has been written.

Sar. O, let us hear it, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. Listen.

THE QUARRELSOME OXEN.

A FABLE.

In a country abounding in ferocious beasts, there were many oxen that grazed quietly in the midst of a vast field. As they lived together in a perfect union, and were always ready mutually to defend each other, no wild beast dared to attack them. As soon as they saw one of them roaming at a distance, seeking to surprise them, they ran close to one another, formed themselves in a circle with their heads outside, menacing the common enemy with their sharp horns. The circle being

firm in every part, none of them could be attacked behind, which was the only means of vanquishing them.

As long as this good understanding prevailed among them, they lived in quiet, and increased in numbers. But, finally, there arose a serious dispute about a trifle; and as none of them would yield, and acknowledge he was wrong, they loaded each other with reproaches, and ended by seeking different places.

It was not long before they felt the dreadful consequences of this division. When a wild beast appeared, they no longer hastened to place themselves side by side in a circle, to defend each other. The one first attacked was abandoned by all his companions, who thought only of themselves. Many of them were devoured in this manner in a few days.

If this example had but rendered them more wise, and they had again united, they would still have been able, notwithstanding their losses, to defend themselves against their enemies. Instead of this, their hatred became more implacable than ever. One reproached the other with being the cause of his misfortunes. From words they came to blows with their horns. The noise of the combat having drawn their enemies from the forest, they profited by the weakness and

fatigue of the combatants to devour them all, one after another, so that not one remained to relate this dreadful event to their descendants.

You see by this, Sarah, what a fable is. From the manner in which I have related that of the oxen, you may know very well that such an event never has happened, and never will happen.

Sar. Yes, mamma; I believe it.

Mrs. Dalt. Why do you believe it?

Sar. Because oxen are incapable of speaking, and, consequently, are not capable of saying any thing that would lead to a quarrel.

Mrs. Dalt. Very well, Sarah: there are, however, some things true in my story.

Sar. What is it, mamma?

Mrs. Dalt. There are, first, wild beasts that attack oxen to devour them. Secondly, if oxen place themselves in a circle, with their horns outside, they can easily defend themselves against their enemies. Finally, if they do not mutually defend each other in this, or some other manner, they are incapable of resisting the wild beasts that attack them separately.

Sar. Yes, mamma; I understand these three truths.

Mrs. Dalt. But, as you have observed,

that the oxen reproaching each other, and these reproaches animating them so much against one another, that they refused to lend mutual aid against the common enemy when they were attacked by him, is not true. This may be seen among men, but never among animals.

Sar. How, mamma! Can this ever happen among men?

Mrs. Dalt. Alas, yes, my daughter. If your reason was a little more advanced, you would now see that men are not only so foolish as to quarrel with each other, when they should be united, but even to fight with fury against one another, although they are surrounded by enemies who menace them all equally. We must own that oxen are never so foolish.

Sar. But, mamma, have you not told me that men have more knowledge than animals?

Mrs. Dalt. It is true, Sarah; but, unfortunately, men often forget their knowledge, and suffer themselves to be led away by the most miserable passions, such as avarice and vanity. We have remarked, on the contrary, that animals use the intelligence with which they are endowed in a proper manner. It is for this reason that we sometimes see men act in a manner more unreasonable than animals themselves.

Sar. Truly, mamma, we have no reason to boast of it?

Mrs. Dalt. I am as much ashamed of it as you, Sarah; and I should hardly believe it, did I not see examples every day. You may remark how shameful it is to allow ourselves to be overcome by passion, since by this weakness we place ourselves in a lower scale than beasts.

Sar. It appears to me that after having made a dunce of myself, I could not look an ox in the face without blushing.

Mrs. Dalt. Let us return to our fable, Sarah. You should remember that I told you before relating it, that it was written to show how important it is, especially for the feeble, to live in a perfect union, and in a constant disposition to help one another in danger. The example of the oxen confirms this truth in the most manifest manner, since they led a happy and tranquil life as long as they lived with a good understanding. On the contrary, they became the prey of their enemies, as soon as they began to quarrel, and not lend one another mutual assistance.

Sar. Yes, mamma; that is clearly proved.

Mrs. Dalt. Well, my daughter, the same thing will happen among men, if they do not take each other by the hand, and mutually protect each other against those who come to

attack them. The example of the oxen is well imagined to give this lesson. It is thus that this sort of narration which is called a fable, is made to instruct mankind.

Sar. There are, then, mamma, several kinds of narrations?

Mrs. Dalt. Yes, my daughter; there are three. The fable; in which is related what has never happened, and never can happen. The story, or tale; in which is related what might have happened. Finally, history; in which is related what is known to have happened, in the manner of the narration.

Sar. But, mamma, without teasing you, will you permit me to ask you a question?

Mrs. Dalt. What is it, my daughter?

Sar. Is it not a lie, to relate what never has happened, and never can happen; since it is telling what is not true?

Mrs. Dalt. If, in making the recital, we say that the circumstance happened exactly in that manner, although we know that it did not happen, it would certainly be telling a lie: but when we relate it only for what it is—when we say, for example, "I relate this, not to make you believe that the thing actually happened, but only as a fabulous invention from which you can draw a moral; that is to say, an instruction that may be useful to you;" then we do not tell a lie, since we do not

wish to deceive any one; for we tell them beforehand whether it is true or not.

Sar. Well, mamma, I am satisfied on the state of your conscience on the subject of the fable that you have had the goodness to tell me: I see that you did not wish to deceive me.

Mrs. Dalt. Certainly not, my daughter; and you may even recollect that in reading together the "*Tales and Conversations for Children,*" which I have written for your use, I told you more than once that they were only stories, or inventions; that is to say, the relation of events which, perhaps, may never have happened, although they can happen in the ordinary course of events; that in presenting you with stories of children punished for their obstinacy, pride, or gluttony, I only wished to let you see the dreadful consequences of their faults, to preserve you from them. I have arranged these stories so as to conform to what passes every day among children. I do not know, for example, if there ever was a little girl named Leonora, who was so full of vanity as to believe that she was better than her friends; and to imagine that a handsome person would hold the place of education and talent, who had afterwards the misfortune to lose, at the same time, her parents and her fortune; to be rejected by her old companions whom she had

treated with disdain; and to be finally reduced to become the servant of one of them. I know well, that the ignorant and proud are always punished in this or some other manner; and that were you to follow the example of Leonora, you would, sooner or later, have cause to repent it. This is enough to teach you with what care you should avoid every thing that can lead you to a like misfortune.

Sar. I fully feel the force of this lesson, and I hope that it will always be present to my mind.

Mrs. Dalt. I hope so too, my daughter: but would you like me to tell you a tale, to show you, as in the fable of the oxen, of what use it is for men mutually to aid each other.

Sar. O mamma, what a pleasure!

Mrs. Dalt. Listen; I will tell you it on condition that you try to discover in this tale what distinguishes it from a fable or history, according to the differences that I have just now established between these three sorts of recitals.

Sar. We will see, mamma, if I am skilful enough for that; in the mean while I will lend you all my attention.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE CRIPPLE.

A TALE.

A POOR man who had lost the use of his eyes for several years, was walking one evening on the highway, groping along with his staff. "How unfortunate I am," cried he, "to be obliged to leave my poor little sick dog at home! I thought I should have the assistance of this faithful guide, in going to the neighbouring village. Ah, I feel more than ever how necessary he is to me. The night is now approaching: I cannot see better in it than in the day; but I could at least meet some one every instant to tell me if I were in the right road; whereas, at present, I fear I shall meet no one. I shall not arrive at the city to-day, and my poor little dog will be waiting for his supper. Ah, how sorry he will be at not seeing me!"

Hardly had he spoken these words, when he heard some one complaining near him. "How unfortunate am I," said the person, "to have hurt my foot in this hole! I cannot draw it out. I shall have to pass the whole night on the road. What will my poor parents think?"

"Who are you?" cried the blind man, "who makes so sad a complaint."

"Alas!" replied the cripple, "I am a poor

young man to whom a cruel accident has happened. I was returning alone to the neighbouring village, when I lamed my feet, and I am condemned to sleep in the dirt."

Blind man. I am very sorry, I assure you; but, tell me, is it still daylight? and can you see the road?

Cripple. Ah! if I could only walk as well as I can see, I should soon quiet the anxiety of my parents.

Blind. Ah! if I could only see as well as I can walk, I would soon give my dog his supper.

Crip. Can you not see, my dear friend?

Blind. Alas! no: I am blind as you are lame. How unlucky we are! I can walk no more than you.

Crip. With what pleasure would I guide you!

Blind. How I would hurry to seek for some men with a litter!

Crip. Listen: an idea has struck me. It remains only with you to extricate us both from our trouble.

Blind. It remains only with me! Let us see; what is your idea? I agree to it beforehand.

Crip. You want eyes, and I legs. Lend me your legs, and I will lend you my eyes, and then we can escape from our embarrassment.

Blind. How do you make that out, if you please?

Crip. I am not very heavy, and you appear to have good shoulders.

Blind. They are good enough, I think.

Crip. Well, take me on your back; you can carry me, and I will show you the road; in this manner we shall both arrive at the city.

Blind. Is it far?

Crip. No: I see it from here.

Blind. You see it? alas! it is ten years since I have seen it. But let us not lose a moment. Your invention is very good. Where are you? Stop: I will kneel like a camel; you can climb more easily upon my back.

Crip. Come a little more to the right, I pray you.

Blind. Will that do?

Crip. A little more. That is right; I will put my arms round your neck. You can now rise.

Blind. I am up. You are no heavier than a sparrow. Now we go.

They started immediately; and as they had in common two good legs, and two good eyes, they arrived in less than a quarter of an hour at the gate of the city. The blind man afterwards carried the cripple to the house of his parents; and they, after having rendered

him their thanks, had him guided home to his little dog.

It is thus, that by lending mutual aid, these two infirm persons extricated themselves from this embarrassment; otherwise they would have been obliged to pass the night on the highway. It is the same with all men, my dear Sarah. The one generally has what the other wants; and what this one cannot do, the other can. Thus, mutually assisting each other, they can do all that they wish; whereas, if they refused to aid each other, they would suffer both alike. Shall I give you an example to render it more plain?

Sar. I wish you would, mamma.

Mrs. Dalt. A shoemaker can no more labour on the ground, than a husbandman can make shoes.

Sar. It is true.

Mrs. Dalt. If the husbandman only sowed seed enough for his own nourishment, he would not have any to sell, and consequently he would not have money to buy shoes.

Sar. That is very clear.

Mrs. Dalt. In the same manner, if the shoemaker only made shoes for himself, he would gain nothing by his trade, and consequently he would not have money to buy bread.

Sar. That is also true.

Mrs. Dalt. But if the husbandman sows as much grain as will fill his ground, instead of just enough for himself; and the shoemaker makes as many shoes as are demanded of him, instead of just his own, they can procure with the money they receive for their work, every thing that is necessary.

Sar. O, I understand it very well.

Mrs. Dalt. It is exactly the same with all other conditions of society. But let us return to the engagement we made before I told you the story, to endeavour to discover what distinguishes it from the fable of the oxen.

Sar. That is not difficult, mamma. The quarrel of the oxen could never have happened in the manner you related; whereas the adventure of the lame man and the cripple might have happened in every particular.

Mrs. Dalt. You have pointed out the difference very well. This last recital is not a fable, because there is nothing impossible in it; neither is it a history, because I am ignorant whether the event has ever happened.

Sar. Yes, mamma; it is a tale or story.

Mrs. Dalt. If, in passing along the road, I had heard the blind man and the cripple conversing in the manner related; if I had met one on the other's shoulders, then my recital would have been a history, and I would tell

it as a thing that had really happened; whereas I only tell it as a thing that might have happened. Not to deceive persons in these several recitals, we should, for a history, relate the event exactly as it happened, without adding any thing to it; and we should relate the fable and tale for what they actually are; that is to say, as useful and agreeable inventions, and not as true occurrences.

GENERAL AND PARTICULAR

WANTS OF MAN.

MR. ARNOLD, AND THEODORE HIS SON.

Theodore.

YESTERDAY, papa, I read in a book of the general and particular wants of man. This book was doubtless written for persons who know more than I; for it did not explain the distinction, which I have not been able to find out myself. Will you explain it to me?

Mr. Arnold. Very willingly, my son. General wants are those which are common to all men. They include all things that are indispensable to every one. Particular wants, on the contrary, include those things only which are necessary to certain persons, and not to others. To give you an example of a general want, have not all men an equal want of food?

Theod. Certainly, papa.

Mr. Arn. Food, then, is a general want; a want common to all men. But what are the things a joiner must have to work?

Theod. He must have wood, a saw, and a plane.

Mr. Arn. And are these things necessary to a mason?

Theod. No, papa; a mason must have lime, sand, a trowel, and stones.

Mr. Arn. Well, my son, lime, sand, a trowel, and stones form the particular wants of a mason; as wood, a saw, and a plane form the particular wants of a joiner. Shoemakers, tailors, weavers, watchmakers, wheelwrights, &c. have also a particular want of a great number of tools and indispensable materials for the labours with which each of them is occupied. These particular wants are very numerous, and very different, by reason of the infinite number of professions to which men are attached, and the variety of the works that each of them performs in his trade. General wants, on the contrary, those wants common to all men, are much more simple, and of a less number. They can be reduced to three only; viz., food, clothing, and habitation.

Theo. Will you explain that to me more fully, papa?

Mr. Arn. With pleasure, my son. That a man cannot live long without food, you experience every day, when you become hungry and thirsty. You would soon fall into a fit if you had nothing to eat or drink; is it not true?

Theod. Yes, papa; I should be ready to die, were I deprived of food and water for only two or three days.

Mr. Arn. And if you had no clothing, could you run naked in the street?

Theod. Certainly not; the police would soon arrest me, and clothe me within the four walls of the prison.

Mr. Arn. And if you had no habitation, and were obliged to sleep, during the night, at the corner of a street?

Theod. I do not think I should be allowed to sleep long.

Mr. Arn. Food, clothing, and habitation are three things absolutely necessary for all men who live in this country. It is the same in every other portion of the globe. Man, everywhere, must sustain his strength by food, defend himself from the rigour of the weather by clothing, and make himself a shelter, that he may enjoy sleep in peace.

Theod. Yes, I believe that we are all alike on these three points.

Mr. Arn. If you now reflect on what we

do to procure food, clothing, and shelter, you will see, that although these necessaries are the same with all men, the manner in which each seeks to satisfy them is very different.

Theod. Help me, I pray you, papa, to find these differences.

Mr. Arn. Have you not seen in the country, what the husbandmen eat, how they are clothed, and how their houses are built?

Theod. Yes, papa.

Mr. Arn. Compare their peas to the bacon and ragouts that cover our tables; their woollen jackets with our silken ones sparkling with spangles of gold and silver; their small cottages with our large houses, and you will see how little these things resemble each other. Their object, however, is exactly the same. To be fed, clothed, and lodged, is all that we have in view, as well as the countrymen.

Theod. Certainly; but we succeed much better.

Mr. Arn. That is to say, we have much more ceremony. We eat much more delicate things, wear richer clothes, and have a more elegantly furnished dwelling; but that we are better for this, is a point not yet decided.

Theod. How, papa?

Mr. Arn. What we have more than the countrymen, gives us, it is true, some plea-

sure; but it is not without a mixture of pain. Think how much attention and preparation these enjoyments require. We could easily spare ourselves all this trouble, by living in the country fashion. We could as easily satisfy our appetite with potatoes as with pastry; a woollen or serge jacket would do as well as one of taffeta or velvet; and we frequently find a countryman in his cottage happier than a king in his palace.

Theod. Without reckoning, papa, that our pleasures cost much more than theirs.

Mr. Arn. As we have more money than they, that remains the same. But there is one thing that should be noticed. The countryman is so accustomed to be contented with little, that, if by accident he loses his little fortune, he needs only to work daily to gain enough for all his wants. But with us, who are so little used to work with our hands, it would be impossible, were we to lose our fortune, ever to gain enough by the sweat of our brow to begin living according to our accustomed manner; and in this we should have infinitely more to complain of than the countryman. The heavy work that we should be obliged to perform, would be above our strength; whereas the countryman would have only to do that to which he was accustomed.

Theod. I see that, far from gaining enough to live in our ordinary manner, we should not gain enough even to live like him.

Mr. Arn. We should, however, have to work, if we did not wish to run the risk of dying of indigence and hunger.

Theod. Alas, it is too true.

Mr. Arn. Neither is this all. Besides the reverse by which our fortune is continually menaced, a thousand events happen in our lives in which we cannot, even with money, procure delicacies for our repast, an elegant dress, or a commodious house. For example, in travelling, if your coach broke down in a bad road, you would be obliged to take off your clothes, wet by the rain, to put on those of a countryman: you would be obliged to eat a bit of bacon with a piece of brown bread, and to sleep in an old barn. There are but few travellers or soldiers to whom this does not often happen. We can do no better than to prepare, from childhood, to undergo all sorts of hardships. With this habit, one will never be embarrassed; and provided there is enough to satisfy his hunger, he does not care of what it is.

Theod. Yes, papa, you are right. I will commence from the present time to do without the assistance of the servants, and to content myself with what will suffice my most

urgent wants. I shall thus find myself prepared, beforehand, to encounter any reverses of fortune: and if I ever meet with one of those events of which you have spoken, I shall not grieve. I shall then remember with joy the conversation we have just had.

THE

ADVANTAGES OF SOCIETY.

MR. ARNOLD, AND THEODORE HIS SON.

Mr. Arnold.

THEODORE, do you recollect what are the general wants of man?

Theodore. Yes, papa; they are food, clothing, and shelter.

Mr. Arn. Do you remember, also, that I noticed two methods of satisfying these wants—with much preparation and expense, as do the rich; simply and with little trouble, as do the country people and the poor?

Theod. I have not forgotten a word which you said on that subject.

Mr. Arn. What I have not yet told you is, that with whatever simplicity a countryman may feed, clothe, and lodge himself, yet these wants cannot be satisfied without a great deal of trouble.

Theod. You astonish me, papa. Let us see them in order, I pray you. First, for his food, it appears to me that a piece of bread and a few vegetables do not require much trouble.

Mr. Arn. Would you not add to it some fruits, cheese, butter, and from time to time a glass of wine?

Theod. Oh; let us see then, I pray you.

Mr. Arn. Was it not necessary to have laboured two or three times in his field before sowing the seed? Had he not first to plant his potatoes, and sow his radishes and cabbage? Did he not have to rear, graft, and prune his trees, and cultivate his vines? Was it not necessary to take care of his cows and sheep, and lead them to pasture?

Theod. That is already a great deal of trouble.

Mr. Arn. This is yet but half of his labour; for he must afterwards gather his fruits and vegetables, reap his wheat, grind it, and bake the flour; gather in his grapes, press them, and put the wine in barrels; and labour with the milk, to procure butter and cheese. See, already, how many hands, with his own, have been put in motion to make up the most simple repast. You have not added a single sugar plum, the concluding of the feast at the christening of his last child: and

look at the vessels and fleets that have traversed the seas, the thousands of negroes that have been reduced to slavery, and even entire armies which have been slain for his table.

Theod. Oh, papa! let us hurry quickly to his clothing; I hope it will not be so murderous.

Mr. Arn. His clothing is very simple; but although his shirts are not so handsome as ours, his dress less fine, his shoes coarser, it takes as much trouble to weave his linen, make his stuffs, and tan his leather. He must, for himself, as well as for others, cultivate flax, raise sheep and larger cattle.

Theod. I grant it, papa.

Mr. Arn. As for his dwelling, it is necessary for him as for us, in the first place to plant forests, that he may find there, after many years, wood fit to make beams, joists, and planks. It is necessary to forge iron, melt glass, and grind colours; and it is not till after these immense labours that the farmer is able to inhabit his little dwelling, simple as it may appear to you.

Theod. I never thought of that.

Mr. Arn. You see how many things the countryman requires to satisfy his first wants, the general wants, which he has in common with all men: but have all these things been given him for nothing?

Theod. No, papa; he was obliged to pay money for them.

Mr. Arn. How did he gain this money?

Theod. By his work.

Mr. Arn. And what is his work?

Theod. Cultivating the ground.

Mr. Arn. And to work was it not necessary to have all sorts of instruments, as ploughs, harrows, spades, shovels, and scythes?

Theod. Certainly.

Mr. Arn. It is in these that his particular wants consist; that is what is necessary to him as a labourer; and, as you may easily perceive, he must do a great deal of work to procure the money necessary for the purchase of all these things.

Theod. It is true; but he now has them, and is provided with all that is necessary.

Mr. Arn. Yes, but not for a long time.

Theod. How, I pray you?

Mr. Arn. Because these things break and become unfit for use. Therefore, to have them mended and kept in a good condition, it will cost nearly as much as to purchase them new.

Theod. I will tell you a method by which he might spare his money.

Mr. Arn. You will render him a great service. What is this method, pray?

Theod. It is to make and mend his tools himself, to build and repair his house. In this manner he will never have need of the help of others for which he has to pay.

Mr. Arn. You deceive yourself, my son; for he cannot do all these things without having learned. He must then learn of those who know, and pay money for their lessons.

Theod. That is just.

Mr. Arn. But when he shall have learned all these things, and is able to do them as well as his masters, which is difficult to imagine, he will even then be distracted by this multitude of employments. The more he learns, the less will he be able to apply his knowledge to actual business.

Theod. How, papa?

Mr. Arn. Because if he was himself obliged to dig his ground, gather his vegetables and rye, lead his flocks to pasture, bake his bread, sew his clothing, repair his house, and forge his tools, he would not know where to commence, and he would never find time enough for so many occupations.

Theod. Indeed I now begin to believe it

Mr. Arn. Besides, might it not happen that, while he was bringing in his harvest, or vintage, his clothes would be torn, his tools break, or a storm carry away his roof?

Theod. Yes, it might.

Mr. Arn. He must then suspend his labour, and leave his rye and grapes go to ruin, or go without clothing, or sleep in a house open on every side to the rain, or work with broken tools, which would certainly not advance his labours.

Theod. You are right, papa; I withdraw the advice I would have given him. He cannot work at many trades.

Mr. Arn. You have saved me the trouble of telling you my opinion. You see by this, my son, that a man who wishes to act without the help of others, and procure by his own labour all that is necessary, will have great difficulty in accomplishing his purpose, even if he is able to accomplish it at all.

Theod. Yes, papa; I plainly perceive it.

Mr. Arn. We shall see how he should act in such circumstances. This countryman, embarrassed with difficulties, in trying to do without the help of others, will, sooner or later, make the following reflection: "There are here a great many men collected together: we have only mutually to aid each other, and the labour will be lighter for all." He runs to collect his neighbours, and says to them, "My friends, I can cultivate the earth skilfully, as you know. I will raise grain for all of you, on condition that one of you bakes my bread, another makes my clothing; that

this one forges my tools, and that one repairs my house when it needs it. What each of you will do for me, he must also do for all the others. Thus, each will have to learn but one trade; he will have to do but one sort of work, and be constantly employed at it, without being taken away from it by other labours which he knows hardly any thing about. Come, consult."

Theod. Oh; I can guess what would be their answer.

Mr. Arn. In effect, so reasonable an offer could not fail to meet their approbation. All cried out together, "Yes, yes; we will aid one another, and divide our different labours as the farmer has proposed. Every thing will then go on more smoothly, and it will be much better for all."

Theod. I am glad that they came to this determination.

Mr. Arn. It was not long before they felt the advantages of this change. If the dress of one of the labourers was torn whilst he was taking in his grain, he had only to send it to the tailor, who mended it, or gave him a new one, whilst the labourer continued to take in his corn. In the same manner, if a storm happened, which injured his house, he sent for the tiler, who repaired the accident, without his being obliged to suspend the

labour of the harvest. On the other hand, the tailor and tiler were not obliged to leave their work to cultivate the earth, and raise corn to nourish their families, because they knew that the labourer would give it to them, whilst they were occupied with his roof and dress.

Theod. This is a very good arrangement for each individual.

Mr. Arn. Besides this, all the works are much better done; because each having need to learn but one trade, and devoting himself to it entirely, he acquires a more extensive knowledge, and exercises it with greater skill; whereas they never did so well, or in so short a time, a thing on which they laboured only at intervals, and which was confounded with other labour. You see by this, that every one gains by this arrangement, since the one performs more work, and the other receives it better done.

Theod. I have not the least thing to say against this arrangement.

Mr. Arn. You now understand, my son, that when men thus divide their labour, he who knows only how to raise corn, and he who knows only how to make clothes, necessarily consume the fruits of each other's labour.

Theod. O certainly, papa; for if the tailor

did not eat the corn of the labourer, and the labourer did not get his clothes of the tailor, the trade would not be good for either of them.

Mr. Arn. Your remark is very just.

Theod. Happily they have formed a good resolution, and I can teach them a lesson by my example. When I have made a great number of drawings, I exchange a part of them with my sisters for a purse or some garters of their own making. Thus the countryman and tailor could trade together like us.

Mr. Arn. They would certainly do this, had they not invented a more convenient plan, which I will explain to you in our next conversation. I have now, my son, a question to ask you, which belongs more properly to the subject of our conversation.

Theod. Let me see, papa, whether I am able to answer it.

Mr. Arn. Which of the two modes of life appears more agreeable to you—to mingle sometimes together, to communicate our thoughts and sentiments, or to remain always alone, without forming any connexion with one another?

Theod. If I am to judge by myself, I will soon decide. I often desire to be alone, that

I may apply to my studies; but I do not want this to last all day: and when I have learned my lessons, I love to join my little brothers, and sisters, and friends.

Mr. Arn. I agree with you; for you can then play with one another, or take a walk, or work together in the garden. But if you had always to play by yourself, as you have to learn your lessons, I think you would soon get tired of it.

Theod. Oh, it is very true, papa.

Mr. Arn. It is exactly the same with men. We have seen that they find many advantages by working in concert for their mutual wants. They also find, like you, a greater enjoyment in amusing themselves together.

Theod. The proof of this is, that we hardly ever see any one laugh when he is alone.

Mr. Arn. This inclination among men to seek the society of one another, to enjoy their pleasures in common, to divide their work with each other, is denominated sociability; and the community of men who unite in this object is called society. In going over all that has been said in this conversation, you can judge how precious a gift to mankind is this sentiment of sociability, and how greatly they are benefited by living in society. By this they are able, not only to procure from

one another all that is necessary to satisfy the ordinary wants of life, by easier and better finished work, but still in the intervals of their labour, they can divert themselves in the most agreeable manner, and enjoy a thousand delicious sensations, to which they become more sensible in dividing them with one another. He who wishes to live solitary, and work only for himself, can hardly construct himself an ill-looking hut, in which he will soon be ready to die of sorrow and weariness; whilst men, by joining together, build magnificent cities, where they live in the midst of abundance and pleasures. The savage, wandering at random in the forest, is obliged to feed contentedly on wild fruit, bark, and roots; he has nothing to defend himself from the coldness of the nights, and the snows of winter, but the skin of some wild beast, of which he does not even know how to make clothing. The civilized man, on the contrary, obliges nature to furnish him with abundance of fruits, and the most healthy food, which he can prepare in the manner best suited to his taste. He manufactures warm, light, and strong stuffs, which he can vary for all temperatures and all seasons. What would even this be, if I spoke of all the agreeable arts that society alone knows how

to invent, to charm his senses and entertain his imagination: of those noble sciences which strengthen his reason, elevate his soul, invigorate his genius, and make him run over, in a moment's thought, the earth, the seas, and the heavens; and occupy, in a measure for himself, all the immensity of the universe.

MONEY, COMMERCE, MERCHANTS.

MR. ARNOLD, AND THEODORE HIS SON.

Mr. Arnold.

Y DEAR Theodore, in our last conversation we were convinced by reflection, that no man is able to do, alone, every thing which is necessary to satisfy his wants; that, consequently, one person must do this thing, and another that; so that they may all provide in the most easy, certain, and abundant manner, for all their wants. Do you remember this?

Theodore. O yes, papa; I have not forgotten it.

Mr. Arn. We afterwards saw, that for each one to be able to live by his trade, all must have mutual want of the fruit of their labours; the tailor, for example, of the corn of the countryman; the countryman, in his

turn, of the clothes of the tailor; and so of the others.

Theod. I recollect this also. I even wished that they should trade together, as I trade my works for those of my sisters.

Mr. Arn. It is true; and I told you on that occasion, that man had invented a more convenient method. I promised to tell you what this was, and I now fulfil my promise. In the infancy of society, men began to do as you and your sisters do in your youth; that is, to exchange things together, to procure, mutually, what they wanted. He, for example, who owned more sheep than he wanted for his own use, but who, in return, had not enough corn, was obliged to seek for one who had more than enough, and ask him to give him a bag full for one or two sheep.

Theod. That is precisely what I do when I have too many pictures, and want a purse, or some garters.

Mr. Arn. If the man who owned the corn agreed to this proposal, he gave him the corn, receiving one or two sheep in exchange; and so the affair was terminated. But it sometimes happened that he who had too much corn, had also enough sheep, or did not want them. Then the owner of the sheep was obliged to address himself successively to other persons, till he at last found one who

had too much corn, and was willing to exchange it for some sheep.

Theod. That begins to be embarrassing.

Mr. Arn. All these exchanges, as you see, cost much pains and labour. Sometimes they could not even be effected, either because they could not agree on the quantity of corn which should be given for a sheep, or because still greater difficulties arose when the question was of exchanges of another nature; as, for example, the exchange of some service, or several days' labour, for a sheep or an instrument for labouring.

Theod. I see how much time is lost; and perhaps they may then quarrel about it.

Mr. Arn. It was this which made them conceive the idea of seeking some means to shorten the negotiations, and render the affairs more easy to conclude.

Theod. And how did they find this method, papa?

Mr. Arn. After having, doubtlessly, made a great number of very complicated experiments, they finally came to the following simple idea: "We have only to find something that shall be a sign representative of all values. They then invented money; that is to say, small pieces of gold, silver, and copper, on which they stamped, in every monarchy, the name, likeness, and escutcheon of

the king; and in other countries, the escutcheon only, with an inscription or some mark.

Theod. Ah, I begin to understand.

Mr. Arn. You know all the pieces of money in the United States, viz. the dollar, dime, cent, &c.; you know also what is the value of those pieces with regard to the others. Do you not know, for example, that ten dimes are equal to a dollar?

Theod. O yes, papa; I know all this very well. What I do not yet understand is, how this money is the sign representative of all values.

Mr. Arn. Do you not remember that when we went yesterday into a store to buy a pair of gloves, and we demanded the price, the merchant said, "They are twenty-five cents, sir?" this is a fixed price like that of the little pies.

Theod. Yes, papa; I recollect it.

Mr. Arn. You see then, my son, that a piece of twenty-five cents is the sign representative of the value of every pair of gloves of the same size and quality as yours; since you can have as many pairs as you want, by paying as many twenty-five cent pieces.

Theod. Yes, papa; I now understand. In the same manner a cent is the sign representative of the value of each little pie.

Mr. Arn. You are right, my son. You

can already see in this one of the advantages of the invention of money. For let us suppose that a pastry cook wanted a pair of gloves for his son of about your size, and did not wish to spend his money, he would go to the glove merchant, and say, "I want for my son a pair of twenty-five cent gloves; will you give me them for these twenty-five small cent pies that I have brought you?" The only question would be, if the glove merchant was fond enough of little pies to accept this offer; for the price of each of the objects being well determined by means of the sign representative of their value, there would no longer be any difficulty on this point.

Theod. Yes, that is true, papa. It is as if the pastry cook had said to the glove merchant, "Buy of me these twenty-five pies, and I will buy of you a pair of gloves." That is right, is it not? "For now—"

Mr. Arn. Very well, Theodore; continue.

Theod. "If, in purchasing my twenty-five little pies, which cost a cent a-piece, you should give me a twenty-five cent piece, in buying your gloves, which cost the same, I would have to return you your money; it is not, then, necessary to pay any money. Here are my pies, give me your gloves."

Mr. Arn. They could not do better, my dear son. You therefore see that money is

the sign representative of the value of every thing.

Theod. There is nothing clearer. But, papa, what are the other advantages of the invention of money?

Mr. Arn. I am now about to tell you. If I wanted a bushel of wheat, a gallon of wine, or a bag of wool, and there was no money, then, as we have said at the beginning of this conversation, I should at first be obliged to look about among the things that I did not want, to see if I had something to exchange for the things which I did want; then I should have to run from one place to another to find a person who would exchange with me, and finally agree upon the conditions of the exchange; which would bring on, as you have said, many difficulties and embarrassments.

Theod. It is true.

Mr. Arn. But, since the invention of money, there is no longer half so much trouble. I have only to sell the things which I do not want, and which I would have proposed to exchange; with this money I am certain of procuring, whenever I want, the things that I desire; because the flour, wine, or wool merchants, for the same reason, would rather have the money than any thing I could have proposed to give them in exchange, because

they are sure of obtaining, in their turn, for the money that I would give them, every thing that they themselves would wish to purchase.

Theod. That is very clear.

Mr. Arn. It is also in consequence of the invention of money, that there are established, in every city and village, stores and shops, where we can purchase, with money, whatever we desire, without being obliged to go to a thousand places before we procure it. Thus, for example, I, who live in the city, am not obliged to go into the country to buy wheat of the husbandman, wine of the vine-dresser, and wool of the shepherd. I find here, at my door, merchants who have a great quantity of wheat, wine, and wool, and who give them to me for my money, whenever I want them, and of the quality I desire.

Theod. But tell me, I pray you, how do the merchants gain by this? I can easily conceive that the country people have a profit in selling the wheat they have reaped, the wine they have taken from their vintages, and the wool that they have cut from the backs of the sheep raised in their sheepfold; but do not the merchants who sell the wheat, wine, and wool, have to collect them themselves?

Mr. Arn. Certainly not: but they purchase them of the countrymen, and sell them to the citizens for more than what they gave.

This surplus is their just profit; for they must be paid for the trouble they take in making their purchase, the care they take of these articles in their store, and their trouble in selling them, sometimes in small quantities. This occupies them so much, that they have not time to work with their hands to gain their living; and it is by the gain alone, that they make by selling, that they can sustain the expenses of their house, and educate their children.

Theod. But, papa, can I not go myself among the country people, and purchase the wheat, wine, and wool that I want for my use, as the merchant purchases them to sell again.

Mr. Arn. Certainly; there is nothing to prevent you.

Theod. Then I would no longer want any thing from his hands; and I would also get them cheaper, since I would have to pay no more than he.

Mr. Arn. O, you must stop there.

Theod. Why, I pray you?

Mr. Arn. You would have to pay dearer; for the merchants who make their purchases in the country, buy of the countryman the whole of his wheat, wine, and wool. For the countryman finds it more to his advantage to get rid of all at once.

Theod. And what are these advantages, I pray you.

Mr. Arn. First, for his wheat, he is relieved from the trouble of moving it about from time to time in his granary, to prevent it from spoiling, and from the fear of losing the whole or part of it, either by the worms or rats which devour it, or by fires which happen so frequently in villages: secondly, for his wine, he is spared what it would cost him to keep it in his hogsheads, and is delivered from the fear of losing a great deal, if the wine should happen to turn, or become sour: finally, for his wool, he has not to beat it, and spread it in the air to prevent it from corrupting.

Theod. Truly, there are a great many troubles and anxieties at least from which he is saved.

Mr. Arn. All these considerations induce him to sell these goods to the merchants who purchase them all at once, and to give them a much better bargain than he would to you or others who would purchase them in small quantities; because by receiving at once a very large sum, he can make use of it to better advantage in improving his farm.

Theod. Indeed these reasons appear very good.

Mr. Arn. This is not all. Even if the countryman sells you a small quantity of his

goods at the same price at which he sells them to the merchants, you would still lose by not giving a little more to them for the goods.

Theod. Why, I pray you?

Mr. Arn. Because you would have to leave your business to go and make these purchases in the country, and thus lose your time, which may be precious, and expend money in hiring a coach and horses; so that, every thing taken into account, it costs less to buy of the merchant, and give him some profit for the advantage you have in finding it at his store, at any time, whatever you want, and your privilege of choosing the price and quality.

Theod. I see that we gain largely on one side what we lose on the other.

Mr. Arn. What I have told you of wheat, wine, and wool, extends to every thing called merchandise, which the merchants either obtain from their own or foreign countries: so that there is nothing in a city that we cannot easily procure whenever we want it.

Theod. That is very convenient; but can the merchants not profit by this to sell their goods at whatever price they wish?

Mr. Arn. No, my son; there are always in every city, merchants who sell the same things; therefore, if one of them wished to

make more profit than he should, all the purchasers would leave his store, to go to another where the merchant contented himself with a reasonable profit. This is the reason why a merchant dares not demand more than the others, for fear that they would no longer purchase of him, in which case he would soon be ruined. One alone can, therefore, stop the avarice of the others; and the price of every thing is established at a just and moderate rate.

RICHES, CAPITAL, INTEREST.

MR. ARNOLD, AND THEODORE HIS SON.

Mr. Arnold.

FREQUENTLY have I spoken to you, Theodore, of people who are possessed of great wealth and fine estates. I will now explain to you in what these riches and these estates consist, and in what manner they may be acquired. The principal means of acquiring wealth, is by manual labour: for example, the farmer cultivates his fields; and the gardener his trees and herbs, both by the labour of their hands; the former in order to produce grain, and the latter fruit and vegetables, all of which are sold for money. The men employed by them labour also with their hands to gain their daily wages. In the same manner, carpenters, millers, jewellers, masons, &c. &c., those who are employed in the weaving of cotton and

woollen stuffs, all labour with their hands to gain money.

Theod. And with this money they procure what is necessary to their subsistence.

Mr. Arn. Yes, my son. Those who spend every day all their earnings, are obliged to labour every day, and become, with time, neither richer nor poorer: but a man who is active, industrious, and economical, will reserve a small sum from his daily expenditure, and may soon amass a considerable amount with which to gain more.

Theod. And in what manner may they do this, papa?

Mr. Arn. There are various ways in which riches may be increased.

Theod. Tell me one, papa.

Mr. Arn. Suppose, for example, that a weaver gains daily more than is sufficient for his wants. After having saved by degrees as much as he thinks proper, he goes to a boy who understands his trade, and says to him, "If you will come and weave with me, I will provide you all the materials and pay you besides, on condition that the profits of your labour shall be mine."

Theod. O yes, papa; I understand now. It is the same kind of an agreement as you made with the gardener concerning our garden.

Mr. Arn. Precisely the same thing, my son. When this agreement is made, the master gives work to those under him, and by the sale gains more than enough to pay his apprentices and purchase more materials.

Theod. And what becomes of this surplus money?

Mr. Arn. With this money a man may hire more workmen on the same terms. In this manner, the more he extends his operations, the richer he becomes.

Theod. But, papa, would it not be more advantageous for those workmen to labour for themselves?

Mr. Arn. Certainly, if it were practicable, since the master receives the greater part of the profits of their labour. But in order to carry on the business of weaving, a house must be procured and materials and machinery purchased; all of which these men are not in a condition to obtain. They must, therefore, be contented to remain with a master who pays them daily for their labour.

Theod Poor creatures, I pity them.

Mr. Arn. Yes, my son, they are to be pitied; but they can indulge the hope of being able in future, with economy, to have an establishment of their own.

Theod. True, since their masters have begun in the same manner.

Mr. Arn. What I have told you of the weaver, extends to all other trades. The second means of gaining money is in buying articles to sell again with profit.

Theod. O yes, papa; like the pedlars who run about the streets.

Mr. Arn. When one of these pedlars gains more than he requires for his daily wants, he lays it out in a greater stock of merchandise. In this manner he increases his sales, and at the same time his profits; and many of these pedlars have ended by becoming very rich men.

Theod. But when they become rich, what do they do with this money? Do they spend it?

Mr. Arn. Those who are wise do not spend it all. It is true, they spend much more when rich, than when poor; but many people lay out more money in trade and agriculture, or in employing workmen, than they could possibly do, living in the most luxurious manner.

Theod. And what can be done with the surplus money? Do they keep it in a strong box?

Mr. Arn. To keep money locked away in a strong box would be of no advantage to the owner, and should only be done while waiting for a suitable opportunity of laying it out.

Theod. And how can this be done?

Mr. Arn. In various ways. A man may purchase the house he lives in, or other houses to let by the year. Or, he may buy land to cultivate, or to let out to farmers who cultivate it for their own maintenance, paying the owner a certain sum yearly. In this manner the farmer makes more than it costs him, and the annual revenue increases the wealth of the proprietor: at the expiration of the term of years agreed upon, the owner can dispose of the land as he pleases, either letting it again to the same farmer, or perhaps to another, who is willing to pay him more.

Theod. But if before this time a second farmer had offered him a higher price, could he break his first engagement?

Mr. Arn. No, my son, certainly not. When the farmer made the agreement with the owner of the land to take it for a certain number of years, he understood that, during that time, he should be in undisturbed possession of it; and in that security he plants, sows, and reaps; and it would be very, very unjust, to give another the fruits of his labours.

Theod. Suppose the farmer does not pay the rent agreed upon?

Mr. Arn. He takes care to pay it: otherwise he would expose his house and furniture to be seized and sold.

Theod. Indeed that ought to make him careful.

Mr. Arn. There is another way of laying out money profitably, without purchasing houses, lands, &c., or engaging in trade. When a man wishes to buy a house, or requires more money for any purpose than he possesses, he goes to some one who has money to lay out. If such a man hears, for instance, that I have a sum of money to lay out, he says to me, "If you will lend me a thousand dollars for a number of years, (five, for example,) I will pay you fifty dollars annually; and at the end of the five years I will pay you back your thousand dollars." If I agree to this, I pay him the thousand dollars, on the receipt of which, he gives me a paper stating the nature of our agreement, and bearing his signature. The sum which I lend him is called *capital;* and the fifty dollars he pays me annually, is the *interest.*

Theod. But this man cannot gain by this transaction.

Mr. Arn. Why so, my son? Is it because, after paying this annual sum, he is obliged at last to restore the entire sum?

Theod. Yes; it seems to be deceiving him.

Mr. Arn. Not at all: it is very probable that he makes more by it than I do.

Theod. How can that be?

Mr. Arn. He borrows this money from me to employ it in a way which brings him an annual profit. If, for example, he buys some land which yields him an annual rent of sixty dollars, you see he gains ten dollars, with which he may gain still more.

Theod. But is it honest to borrow money with the intention of making a profit by it?

Mr. Arn. Certainly it is. Have I not told you that the sum of a thousand dollars represents a field, or any other article of purchase which I might procure at that price. Therefore, if I can honestly let a field or a farm, why can I not honestly let the money? When, therefore, I lend a man my thousand dollars, for which I might have found another use, it is right that he should pay me the same annual rent which I could have obtained for it myself. Nevertheless, I would readily dispense with the interest of a sum lent to a friend, or employed in succouring the unfortunate. But if a stranger, to enrich himself, borrows my money, is it not just that he should give me a part of his gains?

Theod. Certainly. But are there no other means of laying out money?

Mr. Arn. There is still another way, of which I will speak to you; but you must understand the nature of taxes. You have often heard that the state has many expenses, and

that all the citizens pay taxes to provide for these expenses. In a well regulated country, the taxes are no greater than is absolutely necessary, either to defray the public expenses, or to be held in reserve for unforeseen events.

Theod. And what may these unforeseen events be?

Mr. Arn. At present I will only speak to you of one—the fear of war. But when war begins, the state is in want of more money than on ordinary occasions, and in such a case, when it is impossible to lay new taxes on a sudden, the state says to the citizens, "If you will lend me means to furnish troops, arm vessels, and provide for all the wants caused by the war, I will pay you annually fifty dollars for every sum of a thousand dollars which you lend me, until I shall be able to restore you your thousand dollars entire."

Theod. Yes, I understand.

Mr. Arn. In this manner, for every sum of a thousand dollars I lend the state, I receive annually fifty dollars, or some one else, to whom I have ceded my right to this money, receives it.

Theod. But how can your possession of this money be given to another?

Mr. Arn. I will explain it to you. With the note which I receive for the money I have

lent, I can apply every year for my fifty dollars interest money; but I cannot, at my pleasure, demand my thousand dollars, because the state has never enough money at a time to reimburse all the borrowed money.

Theod. But it must be very inconvenient to be deprived of one's own money in this way.

Mr. Arn. That is true, my son: but if I lend money until a stated time, it is understood that I am not to ask for it before that time.

Theod. But in the mean time your piece of paper cannot keep you from starving.

Mr. Arn. But there is another means of regaining my money at pleasure.

Theod. Ah, what is that?

Mr. Arn. When I find myself in need of my thousand dollars, I seek some one who has money to put out at interest. I say to him, "Here is an obligation by which the state promises to pay me one thousand dollars, with an annual interest of fifty dollars: if you will pay me the thousand dollars, with the interest up to this year, I will transfer my obligation to you: by this means you may, in my place, demand the interest every year; and when the term shall have expired, you shall receive the thousand dollars." This man accepts my offer, which gives him an opportunity of employing a sum of money

lying idle: and if, at any time, he wishes his money back, he transfers his right to some one else, as I did.

Theod. A very convenient arrangement.

Mr. Arn. You understand now from all I have told you, that a man who possesses houses, lands, &c., from which he obtains an annual revenue, and who is wise enough not to spend all he makes, must become richer from one year to another.

Theod. Certainly.

Mr. Arn. His wealth increases, although he does not labour with his own hands, because the surplus of his revenue adds to his capital, which in turn increases his annual revenue. If he exercises himself as a lawyer, or has any public appointment, here are so many more means of acquiring wealth. But some prefer spending all they make, and remaining as they began, becoming neither richer nor poorer. Some spend more than they make every year, and consequently sink deeper in debt and misery, and in their old age suffer the want of those comforts which, when young, they enjoyed in abundance.

Theod. But such men are very foolish.

Mr. Arn. They are, my son; and they deserve their lot: but I pity the children of these people. It would have been much better for them had they been born in poverty.

Theod. Why, papa?

Mr. Arn. At a man's death, his children inherit his property. But if it has been wasted, the children remain as poor as their father. They are therefore obliged to have recourse to very hard labour to preserve them from starving. This is so much the more distressing to them, if they have been brought up in luxury; whilst if they had been born in poverty, they would have been early accustomed to hard labour."

Theod. But if a man is rich, his children are rich also: are they not?

Mr. Arn. Not always. An only child may inherit a large fortune from his parents; but if this same fortune is divided among several children, each one has only a small part. It often happens that the children of very rich parents are not at all so themselves. If the father and mother have, together, ten thousand dollars at their death, to be divided among ten children, you can see how great the difference will be."

Theod. And what do these children do in such a case?

Mr. Arn. Each one seeks to support himself. One retires to the country and cultivates the ground; another establishes a manufactory; one trades, and perhaps one enters the church or the army. All are employed

in different ways, and become in the end, perhaps, as rich as their parents were.

Theod. How much better it would be if all were rich enough to live without labour.

Mr. Arn. Such an arrangement would be much worse than you suppose. There are many men who, from their youth, have been rich enough to live entirely without any exertion on their own part. At first one would suppose these men to be very happy; but, on a closer inspection, it is soon discovered that these rich idlers are sickly, discontented beings.

Theod. Why are they so, papa?

Mr. Arn. In the first place, the idle life they lead renders them dull and listless. Sumptuous fare makes them weak and sickly; and having no fixed and regular employment, they are often devoured by *ennui*, that greatest of all evils.

Theod. In such a case I pity them indeed.

Mr. Arn. On the other hand, all those who, from the mediocrity of their condition, are obliged to lead a frugal, industrious life, are generally possessed of excellent health. Daily occupied in productive labour, they are always contented, and the consciousness of usefulness to others makes them cheerful. But happiness is not always inseparable from

the possession of wealth. It depends upon the manner of employing our time, in what situation soever we may be placed. This, I hope, you will remember as long as you live.

Theod. Yes, papa; I promise you to do so.

Mr. Arn. When there are several children in a family, it is easy to foresee that these children will not be so rich as their parents.

Theod. Yes; you have explained that to me.

Mr. Arn. The parents then, if they are wise, will teach their children early to acquire frugal and industrious habits, so that in after life they will be able to support themselves. A life of labour is not an unhappy one, except to those who have been brought up in idleness. But a man who has been always accustomed to exertion, finds it no hardship. Such a man is contented with a moderate fortune, which would appear actual indigence, to another who in such a situation would not have courage to seek to improve his condition. You see how much depends upon education; and it is on this account that parents cannot be too careful concerning the habits and opinions which their children adopt; for it is upon our first impressions that the happiness or the misery of our future life depends

Theod. Oh papa! watch, then, I beseech you, over me: I consign myself entirely to your affection.

Mr. Arn. My dear Theodore, I will fulfil this my duty with pleasure. I will, above all, endeavour to teach you not to dread exertion, and to be contented with whatever situation God may allot to you. If you become rich, the good habits you will have acquired will prevent your making a wrong use of your prosperity. If, on the contrary, you are unfortunate, you will be possessed of patience and courage to overcome difficulties. Your own discretion will direct your conduct, and render you really happy, whatever may be your external condition.

THE DANGER OF

CRYING FOR NOTHING.

MR. ARNOLD, AND THEODORA HIS DAUGHTER.

Mr. Arnold.

ERE, Theodora; come tell me what is the matter. What are you crying for?

Theod. O papa, I wished to take a glass of water from the table, and I hit it with my arm, and some of the cold water fell on my bosom.

Mr. Arn., (*with an ironical tone.*) Is it possible?

Theod. Yes, papa, I assure you.

Mr. Arn. That is a terrible misfortune. Truly it was worth the trouble of crying so much about. Are you not ashamed to be still so childish? Besides, do you not know that a great deal of trouble will happen to you by crying thus?

Theod. What trouble will happen to me, papa?

Mr. Arn. I will tell you. When a child cries, it is natural to believe that it is much hurt, or that it is in some danger; therefore we hasten to its succour. But if you are accustomed to cry for nothing, and your parents see that they always take a useless trouble in running to help you, they will at last say, "We shall find employment all day, if we run every time that Theodora takes a fancy to cry." This is the reason why they never run to you when they hear you cry, because they think it is for some trifle that you make such a noise; and so you have to remain without help.

Theod. But, papa, suppose I really had need of your assistance?

Mr. Arn. And how should we know it? Ten times a day you cry for nothing; how do you think they could know that the eleventh you were really in some danger? You should, in consequence, know well that not the least attention will be paid to your cries, so long as you continue to cry for trifles. It is quite different with your brother. We know that he will never cry, unless it is absolutely necessary for us to go to him; and when he cries, it is a sign that he is really in want of assistance. But for you, my daugh-

ter, we should not heed your crying: we know not whether it signifies that you are really hurt, or are crying for nothing.

Theod. It is true, papa; you make me see clearly the reason of it.

Mr. Arn. Do you wish that I should tell you what once happened to a little boy, who was always crying for nothing, and who even fared worse than you do?

Theod. O yes, I pray you, papa.

Mr. Arn. This giddy child made it a pleasure to give anxiety to others by his complaints. At the slightest accident he began to utter piercing cries, as if he had been badly hurt; and when they came near him, they saw it was for a trifle, something like your glass of water. Sometimes he cried without any aim but to alarm the servants, make them run to him, and then mock them. Sometimes he ran hastily on the stairs, and suddenly made a great noise with his feet, as if he had fallen from the top to the bottom, whilst he had lain softly on the floor; sometimes he struck a heavy blow on the table, after having daubed his face with cherry-juice, to make it appear as if he had made a hole in his head, and it was all bloody. At first they did not fail to run immediately at his cries; but when they had been deceived several times, they let him stamp his feet, roll about, and cry as

much as he wished, without caring for it. But one day, he took it into his head to climb a ladder; the round on which he put his foot gave way, so that he fell from the top to the bottom, and dislocated his leg: then, as you may readily suppose, he began to cry with all his might; but they paid no more attention to it than usual, because they did not know that he was hurt. He was therefore obliged to remain on the ground; because, his leg being dislocated, he could not rise, and he suffered very acute pain. Finally, by chance, a servant passed near him. He saw immediately by his countenance that something was the matter this time. He took him in his arms, carried him to bed, and went to bring a surgeon; but as it was a long time before assistance arrived, his leg was considerably swollen, and he suffered infinitely more than if they had gone immediately to his aid. It was not even possible to set his leg, so that he remained a cripple for all his life. By this misfortune he was cured of his bad practice; but too late, as you have just seen.

Theod. He paid a little too dear for his fault.

Mr. Arn. Do you then pay attention, Theodora, and profit by the example of this unfortunate child, before a like misfortune happens to you. I know well that you do

not cry to give us uneasiness or pain; but your childishness may have as bad a consequence as his deception. As in his case, we do not know whether you cry for a trifle, or whether you are truly in want of assistance, and consequently you will be left, like him, without assistance. When we shall have been deceived several times by your cries, as little attention will be paid to them as to the discourse of a child who is accustomed to lying, and whose word we do not believe in any case, even though he speak the truth, because we do not know that what he says is really true. Learn, therefore, to suffer little accidents patiently, and without crying; for you can always have assistance when you are really hurt.

Theod. Yes, papa; I thank you for your story, I am now determined to correct myself, and in future shall never cry without some cause.

LABOUR.

MR. HARRIS, AND MARK HIS SON.

Mark.

JUST look, papa! what a pretty little child that woman has in her arms. He looks like my little brother, Alexander.

Mr. Harris. Yes, he is very pretty; and look at that little girl sitting by her mother; what pretty red cheeks she has!

Mark. Yes, papa; like Caroline.

Mr. Har. And there is another in the corner, who must be the eldest. See how hard he works: he does not even raise his head to look at us.

Mark. A good lesson for me.

Mr. Har. That woman ought to be very happy with such fine children: but it seems to me she looks sad.

Mark. Papa, I believe she is crying.

Mr. Har. Yes. She is. We must inquire what is the matter.

Mark. Yes, and perhaps we can help her.

Mr. Har., (*going towards the poor woman.*) Good morning, my good woman; what pretty children you have here.

The Woman, (*sighing and pressing her child to her bosom.*) O sir, and I love them very much. (*She tries to dry her tears, which still flow.*)

Mr. Har. Why are you so sorrowful?

Wom. Alas, sir, these poor children have been crying all day for bread, and I have none to give them. My husband has been ill for three months. I have spent all I had for him, and have been obliged to sell all my furniture. He cannot stir from his bed; and here I am with these children. This one does all he can for us by spinning; but he is only six years old. (*Here the little boy dries his tears with the back of his hand, and applies himself to his work with renewed industry.*) The winter is coming on, and how much I am to suffer with my husband and these children! (*She rests her head against the child, and begins to sob anew.*)

Mark. O papa, how I pity this poor woman. Mamma gave me twenty cents to spend as I please; may I give them to this unhappy family?

Mr. Har. Certainly, my son.

Mark. O, thank you, papa. (*He searches*

in his pocket.) Here, my good woman, take this, and buy some bread for your children.

The little Boy, (*leaving his wheel, and running to kiss Mark's hand.*) Oh, thank you sir. We were all so hungry: my father and mother are very poor.

Mark, (*with tears in his eyes.*) Ah, papa, I have no more. Have not you something for these poor creatures?

Mr. Har. Yès, my son; I must follow your good example. (*To the little boy.*) Come, my dear, you are a good boy, to work for your parents. Continue to be always so good, and you will often meet good people who will assist you. Here is a dollar to give to your mother, to buy you all some bread; and we will come and see you every week.

Wom. Thank you, sir, a thousand times. I shall now be able to procure assistance for my husband.

Mr. Har. But tell me, my good woman, have you a physician for him?

Wom. Yes, sir, thank heaven; he has an excellent one, who lives opposite to us, and who attends my husband as well as if he were a great lord.

Mr. Har. I am glad to hear this. A charitable physician can do a great deal of good. But how can you obtain medicines?

Wom. This good man provides him with them himself.

Mr. Har. I esteem him for his virtues.

Wom. If he had known my husband in the first stages of his illness, he might have cured him entirely; but it is only a month that we have been acquainted with him.

Mr. Har. You have only to obey all his injunctions implicitly. At this season it is sometimes difficult to restore health: but you must have patience.

Wom. Ah, sir, I am too well accustomed to suffering to be impatient.

Mr. Har. I am glad to see you so resigned, and I will soon come again to see you.

Wom. I shall always be grateful for your bounty. (*To the little girl by her side.*) Get up, Janet, and kiss the hands of these gentlemen.

Mark, (*embracing Janet.*) Adieu, my little girl; adieu, good woman. (*He goes out with his father.*)

Mr. Har. Mark, what is your opinion of these poor people?

Mark. I am delighted that you have relieved them.

Mr. Har. When the poor are willing to work, but are unable, either from sickness or want of employment, it is our duty to assist them as much as we can: but if they are idle,

it is their own fault if they are in distress; we must leave them to suffer until misfortune has taught them industry; otherwise we only encourage them in idleness. But this little boy, who was spinning, is a good child: did you observe how clean his clothes were?

Mark. Yes, papa.

Mr. Har. Good and industrious children generally are clean in their appearance; but lazy children are always in disorder. Imitate, therefore, the example of this child: be patient and industrious, and you will obtain universal favour.

Mark. But, papa, must I learn to spin, like this little boy?

Mr. Har. All men are not destined to the same occupations: when you are older, I will explain to you the reason of this. At present it is enough that you apply yourself diligently to whatever I deem necessary for your education, and you will have the satisfaction of hearing me say, as the poor woman said just now of her son, "He is a good child: he tries to do his duty." Will not this make you happy?

Mark. Yes, papa, since it will make you love me the more.

BUTTER.

MRS. ARNOLD, AND THEODORA HER DAUGHTER.

Theodora.

DO YOU know, mamma, what that woman is doing, who is moving a stick up and down in that small cask?

Mrs. Arnold. She is making butter.

Theod. What! mamma! the butter that I sometimes eat on my bread?

Mrs. Arn. Yes, my daughter.

Theod. How do they make butter, mamma?

Mrs. Arn. Have you not often seen cows milked in the field?

Theod. Yes, mamma; and it was but the other day that grandmamma gave us some warm milk to taste.

Mrs. Arn. Well, Theodora, it is of this milk that butter is made. They first place it in some cool place, in large basins; then, when it has been left undisturbed for some time, the more oily portions of the milk rise

to the top; this is called *cream*. Have you not often eaten cream with strawberries?

Theod. Yes, mamma; my aunt gave me some yesterday: they are delicious.

Mrs. Arn. They are very good indeed. But your aunt did not give you many, I suppose; for they are not wholesome for children.

Theod. She gave me only a spoonful. I would have been very glad to have had more.

Mrs. Arn. Your aunt was right in not satisfying your appetite; you would have been very sick; perhaps you would have been obliged to fast all day, to take medicine, and remain in your bed. Then you would not have been able to take a walk. Would you not have been very sorry?

Theod. Certainly, mamma.

Mrs. Arn. You see, then, that your aunt was very good in refusing you them. But I will go on with telling you how butter is made. When the cream has collected on the top of the milk, they skim it off with a large spoon, and put it in another basin; from this, they pour it into a little cask, like that which this woman has before her, and which is called a *churn*.

Theod. What then, mamma?

Mrs. Arn. After the cream has been placed in the churn, they begin beating it

with a stick, at the end of which there is a small round board, pierced with holes. When the cream has been beaten for some time, the most greasy parts begin to separate, and form themselves into a lump: this is butter. Shall we go and see that which is in this woman's churn?

Theod. I should like it very much.

Mrs. Arn. Come, my daughter. (*They advance towards the country-woman.*) Good day, my friend: will you permit us to see how you make your butter?

Country-woman. With pleasure, madam. Come here, my little lady; I will show you.

Mrs. Arn. Is your butter nearly made?

Wom. Yes, madam; it is beginning to thicken. (*She takes the cover off the churn.*) You can see.

Mrs. Arn. Look, Theodora; do you see this white lump? It is butter. Stop; I will raise it so that you can see to the bottom.

Wom. Look, my dear child; a part of the cream has already become butter. Stop; here is a piece; taste it.

Theod. It is true.

Mrs. Arn. Look, now, at the bottom of the stick, and you will see this little round board full of holes, of which I have just spoken.

Theod. I see it, mamma.

Mrs. Arn. It is with this instrument that this good country-woman has beaten her cream.

Wom. Look; I will beat it a moment while it is open; you can then see better what takes place. (*She takes the stick from the hole of the covering, and begins to beat the cream softly.*)

Mrs. Arn. Do you see, Theodora, how, as she beats the cream, the butter is gradually formed?

Theod. Yes, mamma. That is singular.

Wom. You have seen enough, I believe, my young lady. I will now put on the cover; for if I do not, I cannot beat the butter as firm; and then, you see, I shall have to throw the cream out of the churn.

Mrs. Arn. You are right, my good friend. I thank you for having let us see it with such politeness.

Theod. I also thank you with all my heart. I shall know, hereafter, what butter is when I eat it.

Mrs. Arn. That is very well, Theodora. But do you know what that which remains of the cream, at the bottom of the churn, is called?

Theod. No, mamma.

Mrs. Arn. It is called *buttermilk*

Theod. What, mamma! is it the butter-

milk that I sometimes eat in the evening with my bread?

Mrs. Arn. It is the same, my daughter?

Theod. O, I like it very well, mamma.

Mrs. Arn. So much the better, Theodora; it is very good food for children. But shall I tell you what else the good woman does to her butter to make it still better?

Theod. Yes, mamma; I shall be very glad to know.

Mrs. Arn. You can see yourself presently. However, I will tell you beforehand, that you may pay more attention. When this woman has made of her cream as much butter as is possible, she washes it with cold water; then she kneads it, to press out all the milk that may still remain in it; then, after having added a little salt, she kneads it again, that it may be spread equally in every part.

Theod. Why does she put salt in the butter, mamma?

Mrs. Arn. Because if she does not put salt in it, it will spoil in a short time, and have a rank and disagreeable taste: but the more salt they put in it, the longer it will keep. Look, Theodora, the good woman is now employed in washing her butter.

Wom. Do you see, my child, how much milk still comes out? There are hairs that come off the cow in it, which I take great

pains to pick out, to make my butter still better.

Mrs. Arn. Well, Theodora, does not this butter begin to appear delicate?

Theod. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. Arn. Shall I tell this good country-woman to bring us some to-morrow for breakfast?

Theod. Yes, mamma; I shall have great pleasure in eating it, after having seen it made.

Mrs. Arn. My good friend, will you bring us a pound of your butter to-morrow?

Wom. Very willingly, madam.

Mrs. Arn. You know me, I believe; and know where I live?

Wom. Certainly. I will bring you to-morrow a pound of my butter; and when you wish to see me make some more, you shall be welcome.

Mrs. Arn. I thank you for your attention to us.

Theod. I also am much obliged to you, my good friend, for having allowed me to see you make your butter; and when I am eating some of it to-morrow for my breakfast, I will still remember your kindness.

THE CAT.

MR. THOMSON AND CHARLES HIS SON.

Charles.

Now look at the cat, papa; is not that a mouse which it is holding between its paws?

Mr. Thomson. Yes, my son; this is an enemy from which it delivers us. Rats and mice make great havoc in a house, by gnawing the carpets and the furniture. We could not catch them ourselves, because they are more nimble than we; and the cats render us a great service by destroying them.

Theod. I believe that it thinks but little of us when it catches them; it thinks only of the pleasure of eating them.

Mr. Thom. You are right. However, this service is not the less useful to us: the cat is, besides, a handsome animal; it is not so fawning as the dog; it is even, by nature, a little savage; but it is so patient that it will re-

main for hours, without moving, to watch for a mouse, till it sees one appear. It then places itself in such an advantageous manner, that with a single bound it can leap upon its enemy, and seize it. Have you never seen our cat in the garden, trying to catch birds?

Char. Yes, papa; but I always drove it away, and said, "Get away, puss; I do not wish that you should kill the pretty birds."

Mr. Thom. That is very well; we keep the cat only to catch rats and mice. Birds sing so delightfully, and love to fly about in the garden so much, we should not allow the cats to eat them.

Char. Besides, puss has nothing to complain of. I make it a duty to feed her well.

Mr. Thom. I believe you; for I have often observed that it addresses you in preference to the others, for something to eat.

Char. O papa, it is so gentle: and her agility is almost incredible. When it leaps upon a table full of decanters, bottles, glasses, and salt-cellars, if you do not threaten it, or drive it abruptly away, it will go through the midst of them without breaking them; and sometimes it perches itself on the top of the chair, in my sister's room, standing on a very narrow edge, and looking with a longing eye at her canary, which hangs in the cage over her table.

Mr. Thom. That is true. I do not know of a more agile animal. But will you believe me when I tell you, that I have seen a cat drink milk out of a vessel into which it could not put its nose?

Char. But I suppose it upset the vessel.

Mr. Thom. No, no; it did still better.

Char. How then, I pray you?

Mr. Thom. When it saw that it could not put its head into the vessel, nor reach the milk with its tongue, it thrust one of its paws into the vessel, and then drew it out and licked it; it continued this operation till its thirst was entirely appeased.

Char. If the fox of good La Fontaine had been acquainted with this expedient, it would have overreached the crane.

Mr. Thom. Yes, you are right.

Char. You see, then, notwithstanding the proverb, a cat is more cunning than a fox. Had the milk been for my dinner, I would have pardoned puss the ill turn she did for me, in consideration of the sagacity she displayed.

DOGS.

MR. THOMSON, AND CHARLES HIS SON.

Charles.

BE so kind, papa, as to tell me why that man throws pieces of dirt at his sheep with his stick?

Mr. Thom. Because his sheep were running into this field of wheat, to eat it; this is the reason why the owner of the sheep pays this man to keep the sheep in the pasture. This man, who is called a shepherd, takes up, with a small iron shovel which is fastened to his stick, some pebbles or clods of earth, which he throws with so good an aim at any sheep that leaves the flock, that he prevents him from going into the field of wheat.

Char. He must be very skilful. But, papa there is a dog who is biting the sheep.

Mr. Thom. This dog belongs to the shep-

herd, and aids his master to watch the flock. This dog is so well taught, that he executes all the shepherd's orders. If the shepherd order him to put the flock in motion, he runs behind them, barking, or perhaps slightly bites the legs of the hindmost, to make them advance. When the shepherd commands him to stop the sheep, he runs before, barking, and biting the legs of the foremost, to make them stop. The sheep know this dog so well, that they begin to run as soon as he approaches; and in this manner he can conduct them wherever his master pleases. Is not this admirable?

Char. Yes, truly, papa.

Mr. Thom. I remember having seen one who appeared to be more intelligent. As soon as the shepherd called him, he ran as fast as he could, and placed himself in front of him, and watched him attentively. If the shepherd made him a sign to make the flock advance, he ran immediately to put it in motion: he then stopped, raised his head, looked fixedly in the eyes of the shepherd, to demand if this was enough, or if he should lead the sheep still farther. He could also distinguish the other signs of his master, either to stop the flock, or to make them go to the right or left, whilst the shepherd slept at his ease under a tree.

Char. This was very convenient for the shepherd.

Mr. Thom. Certainly. Shepherds owe much to the intelligence of their dogs; and without their faithful assistance it would be absolutely impossible to keep a flock of sheep. You see that this shepherd has at least a hundred sheep to take care of; and with the aid of his dog, he governs them without the least trouble. But do you not see, in the field, running about, a large white dog with brown spots?

Char. Yes, papa; what sort of dog is that?

Mr. Thom. That is what is called a *pointer*. You have often tasted partridges?

Char. Yes, papa; they are very good.

Mr. Thom. Well, when a person wishes to shoot a partridge, he takes a gun, and, followed by one of these pointers, he goes into the field. He lets this dog run around him to see if there are any partridges concealed in the bushes, or under the stubble. As soon as he perceives one, he stops, and gazes fixedly upon it. At this signal, the sportsman approaches loading his gun. The partridge takes to flight; but before it has gone far he shoots it. It falls. The dog runs to find it, and brings it to his master, who returns home, and has it dressed for dinner.

Char. Look, papa; there are four or five large dogs together. What are they doing?

Mr. Thom. These are hounds. Do you not see that they have longer legs than the others?

Char. Yes, papa.

Mr. Thom. Therefore they run much faster. Look! one of them is chasing a hare. Do you see it? How quick the others follow?

Char. O yes; I see it. The hare runs round and round, as I do when my sister is chasing me in playing. Ah, the poor thing! they will soon catch it.

Mr. Thom. I think so. It is fatigued.

Char. Look! they have overtaken it.

Mr. Thom. It is caught! See, now, how the largest dog takes it in his mouth, and growls at the other dogs, showing his teeth.

Char. Why does he do that, papa?

Mr. Thom. Because all the other dogs, wishing to have the hare, would dispute about it till they tore it in pieces. But the largest one takes it, that he may carry it to his master in safety.

Char. Look! he has laid it at his feet! I suppose that other sportsman is lashing his hound for having failed to seize the hare.

THE END.

(Berquin)

NAS

VILLAGE STORIES:

TRANSLATED

FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. BERQUIN.

AUTHOR OF

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND," "THE CHILDREN'S COMPANION,"
"THE CHILDREN'S FIRE-SIDE BOOK," &c.

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PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT

THE favour bestowed on the recent translations of Berquin's "*Children's Companion*," and "*Children's Fire-Side Book*," has encouraged the publisher to obtain a translation of another collection of his delightful narratives for the young, under the title of "VILLAGE STORIES." The pieces in this volume are chiefly taken from a hitherto untranslated work of M. Berquin, entitled "*The Village Library*." The narratives generally refer to the habits, pursuits, and every-day life of country people; but the moral instruction, as in the other works of M. Berquin, is applicable to all conditions of life, and intelligible to all classes of children.

The Publisher trusts that it will be found not less acceptable to young readers, and their judicious parents and guardians, than the previous works of this amiable and distinguished author.

VILLAGE STORIES.

THEOPHILUS.

HE young Theophilus had received from his father a birthday present of a book containing stories from the Scriptures and ornamented with engravings.

Theophilus was so delighted with this book, that he read the greater part at once very attentively: he was particularly struck with the following passage:

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him, he will hear their cry and will save them." 145 Psalm, 18 and 19 verses.

Theophilus thought very seriously about the meaning of these words. He sat pensively at a table, leaning his head on his hands; he said to himself, "I am living in the fear of God, I say my prayers every day, and they are never granted. During the whole month

that my grandmamma was ill, I prayed for her recovery every day; and yet she died.

At this moment, his father came in.

"Why! Theophilus, what is the matter?—are you dissatisfied with the present I have made you?"

"No, papa. I am delighted with it."

"But you look very serious over it."

"That is because there is a passage in it I don't understand."

"What is it?"

"'The Lord will fulfil the desire of all them that call upon him.' Well, I prayed every night and morning, that my grandmamma might not die, and yet she did die."

"How did you pray, my son?"

"Why, I took my little prayer-book, and read the prayers over twice."

"Is there any particular prayer there for a grandmother."

"Oh, no, Papa."

"If you wanted to ask leave to take a walk, would you come to me and load me with complimentary speeches, and splendid epithets?"

"Oh, no, Papa."

"And why then, when you wished to pray for your grandmother, did you read a set form of prayers in which there is not one word about a grandmother?"

"I see, Papa, how foolish I have been. I will get my tutor to compose a prayer on that subject."

"And would you go to your tutor to compose a suitable prayer, for asking me to allow you to take a walk?"

"No, to be sure not: I would come and ask you in common words. I should say, Papa, it is a very fine day, may I go take a little walk? I know you are kind, and will excuse me if I don't use very elegant words."

"And do you think I would grant your request?"

"To be sure, Papa, unless you had some particular reason for wishing me to stay at home."

"And do you think God does not love you as well as I do?"

"Yes, I know that he loves me: you have often taught me that every good thing I have comes from him."

"Then why not ask him, as you do me, for what you want?"

"Oh, Papa, God is a great king."

"Well, suppose I were a king, would you not dare to come and talk familiarly to me?"

"I think I would dare."

"Well, is not God your Father also? Do you not repeat the Lord's Prayer every day, which says, 'Our Father,' &c.?"

"Yes, Papa, but after this I will address God differently. If my grandmamma was alive yet, I should say to him,

'Oh, God, let my good grandmamma live, she loves me so much, she taught me to read, and explains all the pictures in my books to me, and when I have been very attentive to my lessons, she rewards me. Oh! I pray that she may not die, and be taken away from me.'"

"I am sure, my son, that a natural, heart-felt prayer of this kind would be very acceptable to God."

"And if I had prayed so, would my grandmamma have got well?"

"Before I answer this question, repeat the passage to me again."

"'He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him.'"

"And do you fear him?"

"Oh, yes. I am sure I tremble dreadfully when it thunders, and run and hide myself when the wind blows very hard."

"And do you think that is all that is necessary to the 'fear of God?'"

"I should think to obey him was a part of it."

"And do you obey God?"

"Not always, I am afraid: I promise to do it

always in my prayers, but I forget it afterwards, through the day."

"Yesterday I heard your tutor blame you for not having learned your lessons?"

"Yes, my cousin came and disturbed me."

"And the day before yesterday, you ran into the street without leave."

"Yes, I went to join my cousin."

"Well, suppose your cousin comes here today, to interrupt you in your studies; what will you do?"

"I will pray to God, 'make me good and industrious, and don't let my cousin disturb me.'"

"And is your cousin the only person who ever tempts you to do wrong?"

"Oh, no! little Leon begs me to go into the garden with him to steal apples, and Germain taught me to say wicked words."

"Then you must alter your prayer somewhat?"

"Yes, I shall say—'Let no one come and disturb me, and tempt me to do wrong.'"

"Don't you remember six weeks ago, when you were sick, how you begged the Doctor to cure you?"

"Yes, I remember, and he answered, 'My little friend, I will try to cure you, but you must do something yourself towards it. You

must stay in bed and keep yourself warm, and take some medicine,' said he."

"In the same manner God requires of us to do something ourselves, and not merely to pray. For instance, if you pray to God to make you obedient, and at the same time act very disobediently, can your prayers be of any avail?"

"No, Papa, certainly not."

"You see, therefore, my son, the reason why our prayers are so seldom granted. They generally consist in a form totally unsuitable to the circumstances of the individual, and unaccompanied with any earnest endeavours to practise the virtues they so sedulously pray for."

At this moment, it was announced to Mr. B. . . . that a stranger wished to speak to him.

Theophilus was now left alone: he was in a much happier frame of mind, since his doubts on this subject were cleared up—he offered up in his heart a simple prayer for resolution to attend to his studies, and then sat down to learn by heart the lessons he was to recite the next day.

But directly in came his cousin Deshayes, full of new plans for games and amusements. Theophilus was delighted; but he reflected, that it would be better to finish his studies first—"My dear cousin," said he, "I am sorry, but

I have something to attend to, but if you will wait a short time, I will go with you."

Deshayes, disappointed, left him, slamming the door violently after him; but Theophilus felt pleased with himself, that he had courage and resolution enough to resist the naughty boy's entreaties; he felt now that God had indeed granted his prayer.

The next morning he rose early and ran to his father, exclaiming,

"Dear Papa, I see now, indeed, that God does listen to the prayers of those that fear him. Deshayes came yesterday to torment me; but God gave me resolution enough to resist him, and I attended properly to my studies."

"That is right, my son: continue in this manner to do what is right, and you will never need to complain that your prayers are not fulfilled."

"Then, Papa, if I had prayed properly for my grandmother, would she have lived?"

"First, answer me a few questions. When you ask me to explain anything to you in your studies or books, do I ever refuse you?"

"No, my dear Papa, never; you are always willing to grant me anything reasonable and right."

"But when you ask for sweet things, or unwholesome things, or gaudy clothes?"

"Then you refuse me, because you say you know best what is good for me, and I always find out afterwards, that you have been right."

"And should you not have the same confidence in God?"

"To be sure, Papa; and still more, for he knows everything."

"Well then, how ought you to pray for your grandmother?"

"I suppose I ought to have said, 'Grant, oh, God, that my dear grandmother may live, if it is right that she should.'"

"But remember that you are not the only person to be considered. If your grandmother's life was one of infirmity and disease, it was not to be desired for her, that it should be prolonged."

"Certainly not."

"You cannot then complain, because your prayer was not granted?"

"No."

"You see, my son, that God knows what is best for us, and acts accordingly, although we often think it very hard that our immediate wants and wishes are denied."

Theophilus profited by his father's instructions. In the morning, he prayed to God to inspire him with a desire to do good, and when he felt inclined to neglect his duties, he prayed repeatedly, and by this means cured him-

self gradually of his faults. After a few years, he had the misfortune to lose his excellent father. He submitted with resignation to this affliction. "He has gone," said the dutiful son, "to reap the reward of his virtues."

Theophilus avowed often to his friends, that his prayers were frequently answered. He went one day in every week to shed tears over his father's grave, exclaiming, "Oh, thou best of fathers, who first taught me how to pray; I ask thee not again, I know that where thou art, thou enjoyest the happiness thy goodness so long has merited."

THE GOOD MILLER.

THE good miller Thomas had gone to visit his sister, who had been married for several years, and lived three leagues away from his village. In the evening, after supper, he was seated with her and her husband, conversing of their affairs, when there passed by a little girl, aged about five years, barely covered with garments which were all torn. Thomas remarked the air of misery which was spread over her whole person, and said to his sister: "Here is a little girl who is very much to be pitied. There is not a single one of her rags that covers her body: this is a shame for your village. Her father must be very lazy, and her mother inattentive."

"Alas!" replied his sister, "she has no more either father or mother, and there are also two other children in the same condition. For three months, they have done nothing but wander about the country, without finding any person willing to take care of them. They sleep during the night, either in barns or under the trees. When they are hungry, they seat themselves before the door of some farm-

house. If some one gives them a piece of bread, they receive it with joy, but they never ask for it. Their father, who was a little proud, and a man of honour, but who was ruined by misfortunes and sickness, forbid them, on his death-bed, to beg from any person."

This recital touched to the quick, the heart of our good Thomas.

"It is shameful," cried he, "that the poor creatures should be thus abandoned; I will take them with me and bring them up, since no one here will have charge of them."

His sister and her husband endeavoured to persuade him to give up this project; they told him that he had children of his own, that he did not know these, that they had been accustomed for the last three months to a wandering and idle life, and that it was to be feared they could never be turned to any good. "Think then, brother," added they, "what a charge this will be for you and your wife."

Thomas was not one of those feeble men, who permit themselves to be turned from a generous design, on account of its difficulties. He did not give himself the trouble to hear all their objections, still less to answer them.

He rose from his seat and went to bed. The state into which his mind was cast, did not

permit him to sleep for a long time; and tears were still in his eyes, when they finally closed in sleep.

Early the next morning, he sent for the eldest daughter, who was about twelve years of age.

"I heard, yesterday," said he, "that you have neither father nor mother; and I see by your clothing that they have not left you much."

Little Girl.—Alas! yes, we are very miserable.

Thomas.—Have you no relations to whom you might go?

Little Girl.—We have some, but they are as poor as we are, and cannot assist us.

Thomas.—Well! would you like to come with me and be my daughter?

Little Girl.—Ah! if you would only be so good!

Thomas.—Well, you shall come. But I must return on horseback, and I cannot take you all three together. It is your little sister that I have seen first; it is with her that I wish to commence. Send her to me, that we may become acquainted.

The little girl was not long in coming. She had a countenance so mild, and she caressed Thomas so tenderly, that he already regarded himself as her father.

He took her with him upon his horse, and they soon arrived at the mill.

His wife demanded whose child this was.

"It is yours, Madeline," replied he.

He then related how the evening before he had seen the little girl, how he had learned the state of misery and abandonment in which she lived, how he had pitied her, and how he had brought her with him to live among his own children.

During this recital, the little girl held him fast by the sleeve, and did not cease to weep.

Madeline, who had as good a heart as Thomas, softly approached, and wiping her eyes, took the child in her arms, and endeavoured to console her. "My dear child," said she, "since my husband has promised to be your father, I will also be your mother. Come then, my dear, and do not cry any more."

Thomas.—But, my wife, there are yet two others; she has a brother and sister who are no less worthy of our compassion.

Madeline.—Ah! my dear Thomas! I see what you think. Well, go and bring them.

The next day Thomas set out in his carriole to seek the other two orphans.

"Go," said his wife, embracing him on his departure, "go, my husband; the good God who sends us these children, will not fail to send us bread to nourish them."

However, M. de Floris, the proprietor of the land on which these little unfortunates were born, had learned their story. The villain! he immediately sent his attorney to the village. This latter having found Thomas at the moment when he was placing the little boy and girl in the carriole, caught the horse by the bridle, and cried out: "You shall not take away these children: their father died, owing fifty dollars to the proprietor, and they must remain here to answer for the debt."

"Keep them, then," replied Thomas in anger, "but only till to-morrow. If it is but fifty dollars, I will return home and bring you the sum. The poor children! I will only love them the more for what they cost me."

He went away, returned with the fifty dollars, and this time he was permitted to take the children: they were much to him.

You desire to know what became of them afterwards; happily I can give you some information concerning them, by relating a conversation that took place some years afterwards, between Thomas and a traveller.

The whole family were dancing one evening before the door of the mill: Thomas was in the middle of the round; a traveller happening to pass that way stopped to be a witness of their amusement.

"Do all these children belong to you?" said he to the miller.

"Yes, sir," replied he; "I have ten of them, seven whom heaven has given me for nothing, and three whom I have purchased."

"Purchased!" exclaimed the traveller in surprise.

"Yes, sir, and at a reasonable price."

He then related to him the whole history; and when he had finished, he added: "Thanks to God, neither my wife, nor I, have ever repented it. It is the best purchase I ever made in my life."

Traveller.—But how were you enabled to support them and your family too?

Thomas.—That appeared at first difficult, because it appears that one needs for himself all that he gains. One would never believe what he could do before trying. I owe, perhaps, my good conduct to this embarrassment. But with a sober and laborious life, there always remains something to give to the poor and unfortunate.

Traveller.—Are your children not jealous of these strangers?

Thomas.—Strangers! There are none here. The whole of them constitute my family. The question is who will love the other most tenderly. I dare you to guess which of them are my children; I am sometimes deceived myself.

Traveller.—But I do not see the eldest girl among them.

Thomas.—I believe it; she has now other affairs to think of: should she not pay attention to the affairs of her household?

Traveller.—What! is she married?

Thomas.—Yes, she has been taken by a fisherman who gains much by his nets, I assure you. She is much at her ease. It is true that I have provided richly for her.

Traveller.—How! have you given her a portion?

Thomas.—One should always do so when he marries a daughter. Go and see if anything is wanting in her house.

Traveller.—But she is not your child.

Thomas.—What do you say? I owe her a joy which none of my children are yet able to give me. She has already a little daughter, who calls me grandpapa. That appears to me so amusing!

Thomas afterwards informed the traveller of the great satisfaction afforded him by the two other orphans.

"The little girl," said he, "has already become large enough to aid Madeline in her household affairs. For the little boy, there is not his like in the whole country to conduct a flock. If you only knew how much they are attached to me, and how much I love them!"

His heart was softened by this recital, and tears started from his eyes. He wiped them away suddenly, and exclaimed with a malicious smile: "Ah! M. de Floris, you might have had all this joy, and you have yielded it to me for fifty dollars. How finely you have overreached yourself!"

WAR AND PEACE.

PAPA! cried Constantin Favieres, "how I wish I were a man and that war were declared, that I might go and distinguish myself as you have done."

Mr. F.—That is a very cruel wish, my son.

Const.—Why, Papa, am I not to be a soldier?

Mr. F.—Yes, it is true, you are to enter the army. The nation is like a human body, subject to disorders, internal and external. The physician is able by skill and attention to cure the disorders of the one, and the warrior in the same manner is occupied in defending his country from attacks from abroad, and dissensions within itself.

Const.—But if it is a necessary defence, why am I wrong to be so anxious for the time to come, when I too shall fight for my country?

Mr. F.—What would you think of a physician, who, to gain more patients, was anxious for a violent disease to prevail throughout the country?

3 *

Const.—I should say, he was a very wicked man.

Mr. F.—It is then equally wrong for one person, merely to gratify his own ambition, to desire a scourge such as war to devastate his country.

Const.—But, Papa, war is a fine thing for a king.

Mr. F.—Why so?

Const.—It makes him more powerful.

Mr. F.—Suppose now for example, that all the land around my estate was divided into little states or countries, with which I was continually at war.

Const.—I understand—like the kings of France and England.

Mr. F.—If I have my own vassals at my command, my opponents have them also; we are, therefore, continually overwhelmed with troubles and confusion. Even if I succeed in obtaining a large extent of ground, as the reward of my exertions, what can I do with it?

Const.—But, Papa, with a larger territory, you would enjoy a larger revenue.

Mr. F.—But, you know, my son, the value of land does not depend alone upon its extent; but upon the cultivation.

Const.—But you might easily cultivate your land.

Mr. F.—But if I have lost a part of my vassals in the field of battle, and by continually employing the rest in warfare, they, none of them understand agriculture, what is to be done? These vassals must be supported.

Now, then suppose that instead of quarrelling with my neighbours, I employ myself in cultivating the ground I possess, and encourage harmony and industry among my subjects; should I not then be much happier and do much more good, living thus in security undisturbed by my neighbours?

Const.—But, Papa, you compared a nation, just now, to the human body, which certainly is improving when it continues to grow.

Mr. F.—Yes, my son, but slow and gradual improvements are very different from sudden and violent changes.

Const.—Explain that to us, papa!

Mr. F.—The fruits of the earth are destined for the nourishment of the human race. Each one should enjoy according to his labour. But when nations go to war, each one endeavours by violence to deprive the other of what belongs to it by right.

By this means, many honest, industrious men, are deprived of their subsistence, and manufactures and commerce are almost at an end.

Const.—Nevertheless, Papa, I heard some

one say, the other day, that immense fortunes have been made at Marseilles, during the war.

Mr. F.—These immense fortunes, you speak of, my son, are generally built upon the ruin of some of our fellow-creatures, and often procured by very unfair means; whereas, in time of peace, riches are only to be acquired by long and continued efforts: in such a state of things, equality more generally prevails, and the arts and sciences flourish.

Const.—But if there must be no war, why need we have soldiers?

Mr. F.—Such is the depravity of human nature, that no country is safe, even in a time of acknowledged peace, from foreign attacks. An army, therefore, must be in constant readiness; but the soldier's life, at such times, should not be, as is too often the case, one of idleness: suitable occupations might be provided for them at once beneficial to the country and to themselves. For my own part, my son, I know that I have fought for my country, but I consider myself to have rendered her a much greater service, in cultivating the estate my father left me, and in educating you. If I have accidentally caused any tears to flow, in my capacity of soldier, I will endeavour to expiate it, by doing all in my power to alleviate the condition of the people around me.

Const.—But, Papa, why do not all people think like you do, on this subject?

Mr. F.—They have been educated in contrary principles. The *glories* of war have been instilled into their minds, unaccompanied with any of its *horrors*. But a new light is beginning to spread over the world, and warfare is looked upon in its true colours, without any of the ordinary embellishments of fame, trumpets, banners, &c. Be thankful, my son, that you live in an age of wisdom. It is, perhaps, reserved for you to behold the time when all nations shall live together in peace and harmony. I consider myself fortunate, if in giving you these sublime ideas, I too lend my little aid to support these great principles which advance slowly and silently, but surely.

THE UNSTEADY YOUTH.

ZEPHIRIN DE SAINT LEGER was possessed of an excellent memory, and a lively disposition, the good effects of which were nevertheless almost destroyed by an unfortunate failing;—he was too changeable.

Zephirin went, one day, to pay a visit to one of his young friends. He found him employed in copying a Roman head. Zephirin stood by him, following every touch of the pencil with anxious eyes; he was seized with a desire to learn drawing. He hastened home, and meeting his father on the stairs, he threw his arms round his neck, and entreated him to go out immediately, and find a drawing master for him. His father, pleased with his ardour, consented to his request. They set out immediately and engaged one of the best teachers.

Zephirin was very much grieved, to hear that the teacher would not be able to devote the whole of every day to him; indeed, he was hardly to be contented with two hours a day.

"Such a useful and agreeable art," said

Zephirin. "I am surprised, that it is so much neglected."

The rest of the day was spent in scribbling upon bits of paper. To be sure, none of his drawings were presentable. They consisted generally of crooked mouths and noses, immense staring eyes, and arms and legs entirely devoid of proportion.

For the first week, it all went on very well. Zephirin made himself an enormous book of drawing-paper, and soon filled it. Seeing that the garret walls had been lately white-washed, he undertook a series of the Roman Emperors, Consuls, and Tribunes on horseback, and triumphal processions.

But this did not last long. Zephirin soon became tired of such excessive application; he found that the pencil blacked his hands, and his penknives grew dull, with so much cutting. In vain his master spoke of the glory and utility of the art; in vain artist after artist was cited as example and encouragement.

One day the teacher hoping to excite his now listless pupil, brought with him a young man, just from Rome, who spoke in exalted terms of the splendid works of art he had lately beheld. In expressing himself, he made use of several Italian words, which made

much more impression on Zephirin, than all the paintings in the world could have done.

"How much better," exclaimed he, "to speak a living language, than to employ oneself continually in drawing useless heads."

He ran to communicate his new impressions to his father, and the next day, Zephirin took his first Italian lesson.

For the first few days, his attention was unremitting, the difficulties of the grammar were soon mastered, and Zephirin, delighted with the softness and beauty of the language, spoke his newly acquired phrases to every body in the house, and was very much displeased to find no one could understand him. He called the cook, "Vostra Signoria," and the footman, "Cor mio."

He soon got through the Italian Translation of Telemachus, and searching in his father's book-case for a more difficult book, "Don Quixote," in Spanish, fell into his hands.

This was a new source of delight. Oh, what a treasure, and how necessary it was now to become able to read it,—the pride of Spanish literature, with its proverbs, its witty speeches, all in its native richness. What were Mentor's grave harangues in comparison with Sancho's admirable remarks! and Calypso, in all her pride of beauty and loveliness, could she inspire half the interest which every one

takes in Dulcinea? Spanish was now the order of the day, and Zephirin was for a time perfectly happy; but before Don Quixote had accomplished his second sortie, Zephirin had given up Spanish for English, and that in its turn had been superseded by German. So that at the end of a year, Zephirin could speak four living languages, but all so imperfectly, and with such a mixture of all in his every day conversation, that it was almost impossible to understand him.

Zephirin was very anxious to learn to dance well; but his impatience prevented him from making any progress in the art.

He next turned his attention to music. But on what instrument should he begin? After a great deal of indecision he selected the violin, and at the end of six months took up the flute instead, and succeeded in learning to play with some skill.

His father, alarmed at his changeable disposition, and fearing that he would never learn any one thing, consented to his desire of visiting the different countries of Europe, in the hope that by mixing more with his fellow-creatures, he would learn the folly of his own habits.

Zephirin therefore set out for England, accompanied by a tutor. Arrived in London, Zephirin was in ecstasy; he spent his whole

time in running about the streets, admiring the churches, the shops, the magnificence of the houses, &c.—but he became very much fatigued and very anxious to visit some new place. He therefore, with great joy, ordered post-horses for Dover, the next day.

Italy was now the great object of his wishes —Glorious Italy! After suffering much from sea-sickness, they arrived safely, and made their first visit to Leghorn, from whence they set out for Florence; but Zephirin could think and talk of nothing but Rome. Even the gallery at Florence had no charms for him. Arrived at Rome, Zephirin at the end of three days was perfectly satisfied. He had seen every thing of note in Rome, and even found time to pack up his clothes, and was all ready to set out for Naples. At Naples, Zephirin's imagination feasted on the pleasure he should receive from visiting Pompei: but here too he was disappointed. Even the fine port at Naples, won from him no admiration; his restless spirit never enjoyed the present; comparisons were instituted between it and the equally celebrated ports of Amsterdam, Bordeaux, and Constantinople, which he now longed to behold.

They now directed their course towards Venice. The journey, it is true, was to be long and tiresome, for they were to go from

one end of Italy to the other; but every sacrifice was cheerfully made by Zephirin, in favour of Venice, with its five hundred bridges, its gondoliers, and its canals.

But our readers will accuse the tutor of unreasonable compliance with the whims of this foolish boy. The truth was, that Zephirin's father, by means of constant communication with his son, had discovered to his great regret, the effect of his travels upon his mind. He observed that Zephirin always complained very much of the place they were in, and looked forward with enthusiastic longings, to the next stage of their journey. He therefore resolved to recall him immediately; but from observing the course pursued by him, he doubted not but that Zephirin would soon hasten home of his own accord. He therefore desired the tutor to bear with his whims for a while, in the hope that it would not be of long duration.

It happened exactly as the old gentleman had predicted. Zephirin after passing rapidly through Venice, Turin, Switzerland, and Holland, returned to France, dissatisfied.

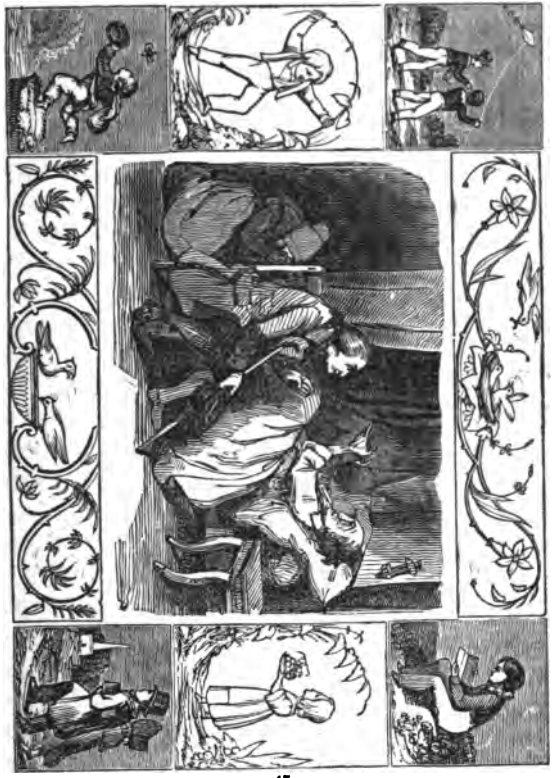
His father received him with affection; but at the same time, could not avoid observing how dearly his son had paid for all the advantages he had received. Acquainted with no one accomplishment or science, but pos-

sessing a confused mixture of all; he beheld him just about to enter the state of manhood, with no qualifications for business, no strivings after excellence, idle, rash, vain, impetuous and variable, a misery to himself and to all around him.

THE VILLAGE PATRIARCH.

DE SOLIS, taking an early dislike to his residence in the city, had purchased a small country house, in which he proposed to pass his days in peace, dividing them between study and the exercise of beneficence. His character, naturally inclined to melancholy, made him fond of solitary walks. He had already traversed all the country in the immediate neighbourhood of his dwelling. His wandering steps one day conducted him to a little valley, the appearance of which was every way calculated to flatter the disposition of his heart. Surrounded by high hills, whose declivity presented, in an agreeable variety, vineyards, cottages, gardens and groves; it appeared as if made for the asylum of rural happiness.

The natural beauties of this place, were not, however, those which struck most forcibly on the mind of M. de Solis. The valley, throughout its whole extent, was covered with new cottages, each with its agricultural grounds, its flower garden and its orchard.



The possessions were separated only by simple hedges of gooseberry bushes, which appeared to announce the fertility of the soil, and the mutual confidence of the inhabitants. M. de Solis was rejoiced to see that one man had not appropriated for himself alone, this delicious plain. He was pleased to think that many families might here be able to find the sweets of ease and repose. His total absorption in these thoughts prevented him from perceiving the dark, massy clouds, that were gathering over his head. A thunder-storm soon obliged him to seek a shelter. He hastened forward and knocked at the door of the first farm-house, which presented itself. A woman very aged, but of a figure to which old age gave a venerable character, opened it, and received him in a frank and cordial manner. "I rejoice," said she, "that our cottage was nearest you, although I doubt not but that our children would have received you as cordially. Since the storm has surprised you in the middle of the valley, you could have taken shelter with none who does not belong to our family. But I see that you are out of breath. Compose yourself, and I will kindle a good fire, that you may dry your clothes."

Whilst she was lighting her fire, M. de Solis attentively regarded the interior of the cottage. He saw that there reigned in it an

order and an air of richness which gave him much pleasure. He had understood from the words of the woman, that a large portion of the dwellings in the valley, was occupied by her children. His curiosity, therefore, took a new interest. He was about to satisfy himself by questioning her, when he heard a voice from the neighbouring chamber, saying; "My good woman, take good care of the traveller."

"Yes, yes," replied she, "that I will."

"Is that your husband who has just spoken to you?" demanded M. de Solis.

"Yes, sir, he is in that chamber."

"Will you permit me to visit him?"

"Willingly, sir; neither of you will be sorry to become acquainted. Enter, enter."

M. de Solis, on entering, perceived an old man lying on a bed, the covering of which was extremely neat. His head was naked; his hair, white as snow, descended to his shoulders. His countenance, respected by time, expressed the calmness and excellence of his heart. A smile was upon his lips, and the remains of a flame still sparkled in his eyes. M. de Solis, struck by so engaging an appearance, approached him, and the following dialogue ensued.

M. de Solis.—What is the matter with you, worthy sir? Are you sick?

The Old Man.—No, sir, thank heaven, I

am not; but when eighty years have passed over a person's head, he can never say, that he is well, even if he be in good health. It is not, however, long since I have ceased labouring; and if it was not for fear of afflicting my children—but they do not wish that I should labour any longer.

De Solis.—They are right. You must have purchased your repose very dear.

Old Man.—Without boasting, I believe I can well say, I have so gained it. How many sheaves have I bound in the course of my life! How many vintages have I gathered in! I have terribly tormented my poor body. However, in the midst of so many fatigues, I have always had a serene brow and a joyous heart; and it is thus, that I wish to pass in peace the small remainder of time, that it is permitted me to live.

De Solis.—But after so laborious a life, how can you pass a whole day upon your bed without growing weary?

Old Man.—Growing weary? Truly I have quite other things to do. My limbs alone are in repose, my head is always at work. One can not grow weary when he is thinking of ten children, or fifty grand-children, or great-grand-children. Twelve hours a day is not too much to think of so many persons. Each one gives me an account of his wants, of the

condition of his affairs and his family; and I must work thereupon. I have always some one to marry; and I always consider well, that I may provide for him. If they have all prospered, it is to me that they owe their prosperity. Not a single one has been established, that I have not occupied myself about a year beforehand. I have now three marriages upon the carpet, and I hope that the parties will all succeed, as well as their parents!

De Solis.—You are then contented with your family?

Old Man.—By speaking of them to me, one is able to gain my heart. Come, wife, bring us a drop of old wine. It is to aid me to talk about our children.

De Solis.—Have you many of them with you?

Old Man.—I have but two of my granddaughters. How should I lodge an army? It is not my cottage, it is my lands, that I wish to increase. God be thanked, I have been able to give each of them a good portion without rendering myself poorer. There was in this district much uncultivated land, which I purchased at a very low price. I at first gave it value, and then passed it off in portions to my daughters. This land, at the present time, yields gold.

De Solis.—And in this great number of children, has none caused you sorrow?

Old Man.—Sometimes, by sickness; but I have been enabled to cure them by means of my regimen, diet and some simples with which I am acquainted. For the rest, they have always conducted themselves in a proper manner.

De Solis.—It is, perhaps, because you have given them a good example?

Old Man.—I dare say. In my youth, I was lively like others. I danced about through all the country. But when once I had pronounced the sacred word before the altar, I left these things. Happily my wife was handsome, good, and virtuous. These qualities hold a man in respect. Afterwards there came children. I was not then rich; and if I wished to be so for myself, I also wished it for the sake of my family. I early accustomed my boys to work. I led them into the fields, as soon as they were able to walk. I seated the smallest upon my plough. The others gambolled all around. My daughters animated me with their songs, while winding their distaffs. I taught them all to work cheerfully, that they might eat their bread in content.

De Solis.—And do you see them sometimes?

Old Man.—Do I see them, sir? When I

was more nimble, I went every week to make my rounds to observe if all their affairs were in good order. Now that I can no longer go out, it is their turn to visit me. Every Sunday, after the service, my daughters, my grand-daughters, and my daughters-in-law, bring me their children. You should see me in the midst of twenty women, decked out as on the day of their wedding, and beautiful as angels. They all kiss me and caress me. It is who shall fondle me the most. But it is very well known that they are coquettes only with me. All their children have a family air which delights me. I have always a dozen of them on my arms, or between my knees. There is a babbling which you might take for an uproar, but which is music in my ears.

De Solis.—I have no difficulty to conceive it. This must be a delightful moment for you.

Old Man.—And for them too, I flatter myself. I like one to be happy near me. I have behind my barn a piece of turf expressly for dancing. It is the last ground that I have laboured on. I open the ball by embracing my wife; and then everybody begins to caper around us. They take care always to dance some of the dances used in old times. It seems to me then that the earth rises, and that I bound as lightly as in youth.

De Solis.—Have you any violins here?

Old Man.—There are no hired players among us. But my grand-son, Alexis, has his flageolet. The little rogue is not yet twelve years old, and he plays well enough to set in motion a whole village: oh! if I had him here that you might see him! He is my living portrait, excepting these wrinkles, and has rosy cheeks, which belong no longer to me. There is, also, Benjamin, the favourite of my heart. I tell you so, because you are a stranger; I should be very sorry if it were known in the family.

De Solis.—But the rest of the week must appear long, when you have not the same pleasures.

Old Man.—If I have not those, I have others. I have never left the country; I know it, as well as my cottage; I know, also, all the inhabitants; I have seen them born around me. They come to consult me upon their expenses, or their plantations. One has only to bring me a basket of earth, I feel it, I taste it, and tell what species of grain it is best fitted for. If they are poor persons, I advance them seed, which they return at harvest; I cause them to labour for me, to whom I have rendered some service. It is all the price I ask for it. I have seen the time when each worked only for himself, and worked badly.

He thought to enrich himself by ruining his neighbours. I have succeeded in persuading them that the country would be more rich, were each so himself; that the marketings would sell better, when they would draw merchants by the abundance and good quality of their produce; and that to succeed in this, they must aid one another. According as the season is dry or wet, the harvest of the valley is more or less early, than that of the hill. I persuaded them to join together, and begin with the most early; and all is done at the right time. Thus, if you ask in the market concerning our grain, you will find that people give it the preference. They come sometimes to purchase it upon the spot; and often the harvest is sold before being in the ground. Instead of this, let there be ten bushels of bad rye in a parish, and it is enough to give discredit to all the rest.

De Solis.—These reflections are easily understood. However, it is rare to see them arise in a village. How did they come to you?

Old Man.—Gradually, by the experience of each year; besides I must tell you that I have been well seconded. Our curate is a man of sense: I have made a sort of bishop of him by the baptisms and marriages which I have showered upon him. He has made use of my

advice in his lectures. M. Fierville, our neighbour, has acted thereupon. He has seen the ground change its face. I made him double all the leases of his farmers. He has given me marks of consideration. If there appeared any new process of agriculture in your gazettes, they both came to consult me. I performed it under their eyes. As soon as it succeeded, it was generally adopted. The countryman follows the ancient custom, and despises the discoveries made in books; but those that I had tried, he was not able to contradict. They followed them, and found themselves much better for doing so. For the rest, my science is not long. I retail it all in a few words. Rude war with his fields, all peace with his neighbours.

De Solis.—Upon these principles, I suppose that you have not enriched the courts of justice, as much as the church.

Old Man, smiling.—It is true. I have taken many suits from the courts. I should be rich as a lawyer, had I only taken a shilling for each consultation. There are always some little quarrels in villages, concerning the division of land among heirs. My advice is always asked. If there are marriageable children on both sides, the affair is soon settled. If not, or if they cannot agree, the parties place me upon a litter and convey me to the

place. I cause it to be measured in my presence, even to the smallest corner. I weigh the good or bad quality of each portion of the land, and endeavour to accommodate equally every body. When they refuse to agree to this arrangement, I invite them to visit me the next day. I have some excellent old wine, which could soften a heart of rock. They taste it. So soon as it begins to give effect to my pleadings, I represent to them that a law-suit would cost ten times as much as the place contested is worth; that they would lose their time, their money, their repose, and the pleasure of mutually loving one another. I cite them examples of those, who for want of believing me, made themselves poor to fatten justice. Before the end of the first bottle, they no longer regard each other sideways; the second is not more than half empty, before they seat themselves side by side near the fire. I have expended some wine; but I have gained pleasure in this life, and hopes for that which is to come.

De Solis.—I suppose you are regarded as a king in this country?

Old Man.—Listen: I govern from my bed, as a king from his throne. But I am not only loved, I am also feared. Approach this wall. Do you see some names, with dates attached, that I have made with the point of my knife?

Some are written on the right for good actions, others on the left for bad. As M. Fierville and the curate deign sometimes to visit me, and as the whole village flocks into my cottage, this register has more effect than that of the lawyer to whom no person is desirous of going. Your name written on the left is a species of public disgrace. Everybody avoids you even to the children. It is necessary to change your conduct or leave the place. If you become better, I reverse your name, in the first place to make you forget your shame, and then to encourage you to do well. Of the twenty names on the left, that I have written during my whole life, there remain but three which will serve a long time as examples. On the contrary, a name written on the right is a title of honour. One would fear as much as death to see even a single letter of his name reversed, so much is a good reputation valued.

De Solis.—I conceive that this means, simple as it is, is very powerful. But what I admire the most, is the advantage you derive from your old wine. It is generally the disturber of villages, and you make it the minister of peace.

Old Man.—I owe it this honour on account of the services it has rendered me in my old age. It is it, which, these ten years, has renewed the strength of my stomach, and pre-

vented my blood from freezing in my veins. I have never drunk more than enough to quench my thirst. Thus I find it now much more useful. Half a glass is sufficient to reanimate me. It always renews my youth for a couple of hours. I do not know, if it has made you thirsty to hear me, but I am so from speaking. I feel that a little would be very useful just now. My heart tells me that I would very willingly drink with you. What is the matter with my poor wife? She is long in coming. Ah! seventy-five years are still more heavy to carry than a bottle. But hark, I hear her coming.

The Wife.—Yes, my good man, here I am.

Old Man, rising in his bed.—Come, Susan, my dear Susan, pour us out some drink. You smile, sir? But my glass in hand, I always give her the name of her youth. I have but to regard her through my glass, and she appears to me as blooming as formerly under the elm. To your health, Susan, to yours, sir. (*They drink.*) Well, how do you find it?

De Solis.—Excellent, I assure you; I have drunk some which cost much more, but never with half the pleasure.

Old Man.—It is, because it is pure and unadulterated as our hearts. How, Susan, you are growing economical of it? go, my child,

there will remain enough after we are gone. Let me see some little gaiety of its making. We used it formerly for that purpose, let us use it to-day. I feel already that it begins to revive me. Hold, I love thee as much as during our first loves. Sir, if you are not yet married, you will perhaps soon be. Believe what I now tell you. Treat your wife so well, that you can every day think of that of the wedding; it is the only means of never feeling the approaches of old age. Ask Susan. Speak, wife, do you remember ours? how I tenderly pressed your hand before the altar! and what a look you fixed upon me! it penetrated to the inmost recesses of my heart. It has not yet gone out. (*Smiling.*) It is true that it has not been too long ago yet, it is only some few sixty years.

The Wife.—Ah! they have passed very quick: our good time is passed.

Old Man.—How! are you not happy? have you not ease, repose, and the health of your age? Let us see, what do you desire? a little more strength perhaps? But see you, God has preserved that of the heart to feel the joy of a long life. When that of the body shall be extinguished, the tomb will softly open to receive us.

De Solis.—Why do you occupy yourself with sad thoughts in this moment of pleasure?

Old Man.—Oh! sir, I do not fear death; let it come when it will to knock at my door, I will let it enter without fear. Do you believe I have forgotten that I am mortal? since we have commenced on this subject, let us end it.

De Solis.—You have rendered your life so happy! would you be able to leave it without regret?

Old Man.—I would be much more sorry had I employed it badly, had I been idle and debauched, had I not done all the good that was in my power, had I left by my fault a numerous family in vice or in want! Instead of this afflicting picture, I have before my eyes, eighty years of useful labours, of lands tilled, of friends succoured. I see my sons and my grand-sons rich, honest and laborious, strictly united together, loved and esteemed by all the country. I leave to my eldest son my cottage; he will take my place and fulfil my duties. As head of the family, he will be for his brothers and their children, what I have been for mine. It is sweet to carry this consolation to the tomb.

De Solis.—But you will hear their sighs. How sorrowful will this separation be!

Old Man.—I believe, in effect, that they will be very sorry to lose me; but I will know how to console them. A countryman knows better

than any other the law of nature and the force of necessity: he every day sees old trees replaced by new ones; he every year sees the winter devour what the other seasons have produced. I will present these images to my children, when they shall all be assembled around my death-bed. I will make them feel that after having given me a long and happy old age, God, in the fulness of his grace, withdraws me from this world, before it would become painful to me by sickness and infirmities. I will say that I quit them only to join my father who is stretching out his arms to me from on high, and that I will never cease to extend them mine, as long as their race shall be upon the earth. This is what I will repeat to them with my last breath. They must necessarily be consoled at my death, when I regard it myself as a benefit.

De Solis.—Courageous old man, from whence do you derive this firmness?

Old Man.—From an innocent heart; and it is from heaven that it has descended upon me; from heaven where I hope shortly to dwell.

De Solis.—You have then no fear for the future?

Old Man.—As long as I committed evil, I feared the Lord; but now I only love him, and I believe that this confidence pleases him. O God of mercy! after showering so many bless-

ings upon my head, dare I still ask another? regard the companion that thou hast given me to share the sweets and pains of life; we have grown old together, grant that we may both die at the same time. How should I be able to survive her? Would my trembling hand have strength enough to close her eyelids? What would become of her, at her age, after losing me, when she would no longer hear my plaintive voice, when she would be buried as in a tomb in the solitude of this cottage? Do not permit death to separate two persons whom nothing has separated for sixty years. Grant us this favour, O God, this last favour; it is the only one that we permit ourselves to ask. We do not wish to delay our departure; dispose of us when thou wilt. Let us only die hand in hand, and present ourselves before thee, to render an account of our life. Thou knowest well that it is but one, of which each has borne the half. Let us also only have one death to suffer!

The old man, who had risen upon his bed to address to God these touching words, fell back with fatigue as he finished. M. de Solis affrighted ran to seek his wife to render him assistance. She had placed herself on her knees in a corner at the commencement of this prayer: her arms were still extended towards heaven. He carried her all dismayed

near the old man, who reassured them both by a smile, and by the eagerness with which he extended to them his hands. However, M. de Solis judged it necessary to let him take some repose, after an emotion so strong for his age. He thanked them for their hospitality, and went out returning thanks to heaven for having shown him so many virtues on earth.

THE

HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

M. Rancey.

ELL, Matthew, how do you come on?

Matthew.—Ah, sir, is it necessary to ask? One comes on but badly in our condition. Happiness is not made for us.

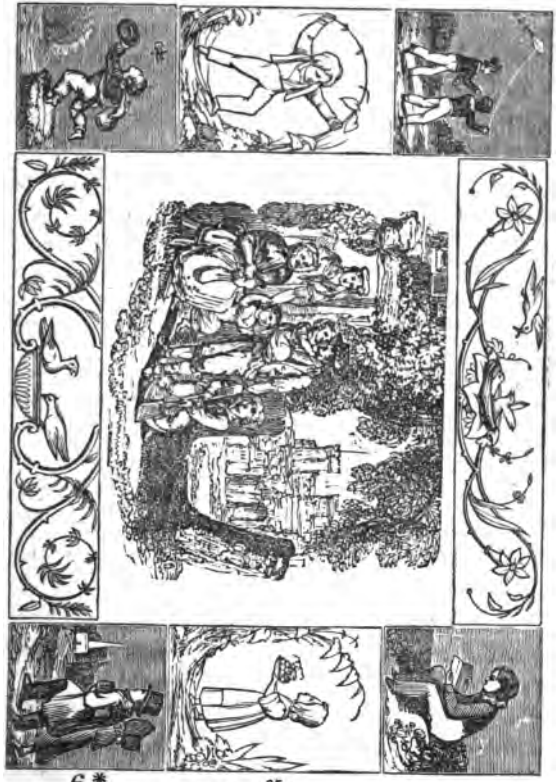
Rancey.—And for whom then is it made, I pray you?

Matthew.—It is well for you gentlemen of the city, to put that question!

Rancey.—You believe us then to be more happy than others?

Matthew.—I should like to see you lead our life, but for a single month. You would then soon see what answer to return to your question.

Rancey.—I have lived for a long time in the country, and I know the condition of the farmer. I have lived also in the city, and have had time to study the condition of all classes in it. I can therefore assure you, my dear Matthew, that a farmer in good circum-



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stances, as you are, need envy no other class of people.

Matthew.—I would give my best cow were I sure of this.

Rancey.—Take care, Matthew; it runs great risk of passing into my stable.

Matthew.—Oh! I would not regret it in the least at that price, I assure you. I think I should be a gainer by it.

Rancey.—Well, let us see. But promise me beforehand to answer my questions frankly. I promise you the same on my part, and will not endeavour to dazzle you by fine words. I shall say nothing which is not of a nature to strike your reason.

Matthew.—That is what I demand; for it is not by words that I will permit myself to be taken, I can assure you.

Rancey.—So much the better, my friend. Begin then by telling me if it is not the idea you have that the inhabitants of cities are more happy than you, which prevents you from enjoying your happiness?

Matthew.—It hurts it a little, I must allow.

Rancey.—Since you accuse yourself so frankly of your infirmity, it would ill become me to reproach you. I like better to partake of it a moment with you. It is also from this that I wish to reconcile you with your condition, by making you comprehend how much

nearer to happiness are the people of the country than those of the city.

Matthew.—I am curious to see how you will set about it.

Rancey.—My proofs are so complete, that I can make them ascend to the time of your infancy.

Matthew.—You are hardly right upon this point. The children of the country may be more happy in some period of their life. But the children of city-bred people have greatly the advantage in the early part of their existence.

Rancey.—That is what we shall see directly; but at least it is not during their infancy.

Matthew.—What! those nurses that they put around a child to sing him to sleep, to take him in their arms the moment he wakes, to appease him when he cries, is all this not for his happiness?

Rancey.—That is without doubt the proposed object; but let us see if this means will accomplish it. You will agree that a child who never sleeps except one sings, who always weeps when there is no one to take him in his arms when he awakes, and who knows that by crying out he will see everybody hasten to caress him, you will agree, say I, that this child contracts the want of all these superflu-

ous attentions; that a moment of anger or of forgetfulness on the part of his nurse, will render him much to be pitied, without considering that he will become accustomed to be overbearing, imperious, susceptible; which qualities prepare him well for mortifications during the remainder of his life.

Matthew.—It is true that ours do not need all this humouring.

Rancey.—Let us repose on the tenderness of a mother to provide for the true wants of a child. Look at him who is born in the lowliest hut. If he is the first-born of the family, the joy that his birth occasions to his parents, draws upon him their most tender cares. If he already has brothers and sisters, it is not between the hands of strangers, it is in the arms of those whom he should cherish all his life, that he passes his first years. Far from being, like the small number of those of the city whom their mothers nourish, separated the greater part of the day from his parents, it is under their eyes that he grows up. The cradle in which he reposes is between their table and their bed. When labour calls his mother into the fields during the harvest, she places him in the shade, and sees him with a satisfied eye play in the thick verdure and cast his glances upon the most pleasing objects. Is there, to this period, the least comparison

to make between the happiness of the children of the city and those of the country?

Matthew.—Yes, but you take them at an age in which they are not capable of feeling it.

Rancey.—That is your account of it. But we see plainly that they feel it, by their more lively and joyous movements, as we recognise the superior quality of the milk which nourishes them, by their more rosy complexion, their more fleshy arms and plump cheeks.

Matthew.—You have had a fine time of it so far, but let us go on a little and we shall see.

Rancey.—Softly, if you please. Let us stop a little on the second period of infancy. What is the fate of a child of the city at this age? Shut up in a chamber during the greater part of the day, he is subjected to studies, which will serve one day, it is true, to promote his fortune or pleasure, but of which nothing can make him then foresee the use or advantage. These first rudiments are always the most difficult to acquire, and it is precisely at the time when his intelligence is the most feeble that he is made to acquire them. They are dry and disgusting, and they give them to him in the season of gaiety and pleasure. Thus, how much constraint, disgust, and vexation must he encounter!

Matthew.—I conceive that a country child is much more happy, since he has nothing to do but to follow his father to the garden, the fields or the forest, to learn there in the open air the business he is to follow.

Rancey.—That is so true, that the most agreeable relaxations one can grant to the children of the city as a recompense for their studies, is to teach them to bring up animals, to make them acquainted with plants, to allow them to cultivate flowers, to take care of trees, to take care of a garden; and these are precisely the only objects of study of the child of the country, so that his labour consists only in what the other regards as pleasure.

Matthew.—In effect, there is nothing to answer upon this point. Ah! if it were the same with all others!

Rancey.—We shall soon see. We have now arrived at that time of life in which the instinct of nature solicits us to seek a companion. It must be that love has many more charms in the country than in the city, since those who have taken it for the subject of their songs, among every people of the earth, have always placed their lovers in mountains and in groves. But without stopping at these brilliant pictures, how do they make in the city those marriages which so rarely turn out to be happy? They marry there because the

parents judge that the fortunes and conditions will agree, because the young persons imagine that it is sufficient for them both to be possessed of external beauty in order to love each other. They never observe if their humours and characters are suited. Sometimes the young couple have hardly had a fortnight to see and know each other. You may judge by this that a well-managed household among them is only the effect of chance.

Matthew.—And may not all this happen among us too?

Rancey.—Ill-assorted marriages are less common here. The persons destined to be united have known each other from their most tender infancy. As soon as they agree to become united, with the consent of their parents, they study themselves with more care, they early endeavour to make their characters sympathize, and to correct those faults which mutually wound them. Even their little quarrels prepare them for a stricter union, by giving them information concerning that which is contrary in their tastes and humours. They are inspired with those sentiments by nature, at a time when their youthful age and love render every thing easy. Both less distracted by the liberty of mind given them by the nature of their labours, the two lovers occupy themselves more deeply with the desire to

please; they find frequent occasions of evincing it, by emulation in rendering each other a thousand little services. These dispositions, which they carry with them into their household, are kept up by the first pleasures of love, and by the birth of children; it is therefore natural that they should soon become natural, and should extend themselves over the remainder of their lives.

Matthew.—I begin to believe you; for I have felt precisely all that you have described, although I would not have been able to explain it so well.

Rancey.—You will grant that if the sentiments I have just described form happiness, this happiness must be felt more constantly in the country than in the city.

Matthew.—Why, I pray you?

Rancey.—In the country, the husband and wife never leave each other except for the short time that it is necessary to taste more pleasure on seeing each other again; they share all each other's pleasures and pains; they mutually aid one another in all the labours of an actively employed life; the need they have for one another at every moment of the day, attaches them more strongly to the society they have formed. In the city, on the contrary, where different occupations separate the husband from the wife for the greater part

of the day, and often for whole years; where their societies are not always the same, where the latter devotes herself to pleasure, while the former is exhausted with fatigues and consumed with labour; where the happiness of one is thus very often independent of the happiness of the other; where, in a word, the husband and wife, leaving the vortex of an agitated life, are reunited in some moment of idleness only to witness each other's weariness, you will acknowledge that the conjugal union must be much changed, and the sweets which it appeared to promise much corrupted.

Matthew.—I agree with you, sir, these are disagreements to which we are not subjected.

Rancey.—Paternal tenderness may be the same in city and country, but here a new sentiment is joined to the natural parental love to strengthen it. Their children form part of their riches. The more they see their family increase, the more they are in a condition to extend their labours with success. The boys, as soon as they can hold a crook in their hands, become useful to their father by taking care of his flocks. The girls, as soon as they learn to walk, begin to aid their mother in the out-of-doors labours, or in domestic affairs. In reaping so soon the price of their cares the parents attach themselves more and more to their children, as to the supporters of their

prosperity; whilst in the city the number of children becomes an enormous charge for the father of a family, and the expenses of their education inspire him often with regrets upon what they take away from his wants and pleasures.

Matthew.—There is nothing more true, I must confess, than what you have just stated.

Rancey.—Let us consider finally, my friend, the difference which reigns between the inhabitants of the city and those of the country, in the decline of their days. How is it with an old man in the bosom of a corrupt city, when this world in which he lives is about to close upon him? Loaded with the cares and infirmities of old age, consumed with regrets on the loss of his pleasures, what remains to console him? Friends? Death takes them from him day by day. Children? What connection can subsist between them in a place where the sentiments of nature are stifled by business and pleasure? Ah! rural customs at least preserve always to the old man the empire of his family. His long experience renders him still necessary for the instruction of his children. Accustomed to an active life, he is always occupied in some little labour proportioned to his strength; finally, when his limbs refuse longer to do this office, he seeks consoling remembrances under

the tree that he formerly planted with his own hand; he there respires the air the most favourable to his health. Caressed by his grand-children, he is amused by their prattle, and amuses them with his stories; his heart still palpitates with joy when he sees around him all those beings who owe him life and ease, who never cease to witness their respect and love, and whose sincere regrets he is assured will accompany him to the tomb.

Matthew.—Ah! sir, with what a sweet hope you have filled my heart by that touching picture.

Rancey.—It remains only with yourself, my friend, to realize it. I have just shown you the advantages that the inhabitants of the country have over those of the city, for the enjoyment of true happiness in every age of life. The means of obtaining this happiness are simple and natural. You have already seen how well the "Village Patriarch" knew how to employ them. Therefore is it not the fault of others if they will not profit by his example?

Matthew.—It is true, sir; but there will always be many things on the other side to prevent us from being as happy as the inhabitants of the city.

Rancey.—Let us see them.

Matthew.—In the first place, sir, is it not

melancholy for us to see them pass their days in amusements and festivals, whilst we are deprived of all pleasure? to see them plunged in idleness, whilst we are continually harassed by labour? to see them nourish themselves with the most delicate provisions, whilst we have but the homeliest fare? in a word, to see them inhabit splendid houses, filled with magnificent furniture, whilst we are reduced to poor habitations where they would not keep their dogs?

Rancey.—I am ready, my friend, to answer all this; you speak of the festivals and amusements of the city; but these amusements and festivals draw daily only those who are displeased with home or have nothing to do. Now pleasure is a sad thing, when one is led to it because he is not happy at home or is wearied all day long. Those who go more rarely to these spectacles, find in them some pleasure; but you, do you not every day find much more in visiting your orchards, your vineyards, your fields, in seeing pass before your eyes all your numerous flocks? The pleasures of the inhabitants of the city cost them much money which the greater part of them would do much better to consecrate to the support of their family, whilst on the other hand yours are turned to your prosperity, and

offer you the hope of a happy ease for yourself and your children.

Matthew.—It is certain that there is nothing so agreeable as to cast a glance over one's affairs when they are in good order.

Rancey.—You afterwards place in opposition the idleness of the inhabitants of the city with your fatigues. But what is the fruit of this idleness? A health soon enfeebled, and consequently a disrelish of food, ennui, ill humour, insomnolency, and indigestion. You on the contrary owe to your labours a robust health, and consequently a gay humour, a keen appetite, an easy digestion and good sleep.

Matthew.—And this burning sun, these rigorous colds, these winds, snows, and rains, the people of the city do not they leave us to experience them whilst they take good care never to encounter them?

Rancey.—It is because they are not accustomed like you from infancy to brave them. But if a warm air is for them a stifling heat; if a breeze freezes them, if a light rain appears to them a heavy shower; if they take a fresh wind for a hurricane; does not all prove the same thing, and do they not suffer still more in proportion than you?

Matthew.—At least for nourishment you will agree they would not wish to change it.

Rancey.—That is very likely, and it is so

much the worse for them, since they must have the most delicate things to tempt their stomach, whilst the most simple aliments suffice for your appetite. If these aliments are never repugnant to you except when sick, what do you think of those people who are continually disgusted with them? Besides, is not your milk richer, your eggs fresher, your roots more succulent, your bread more savoury, and do not you eat your fruits with more relish?

Matthew.—Yes, but we carry them the finest.

Rancey.—But these are not always the best. And then if fine fruits decorate their tables, they pay you well for them. Merchants dressed in cloth, sell embroidered stuffs: do you think they are sorry that others make clothes of them? The goldsmith sells vessels of silver, and eats from china; and yet he is not sorry for it.

Matthew.—You have replied very justly. But what will you answer to the difference between our cottages and their immense palaces?

Rancey.—What you will yourself answer to the question I am about to ask you in my turn. Has it never come into your head to have your shoes made very long and an ell wide in order to put them on more easily?

Matthew.—I feel all the malice of your ques-

tion. However, say what you will, it must be much more agreeable to inhabit beautiful apartments decorated with gold and silk, than our shabby farm-houses.

Rancey.—If they are shabby, it is your fault; for you can cause order and neatness to reign there, which are worth every thing else. But since it is the question of the richness of furniture, what have you to envy on this point? you are in your dwellings only at night, and then it is indifferent whether you have a naked wall or damask tapestry. In the day time, on the other hand, who can dispute with you on the beauty of your habitation? The most beautiful wainscots of the palace, are they worth the enamel of these fields? Their tapestries and their pictures, do they delight the eye like this stream which wanders through the plain, those verdant hedges which intersect it, those trees laden with rosy fruit which decorate it, those smiling hills which crown its enclosure; finally, in the distance that superb forest, whose trees appear to mount towards the clouds to be united with the heavens? Behold the magnificent spectacle continually spread before your eyes, and of which a sky sometimes pure, sometimes changed with clouds, varies at each instant the perspective, in order to continually renew its beauty in your eyes.

Matthew.—The landscape is without doubt beautiful; but remember that having seen it very often, I have accustomed myself to it. I must acknowledge that it no longer strikes me.

Rancey.—That is what I expected, my friend. If the habit of seeing the majestic beauties of nature enfeebles in this manner their impression upon you, can you not also conceive that this beautiful furniture, these rich habits, these gilded coaches, all this brilliant assemblage with which riches surround the inhabitants of the city, soon satiate their regards? Do you not see that it is necessary for them every day to attempt a thousand new things to find one with which they will be satisfied? and still what do they gain by it? What flatters their desires to-day will cease to please to-morrow, because they will be accustomed to it. But a thing to which their mind is not accustomed so easily, is that ennui which overwhelms them in the midst of their enjoyments, the continual need of seeking other pleasures to replace those that have deceived their hope, the labour and vexation which these cares cost them, the intrigues, the meanness, and sometimes even the iniquities, with which it is necessary to pay for the means of procuring some delights mingled with remorse; in a word, the continual fear of

losing these miserable luxuries which they have had the foolishness to regard as the only means of happiness. Would you wish to purchase yours at this price?

Matthew.—Ah! sir, you make me groan.

Rancey.—Remember then, my friend, to be contented with the situation in which Providence has placed you. Doubtless it has its troubles, but what condition in life is exempt from them? Drive from your heart those unworthy sentiments of jealousy, which, after being exercised against the rich of the city, would soon turn against your neighbour, would make his least prosperities a torment to you, and continually poison the little happiness which is granted us upon the earth, and which we have so little time to enjoy. An innocent and peaceable life, the ease and health which accompany labour, the sweet testimony of an unsullied conscience, these are the three true riches of life, and those that an honest farmer can enjoy more easily than any other. Do you complain now of your condition!

Matthew.—Ah! sir, how happy am I to have met you, although this interview costs me dear! When will it please you to receive my cow?

Rancey.—No, my friend, I thank you. I am more happy to have heard you avow that I have convinced you, than to see my herd

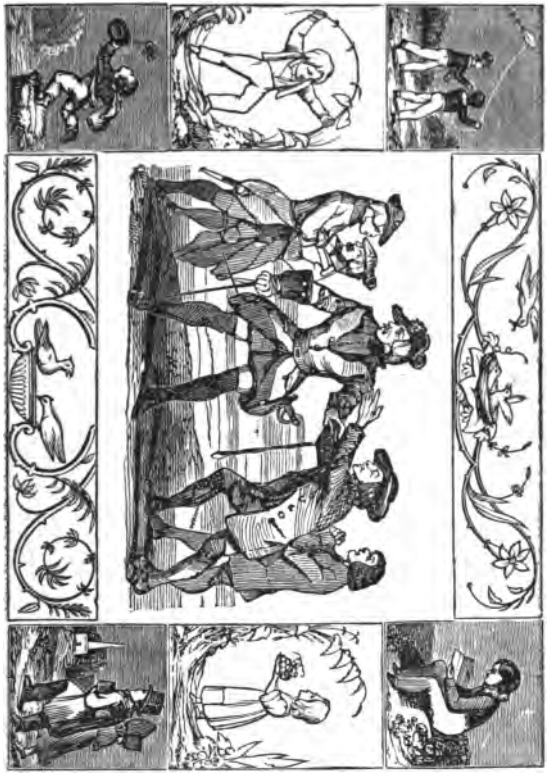
increased. Let it remain in yours, to recall to your mind, every time you shall see it, the satisfaction which I now see you enjoy.

PRIDE PUNISHED.

ROGER, son of an honest labourer, had early shown a decided taste for the trade of arms. He was continually cutting about with his sickle as if it had been a sword; and had made friends of all the hunters in the district by the delight he took in handling their muskets.

At the age of eighteen, he enrolled himself in a band of recruits that were raising in his neighbourhood. As his father had caused him to be instructed from his infancy, and he could write and cipher very well, he rendered himself so useful to his superiors, that in the second year of his service he was made corporal and then sergeant.

War was soon declared, and he obtained a lieutenancy shortly after the opening of the campaign. He behaved himself well upon every occasion. He was always chosen to conduct the most daring enterprises, and by his intelligence and courage he invariably succeeded. It was remarked, to his praise, that



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no soldier had ever grown weary of his commands.

The general, who had observed him in many encounters, gave him a company, in order to excite the emulation of the soldiers by the example of his fortune. A splendid action which he performed in a battle where all the old captains were defeated, raised him suddenly to the rank of major.

His name had often been honourably mentioned in the public papers; and every time the curate of the village saw it, he hastened to find his brothers, that he might make them acquainted with it. One may easily imagine how proud they were of being so nearly related to him. They never spoke of him but with tears of joy. Their tenderness appeared to associate them with his glory; and they thought but of the happy moment when they could press in their arms a brother who did so much honour to the family.

However, mingled with all these good qualities, Roger had an odious vice; he was insupportably proud. There was not a person in the world, who, to believe him, was as prudent and as brave as himself: he spoke of his own actions, as a flatterer would have spoken of those of a prince in his presence. He attributed to himself more glory than was his due; and did not appear to remark the other

officers when they had comported themselves as well as himself.

At the end of the war, his regiment was ordered to march to a garrison city. It was necessary to pass within a short distance of his native village. Hardly had his brothers learnt this news, when they ran out to meet him, accompanied by all their friends. They joined him at the moment when he was commanding his soldiers to perform some evolutions.

"O my dear Roger," exclaimed the eldest, "if our father still lived, what joy would this occasion him! Ah! how have I sighed for this day! God be praised that I have been permitted to see you again!" In saying these words, he tenderly opened his arms to throw himself on his bosom and embrace him.

The major, enraged that a man who wore no plume in his hat, dared call him brother, disdainfully repulsed his caresses. "You must be very insolent," said he, "to take these liberties." "What!" cried the youngest, "do you not recognise me any more? Look at me, I am Matthew. You used to love me so much! it was you who taught me to till the ground, when I was yet a child."

The major foamed with anger and rage. He threatened to have them arrested as im-

postors, if they did not immediately retire from his presence.

The two tender brothers, who had promised themselves so much joy from this interview, returned home overwhelmed with sorrow. They lamented that Roger should no longer wish to recognise them, them who found so much pleasure in loving him.

The soldiers who were witnesses of this scandalous scene, dared not permit their murmurs to escape; but they whispered to each other: "One must have a bad heart to be ashamed of these honest relations. Is our major ashamed of having been what we are? He should rather be rejoiced to have risen by dint of merit, than to have been born of a great house."

Roger had not elevation of soul enough to think with so much nobleness. Instead of calling to mind that he had formerly been a common soldier, he endeavoured, by treating them with disdain, to make them forget it themselves.

He treated them with the greatest scorn; but this made him only appear in their eyes the more detestable. His elevation, which had formerly given them so much pride, now only served to humiliate them. They obeyed his orders with repugnance; and every one desired to be removed from his regiment.

One day whilst his troops were reviewing before the inspector general, this latter having made some observations on their manœuvring, Roger had the audacity to answer him in the most insolent terms. His haughtiness had already displeased more than once the general officers. This new attack against military subordination was pursued with the greatest severity. The offensive manner in which he conducted himself before the council of war completed his ruin. He was compelled to resign his office, and shamefully sent out of the corps, without any retreat.

In the affliction which was caused by his disgrace, reduced to the choice of perishing by misery, or of subsisting by the labour of his hands, he found himself compelled to return to his native village.

It was then that the countrymen returned his disdain ten-fold. As he sought the friendship of no one, believing it little suited a man of his importance to associate with labourers and farmers, no one sought his friendship; and he found himself deprived of the greatest wealth of life, the only one which was capable of softening the pangs of his disgrace.

There now remained to him no other resource but his brothers, whom he had so grossly offended. You will fear, perhaps, that they would despise him in their turn. He do-

served, no doubt, to be thus abandoned. Happily for him, his brothers had in their souls that true elevation which was wanting in his. They wished to take no other revenge than that of returning good for evil. Roger had for a long time received the portion which belonged to him from the paternal heritage. His brothers had the generosity to grant him each a small portion of their lands. He was reduced to cultivate it by the sweat of his brow, in order to obtain his subsistence. Every day, while occupying himself with those labours which he had so much despised, he thought of the high fortune which awaited him had he preserved his modest deportment. How much did he suffer to see himself a burden to those whom he would have been able to enrich! "Cursed pride," exclaimed he, "into what a condition hast thou cast me!"

This sentiment filled his life with bitterness; and he soon died devoured by chagrin, a warning to those whom this blind passion might perhaps lead astray.

THE DEATH BED.

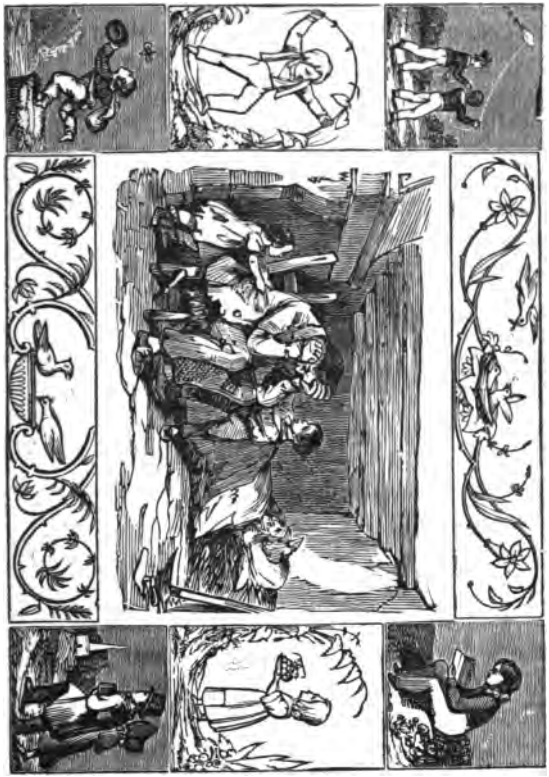
ESCHAMPS, a poor village mason, had now lost his wife for several months. The expenses of a long illness, and the interruption of his labours during the rainy season of the winter, had reduced him to the greatest misery. He saw around him his children half naked and without bread; and his mother Susan, lying in a straw bed in a corner of the room, was in the agonies and convulsions of death.

Overwhelmed with sorrow, he had just seated himself upon an old chair, covering his face with his hands in order to hide his tears.

His mother called him, and said: "My son, have you nothing to put over me, I am getting very cold?

Deschamps.—Stop, mother, I will cover you with my clothes.

Susan.—No, my son, you must not. A little straw will do. But have you yet no wood to warm these little children? You cannot now go into the forest, because of the atten



tions you give me. My life is very long, since I drag it out only to be a burden to you!

Deschamps.—My mother, do not say so, I pray you. Would that I could, with my blood, give you all that is necessary! You suffer from hunger and cold, and I am not able to succour you.

Susan.—Let not that give you sorrow, my son: my pains, thanks to heaven, are not severe. They will soon end; and my blessing will be the recompense for all that you have done for me.

Deschamps.—O my mother! you knew well in my infancy how to find necessaries for me; and I, in your old age, I must see you share my misery! that cuts me to the heart.

Susan.—I know that it is not your fault; and then, Deschamps, when one feels death approaching, he has but few wants on earth. Our father who is in heaven will provide for them. I thank you, my son; your love strengthens me in my last hour.

Deschamps.—What! my mother, have you no hope of recovering?

Susan.—No, I feel that I shall not live long.

Deschamps.—Oh! what do you say!

Susan.—Do not afflict yourself; I am going to a better world.

Deschamps, (*sighing.*)—Alas!

Susan.—Do not afflict yourself, I say, my

son. You were the joy of my former years, and now you are the consolation of my last hours. Soon, thanks be to God, soon will your hands close my eyelid. Then will I ascend to my Creator; I will tell him all that you have done for me; and he will for ever remember you for it. Think often of me, my dear son, I will think of you from above.

Deschamps.—Oh! always, always.

Susan.—There is only one thing that torments me.

Deschamps.—What is it, mother?

Susan.—I will tell you, Deschamps, I must tell you. I carry it as a weight upon my heart.

Deschamps.—Comfort yourself, mother; go on.

Susan.—Yesterday I saw Alexis conceal himself behind our bed, and draw from his pockets some apples which he began to eat. He gave some to his brothers and sisters, who also ate them by stealth. Deschamps, these apples were not ours; otherwise, Alexis would have thrown them upon the table, and called aloud for the others to share them. He would also have brought one to me. I yet remember how he used to throw himself in my arms, when any one had given him something, and say so tenderly: "Here, take some, grandmother." O my son! If this child should

become a thief! This thought has afflicted me since yesterday. Where is he? Bring him here, I must speak to him.

Deschamps.—Unfortunate that I am! (*He runs to find Alexis, and carries him to Susan's bedside. Susan raises herself with much difficulty, turns towards the child, takes his hands in hers, presses them to her heart, and supports her feeble and declining head upon her grandson's shoulder.*)

Alexis.—What do you want, grandmother? You did not call me here that you might die?

Susan.—My dear Alexis, I shall certainly die in a short time.

Alexis.—No, not yet, grandmother, do not die till I grow up. (*Susan falls back upon the bed. Deschamps and Alexis regard each other, melt into tears and take each a hand of Susan.*)

Susan, recovering a little.—I feel better now that I am lying down.

Alexis.—You will not die then?

Susan.—Console yourself, my little friend, I have no fear of death. I shall only go to a tender father, who expects me in heaven. Near him, I shall be better than in this world. Soon, soon, Alexis, shall I go to him.

Alexis.—Then take me with you, grandmother, that I may go there too.

Susan.—No, my dear Alexis, you shall not go with me. If it is God's will, you may yet

live a long time: you will become a respectable man, and when your father shall be trembling with old age, you will become his consolation and support. Is it not so, Alexis? Will you always obey him? Will you always endeavour to do what will please him? See, he does all for me that lies in his power. Will you promise to do so for him?

Alexis.—Yes, surely, grandmother, I will do it.

Susan.—Take care. The God of heaven and earth, to whom I shall soon go, sees all that we do. Do not you think so?

Alexis.—Yes, I believe it; you have told me so before.

Susan.—How then did you think to conceal yourself from him yesterday, when you came behind my bed to eat the apples you had stolen?

Alexis.—I will do it no more, I will do it no more all my life. Pardon me, grandmother; pardon me, God!

Susan.—Is it then true that you stole those apples?

Alexis, (*sighing.*)—Y-y-yes.

Susan.—And from whom did you take them?

Alexis.—F-f-from neighbour Le-le-leonard.

Susan.—You must go to him, Alexis, and ask his pardon.

Alexis.—Oh! grandmother, I pray you not to make me go. I shall never dare do it.

Susan.—You must, my child, that this may not happen to you another time. In the name of heaven, my dear child, never take any thing again, even should you be inclined by want to do so. God abandons none of those whom he has created. Confide in him, offer to him your troubles, and he will console you.

Alexis.—Oh! surely, surely, grandmother, I will never steal again, I promise you. I should rather die of hunger than steal.

Susan.—May the Lord hear and bless you! I hope that he in his bounty will preserve you always from doing evil. (*She presses him to her heart, and drops some tears over him.*) It is necessary, my son, that you go immediately to Leonard, and ask his pardon. You will tell him that I also ask pardon for you. Deschamps, go with Alexis. Tell Leonard how sorry I am that I cannot restore what has been taken, that I will pray to God for him and his family, in order that all may prosper with them. Alas! their circumstances are not much better than ours; and if poor Genevieve did not spend her days and nights in working, they would not be able to get along with such a great number of children. My son, you will give him one or two days'

labour as a compensation for what has been taken.

Deschamps.—With all my heart, mother: be easy about that.

As he said these words, he heard a knock at the door. It was the intendant of Mr. Rosay, their neighbour. Deschamps went to speak to him, and soon returned with a joyous air to his mother.

"What is the matter?" demanded she.

Deschamps.—Ah! mother, what pleasure have I to inform you; I rejoice for your sake much more than for my own. Nothing could happen more opportune in this dead season.

Susan.—Do you speak the truth, my son, or do you wish to comfort me?

Deschamps.—No, mother, I assure you I tell nothing but the truth. The good Mr. Rosay, who has not been here these three years, has just arrived. He has become acquainted with the misery which reigns in the country, and wishes to employ us in order that we may gain a living. He is going to rebuild a wing of his chateau; and as I am a mason, I am to be engaged at two shillings per day.

Susan, with joy.—Is it possible?

Deschamps.—Yes, and there will be work for more than six months. I will commence on Monday.

Susan.—Well! I shall die content, since I

see you able to provide bread for your children. Death has no longer any thing painful for me. How great is thy goodness, O God! continue to look with compassion on all my children. Do you now believe, my son, what I have taught you from your youth, that the more misfortune comes to us on the one side, the more the mercy of heaven approaches on the other?

Deschamps.—Yes, mother, I shall always believe it. But you are better. Let me quit you for a moment. I will seek some straw to cover you.

Susan.—No, I feel myself a little warmer. Hasten rather to Leonard with Alexis. This is what will most conduce to my repose. Go, my son, I ask it as a favour.

Deschamps took Alexis by the hand, and drawing him towards the door, he made a sign to Marian to come and speak to him.

"Take good care of your grandmother," said he; "if she becomes worse, send Anna for me; I will be at the carpenter's house."

Leonard was at his work. Genevieve, his wife, was then all alone at the house. She perceived at the first glance, that the father and child had tears in their eyes.

"What is the matter with you, neighbour?" said she to Deschamps; "why do you weep? why do you weep, Alexis?"

Deschamps. — Ah! Genevieve, I am very unfortunate; this child, who was dying of hunger, took yesterday some of your apples, which were in the barn. My mother perceived it—Genevieve, she is on her death bed, and she desires you to pardon us. I cannot today restore you the value of them; but I will give it you out of my first wages.

Genevieve.—It is a trifle, neighbour, do not speak of it more. And you, my little friend, promise me that you will never again take that which belongs to another. (*She embraces him.*) You are born of such good people!

Alexis. — Oh! I promise you it. Pardon me, Genevieve, I will never take any thing more.

Genevieve.—Yes, my child, may that never happen again; you are not yet able to know how great a crime it is. When you are hungry, come to me, and as long as I have a morsel, I will share it with you.

Deschamps.—Thank God, neighbour, I hope that he will hereafter never want for bread. I shall have work for some months to come at the chateau.

Genevieve.—I have just heard it from some of Mr. Rosay's people, and I am very glad of it.

Deschamps.—I am not so much rejoiced for my sake, as for that of my mother. She will

have at least this consolation before dying. Tell Leonard that I will work hard to repay him for what has been taken.

Genevieve.—You need not trouble yourself about it. My husband, I am sure, will not be sorry for it; he is to be employed for the carpentry of the building. But since poor Susan is so ill, I must go and help her.

She ran to place in a basket some dried apples and pears; she also filled Alexis' pocket with them, took him by the hand, and went out in silence with Deschamps.

She soon arrived by the bed-side of Susan. Genevieve stretched out her arms to her, turning aside her countenance to conceal her tears. Susan perceived them, and said:

"You weep, Genevieve?"

Genevieve.—Yes, I am afflicted to see you suffer.

Susan.—Ah! it is for us to weep. Pardon us, I pray you; it is the first time that such a thing has happened in our house.

Genevieve.—What do you wish? This fault is, perhaps, excusable in a child.

Susan.—But should he become habituated to it, when he is older?

Genevieve.—No, I will answer for it, he will be an honest boy. My good Susan, you well merit to receive this recompense from heaven for your uprightness, and for the care you take

to raise your family honestly. Do you want any thing? do not fear to speak out; all we possess is at your service.

Alexis.—Oh! yes, grandmother! see what she has given me; here, eat some of them.

Susan.—No, my son, I cannot; my strength is becoming enfeebled, and my sight fails. Approach, my son; the moment is come to take our last farewell.

Deschamps, seized at these words with a sudden trembling throughout his whole body, uncovers his head, falls on his knees before his mother's bed, seizes her hands, raises his eyes to heaven, and is not able to pronounce a single word, so much is he stifled by his tears and sighs.

"Take courage, my son," said Susan to him, "I will wait for you in a more happy life. We shall there meet, never to part more."

Deschamps, having a little recovered, cast down his eyes and said: "Bless me then, mother, I desire nothing but to follow you, when my children shall no longer have need for my services."

Susan opened her dying eyes and pronounced these words:

"Hear my prayer, Heavenly Father, and shower down thy mercy upon my dear child, the only one thou hast left me, and whom I

tenderly love. Deschamps, may the Lord be always with you, and may he confirm in heaven, the blessing I have given you, for having so well fulfilled your duties towards your parents.

"Listen to me, now, my son, and pay attention to what I tell you. Rear up your children honestly, and accustom them to a laborious life, so that though they be poor, they need not lose courage, and never permit themselves to be led astray. Teach them to put their whole confidence in God, and to dwell tenderly united, that they may find consolation and aid in the evils of life." (*She interrupts herself a moment to take breath, and then continues:*) "My son, bring me my Bible, and the note which is at the bottom of the chest in a leathern purse. That is right. (*She takes them and presses them in her hands.*) Behold all that I possess the most precious on earth—Now bring your children here."

Deschamps went and brought them from the table, around which they were seated weeping. He placed them on their knees round their grandmother's bed. Susan raised herself a little to look at them, and said:

"My dear children, it is very painful for me to leave you thus poor and without a mother. Remember me, my beloved. I can leave you nothing but this book; but it has

been my consolation, and it will be yours. When you shall be able to read, read a few lines in it every evening before your father. It will teach you to be patient, honest and religious.

"Deschamps, this note is a certificate of good character, which I brought to your father on marrying him. You will make it pass by turns to each of your daughters, till they are married."

"For you, my son, I have nothing to give you in remembrance; but you do not want anything. You will never forget me, I am sure."

"Genevieve, dare I still ask another favour, after having pardoned Alexis? When I shall be no more, give some care to these poor children—They are so destitute—I recommend to you above all, my poor little Louisa—She is the last—Where is she?—My eyes are closing—I cannot see her. (*She raises languidly her arms.*) Conduct my hand—Let me touch her—O my children!"—(*She dies.*)

After a moment of silence, Deschamps, believing her asleep, said to the children: "Rise, and make no noise: she sleeps. If she could only recover!" But Genevieve saw well that she was dead, and informed him of it. What was then his sorrow, and that of all his family!

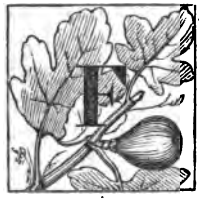
how they wept! how they clasped their hands, striking one against the other!

Genevieve consoled them as well as she was able, and repeated to Deschamps the last desire of Susan, which his deep sorrow had prevented him from hearing.

She began from this very day to fulfil it. The little orphans, brought up among her children, profited by the same instructions, and became soon, like them, the example of the village. Alexis, above all, continually influenced by the remembrance of his first fault, was distinguished throughout his whole life, for the most rigid probity.

THE

LAW-SUIT BETWEEN BROTHERS.



FARMER BASIL, on dying, left two sons, one named Stephen, and the other Nicholas. His death put them in possession of an estate, sufficient to procure them an honest livelihood. So few things were necessary for their happiness! Ah! why not live in that good understanding which nature dictates should reign between brothers, since she has formed them of the same blood!

Among the property which was to be divided, there happened to be a very fine garden. Their father had been all his life planting it with choice trees. As it produced every year a quantity of fruit, the sale of which was promoted by its well-known excellence, each of them wished to have it in his lot, and neither would yield it to the other.

This reciprocal obstinacy sowed in their hearts the first seeds of hate. They no longer spoke favourably of each other. "You are a rascal," said Stephen to Nicholas, "and do not deserve to possess such a fine piece of

land." Nicholas, beside himself with indignation, replied: "What do you mean to say, villain that you are? Have you not always caused your father great sorrow by your bad conduct? What would become of these trees in your lazy hands? They would bear nothing but leaves, at least every three years."

The curate of the village was made acquainted with their quarrel. He hastened to meet them, and said: "What are you doing, my friends? Why do you cease to live together in harmony? Should this garden, instead of uniting you, separate you? Why can you not keep it between you and divide the fruits?"

"That is not what I like," replied Stephen; "I wish to have it to myself." "I wish to have it to myself," repeated Nicholas.

"Well!" replied the curate, "let the most reasonable of you yield to the other, and be recompensed for it in the division of the other property."

"Very well," cried they both at the same time, "let my brother abandon it to me." "I have more right to it," said the eldest. "Why?" replied the younger. "Oh! you will yield it to me, I have set my mind upon it." "You had better get it out of your mind then. I would rather give up the air that I breathe."

"Since you are so obstinate," said the curate, "and you cannot agree together, will you allow me to decide between you?"

"I will not run the risk," said Stephen.

"Nor I," said Nicholas.

Finally the curate proposed to them to sell the garden, and divide the price; but this proposition was likewise rejected by both parties.

"I see," said their worthy pastor, "that nothing can conquer your obstinacy. You will soon feel how great evils hate causes those hearts to experience which nature has formed to cherish each other."

The two brothers gave themselves no trouble about this prophecy. Each went to choose that lawyer whom he believed most fertile in expedients to give a good turn to his pretensions. Thus, there was established a law-suit, the judgment of which appeared easy, but which lasted two whole years, owing to the chicanery of the pleaders. If one made a valuation of the garden, the other did not fail to contradict him. There were each month a new sitting of the judges, and new valuations of umpires. The cultivation, as one may well believe, was much neglected in this interval: it was enough that one wished to plant an apple-tree, for the other to desire hazelnuts. The discord which reigned in their hearts, made them thus contrary. The fine trees

hardly produced half their usual quantity of fruit; and even this little, instead of filling their purses, only went to load those of the lawyers.

Each of them had a handsome wife and several children, who would have been able to render them happy, if their minds had been in a state of tranquillity.

Their wives sometimes embraced them, saying: "My dear husband, why are you so sorry? We have all that our hearts could desire. Let us see. You have good health. I also am well. Our little family behaves admirably. For our lands, they are good; and you know that it rests only with yourself to be rich in a short time. Why then will you not be happy?" Each murmured these words between his teeth: "How can I be happy whilst I have such an unworthy brother? He will cause my death by his wickedness."

When, on their return from work, they saw their children run to them to throw themselves in their arms, they cried out from a distance: "What do you want? Let me alone. I cannot rejoice, I am too angry." And if the poor children endeavoured to comfort them by their innocent caresses, they harshly repulsed them, sometimes even with blows.

At table, nothing could flatter their taste, because their hearts were full of rancour; and

during the night, they could not sleep, because their minds were continually occupied about the means they might use to injure one another.

You perhaps believe that I have now told you the whole evil. Oh! no. They strove to invent the most shocking stories about each other. Was Nicholas in company with other farmers, he sought to persuade them that Stephen was a wicked person, who strove only to ruin him. And as Stephen, on his part, did not fail to render the same account of Nicholas, they ended by believing both. Every one avoided their company; and there was not one of their neighbours who would not have been willing to send them to the other side of the world to get rid of them.

After two whole years of troubles and quarrels, the judge finally decided that the garden should be sold, and that the money should remain in his hands to defray the expenses of the trial.

I leave you to conceive what was the con fusion of the brothers on hearing this sentence. They regarded each other open-mouthed, without being able to utter a single word, so great was their astonishment.

"Ah!" at last, said Nicholas, "we have well deserved it. It only depended on us to

avoid this misfortune. We might still have had our garden and our money. Instead of all the sorrow we have caused to each other, we might have secured our own happiness, as well as that of our children and of our wives; and the esteem of our friends and neighbours would still have remained with us."

"Sir," said Stephen, "all that we have lost by our folly. Ah! if we were to begin again!"

"Let us henceforth be more wise," replied Nicholas. "Come, my brother, here is my hand, I wish to hate you no longer."

"Nor I," replied Stephen, throwing himself into his arms. They embraced, shed tears, and all animosity departed from their hearts.

It was not long before they found how much better it was to live in concord. But they had for a long time to feel the penalty of their first errors. They saw their garden fructify in the hands of strangers, whilst their own lands could hardly be recovered from the consequences of their neglect. Raillery followed them always with a light foot through the village; but confidence and friendship returned very slowly. The avidity of the lawyers had exhausted their purses. Fatigues and sorrows had undermined their health. They no longer found in their children the gaiety

natural to their age. And their poor wives! though they made many endeavours, they could scarcely love their husbands with the same tenderness as formerly.

THE

LAW-SUIT BETWEEN FRIENDS.

TWO countrymen, one named Bertrand, the other Marcel, had lived for many years in the most intimate friendship. Did one want a cask, seed, tools, or even money, the other took pleasure in lending him all that he wanted. Was Marcel at any time hurried in his labour? the arms of Bertrand were always at his service. If there were any messages to be sent to the city, Bertrand could always reckon upon the feet of Marcel. Never did either receive any thing good, but he invited the other to share it with him. They always walked together in the village processions. In a word, their bond of union was cited as a model throughout all the surrounding neighbourhood.

One evening as they were returning together from market, fatigue and hunger obliged them to stop at a small inn which was upon their road. I have never found out for what end; but Bertrand, a little heated by the fumes of wine, began to crack some jokes at Marcel's

expense, to the great diversion of the bystanders. Indignant to see himself thus treated by his friend, Marcel quitted him full of anger and continued his journey alone.

The calmness of night caused Bertrand to feel the extent of his culpability. He could not enjoy a single moment of rest; and, before sunrise, he proceeded to the house of Marcel, asked his pardon, and promised for the future to be more careful in his remarks. But Marcel was still so angry that he would not receive these excuses; and he compelled him to leave the house, after having loaded him with outrages.

This enmity would not perhaps have lasted long, if some evil-minded persons had not continued to irritate Marcel by false reports. From this time, all hope of reconciliation was lost for Bertrand. Marcel conceived so great a hatred for him, that he now wished him as much evil as he had formerly been willing to do him good. He was sometimes so overcharged with labour that he knew not how to get through with it. It would have only cost him a word, and I am sure that Bertrand would have run with more eagerness than ever to assist him. But he could not resolve to conquer his obstinate hate, and he liked better to see his plantations suffer, even when he had greatly fatigued himself. His best repasts had

no more enjoyment for him, because his neighbour was not there to enliven them. There sometimes happened to him incidents which should have given him satisfaction; but he no longer felt that joy which he experienced when he was on good terms with his friend. He was alone to weary himself during the long winter evenings, which had formerly passed so rapidly in conversations full of confidence and cordiality. His heart used to beat with pleasure whenever the voice of Bertrand struck upon his ear; but now whenever he heard it, he hastened to shut the window in order that he might not see him.

As he had conceived a violent hatred against Bertrand, he imagined that Bertrand was animated with a like hatred for him; and when any disaster happened to his vineyards, his orchard, or garden, he immediately thought that it was Bertrand who had caused it, and became the more angry against him whom he had so much loved.

It happened one night that some one broke in one of the windows of his house. He was then in his first sleep, and was not awakened by the noise. But the next day on rising, as soon as he perceived the disaster, all his suspicions fell upon his ancient friend. He walked like a madman in his chamber, uttering against him the most horrible imprecations,

and menacing him with his fierce vengeance. In this moment, Bertrand, by chance, happened to pass by. Marcel, transported with rage, ran to him, seized him by the collar, and handled him in the most violent manner, exclaiming: "Ah! rascal, it is you who have broken in my window: you shall pay dear for it!"

Bertrand, whom this treatment and these reproaches had deprived of self-possession, answered him angrily, which inflamed still more Marcel's fury against him, and he loaded him with insults and blows.

This quarrel had drawn to the spot the greater part of the inhabitants of the village. All were indignant at the violence of Marcel. Some hastened to inform the judge, who immediately sent some officers to arrest him.

From his prison, Marcel brought a suit against Bertrand, to have him condemned as an assassin. He said in his accusation that Bertrand had broken in his window in order to slay him in his bed; and that he had without doubt only been turned from this design by hearing some noise in the neighbourhood. The affair began to be serious, and they were about to arrest Bertrand, when happily they discovered that it was not he, but an intoxicated person, who had broken in Marcel's window. Some persons in a neighbouring cot-

tage, who were passing through the village during the night, to carry fruit to the next town, had been witnesses of this action of the intoxicated person, and had even taken him home and placed him in the hands of his wife, to whom happily they had related the damage her husband, in his intoxication, had done to Marcel. This latter on hearing this discovery was in despair. In the first moments he would have given every thing for Bertrand to have been culpable. But finally, restored to himself after the most violent agitation, "Ah!" cried he, "whither has my miserable anger conducted me! My dear Bertrand, my ancient friend, it is I who have beaten thee, it is I who have pursued thee as an assassin, it is I who wished to make thee perish by an infamous death!"

Consumed with regrets and torn by remorse, he sent one of the gaoler's children to Bertrand, to desire him to come and see him; and as soon as Bertrand had entered the prison, he threw himself at his feet, and asked pardon in the most touching manner.

Bertrand, seeing him so penitent, freely pardoned him. He even wished to have the prison doors opened to him; but the judge, who was more severe, did not yield to this generosity. Marcel was obliged to remain some days in prison, to serve as an example of the

just punishment which the law inflicts on those who permit themselves to be led astray by the blind impulse of their passions.

LAW-SUIT BETWEEN NEIGHBOURS.

FARMER SIMON, TOINETTE HIS WIFE.

Simon, entering.

OW, my head will never repose tranquilly upon my pillow, until I be revenged of this rascal.

Toinette.—What is the matter with you, my husband? I have never before seen you so angry.

Simon.—That surprises you, because you are only a woman. I am a man, and ought to have the vigour of one.

Toinette.—But what is the matter? Has any one done you an injury?

Simon.—Let me alone. It is before a court of justice that I must relate my adventure. Even should it cost me a hundred ducats, I will be revenged.

Toinette.—I do not know what you mean. For mercy's sake, explain yourself.

Simon.—The rascal! To steal my fruit in broad day-light.

Toinette.—Before accusing him, you should be very certain of the fact.

Simon.—As if I had not seen his wife carrying away an apron-full of them!

Toinette.—Will you never tell me of what you complain?

Simon.—Do good to persons, and see how they treat you.

Toinette, (*with surprise.*)—What! this should be—

Simon.—Yes, those two wretches, to whom we have rendered so many services.

Toinette.—Poor neighbour Thomas? poor Genevieve?

Simon.—It becomes you well to pity them!

Toinette.—I suppose you have surprised them stealing our fruit?

Simon.—I did not say that; I speak of the fruit of those trees down there in the hedge which separates us. The wind has caused some of my apples to fall in their garden, and they have had the meanness to appropriate them to themselves.

Toinette.—What! is that all?

Simon.—How! What more do you wish?

Toinette.—Ah! my friend, we are rich, and they are poor!

Simon.—You should know that because one is rich, one must not allow his property to be taken.

Toinette.—Would you for such a trifle cause sorrow to such honest persons?

Simon.—Very fine honesty to steal my fruit!

Toinette.—They have not thought of committing a theft; they have thought it no crime to collect the fruit that has fallen in their garden.

Simon.—Do not those trees belong to me?

Toinette.—Certainly.

Simon.—Is there any one on the land who can lay claim to what they produce?

Toinette.—Certainly not.

Simon.—Well then! what do you mean to tell me?

Toinette, (*caressing him.*)—If you would only hear me a moment without getting angry.

Simon, (*harshly.*)—No, no, I will not listen to your babbling; it is for the judges to hear my reasons. They will soon have their ear full of this affair. It is necessary, in less than an hour, that a good lawyer—

Toinette.—Do you think of that, Simon?

Simon.—Do I think of it? I have nothing else in my mind.

Toinette.—I only demand one favour of you. Do nothing to-day, to-morrow you will see much better what you should do.

Simon.—I see it all now. There is a sitting of the court to-day. Some lawyer will doubtless pass by; the first who presents himself, I

will engage. (*He goes and looks out of doors.*) Good! here is one coming. You shall now see if I will draw back.

Toinette.—Ah! my friend, take care, I pray you. Before engaging yourself in a law-suit, consult at least some worthy man.

Simon.—Do you believe that I can only be defended by a rogue? I thank you. (*He returns to the door, goes out, and returns a moment after with a lawyer.*)

Simon.—Give yourself the trouble to enter a moment, Mr. Dupuis, I wish particularly to consult you.

Dupuis.—Is it then a very urgent affair, Mr. Simon?

Simon.—There is so little time to lose, that it is necessary to prefer immediately my complaint. This is why I waited at the door for a man of the law. I am charmed that chance has brought you here first.

Dupuis.—I thank you for your good opinion

Simon.—You must excuse me for not going as usual to see you at your house.

Dupuis.—It is of no consequence, if I can be useful to you. Let us see, what is the matter?

Simon.—Toinette, go and bring us a bottle of good wine out of the cellar. At the right hand, mind you.

Dupuis.—No, no, that is not necessary. Do not stir, Toinette.

Simon, (*to Toinette.*)—Do what I tell you. (*To Mr. Dupuis.*) It is some wine which will give you a heat for my suit. Would you desire to eat a little?

Dupuis.—I render you a thousand thanks. I am no more hungry than thirsty.

Simon.—What! will you refuse an excellent slice of ham?

Dupuis.—Yes, it is my custom. Tell me only in what I can serve you.

Simon.—It is for a little law-suit that I wish to commence.

Dupuis.—A law-suit? You, master Simon? That astonishes me much. You have the reputation of being so peaceful a man!

Simon.—So I am, sir. But one must not for that come and eat the clothes off my back.

Dupuis.—No, that would not be right.

Simon.—I am glad to see you understand things! You will never repent of having taken up my interests. (*He wishes to place some money in his hand.*)

Dupuis, (*with a serious air.*)—What are you doing, if you please? Take back your money immediately, or I am not your man. If you have the suit decided in your favour, you will pay me for my labour when it is finished; if

it is decided against you, you will pay me nothing, for I then never charge anything.

Simon.—My cause is the most just in the world. There has fallen to me as an inheritance, this little piece of land which my uncle purchased for twelve thousand francs. It is not the worst in the country.

Dupuis.—Yes, I know it.

Simon.—I have in my garden some dozen of fruit trees, some of which are in the middle of the hedge. The hedge is mine, since I have to keep it in repair by the terms of the contract. Therefore, I have a right to say that all that is within the hedge belongs to me.

Dupuis.—Ah! I understand. Your neighbours dispute the ownership of these trees?

Simon.—No, sir, they know better. They leave me the trees, and only wish the fruit.

Toinette.—You do not explain yourself clearly, my friend.

Simon.—Be silent, till you are spoken to. These are men's affairs. Women should not meddle with them.

Toinette.—But if you do not tell things as they are! (*To Mr. Dupuis.*) Our poor neighbours, sir, have done nothing but gather the apples which fell in their garden.

Simon.—Do you think I would not have said it without you?

Dupuis.—And this is all your subject of complaint?

Simon.—And it is enough, I think. Is it not a robbery committed on me? We shall see how Thomas will get out of this affair. I wish that he should be punished as a thief.

Dupuis.—Far from being what you say, master Simon, your neighbour must be a very honest man to content himself with the fruit that falls in his garden; for he has a right to regard all the branches that hang on his side as his property, consequently to shake them to get the fruit, and even to cut them if they are in his way.

Simon, (*approaching Mr. Dupuis.*)—You have not perhaps rightly understood me, sir. The hedge is mine, the trees are mine. Thus, in like manner, the fruit should also belong to me.

Dupuis.—As you say, the fruits which come from above your neighbour's soil are his.

Simon.—The foot of the tree is upon my ground, and I should profit by it.

Dupuis.—The branches are over his; they should not be an injury to him.

Simon.—Why do you wish him to have the fruits which my labour has caused the trees to bring forth?

Dupuis.—Why do you wish that the prox-

imity of your tree should prevent his from prospering?

Simon.—We shall see if the law—

Dupuis.—It is against you. It authorises your neighbour to gather all the fruit that grows above his ground, and you cannot prevent him from doing so by force, if he will not yield to your entreaties.

Simon, (pulling his hat over his eyes, and putting his hands to his side.)—To my entreaties! sir! to my entreaties! Oh! I see clearly that you do not know old Simon.

Dupuis.—In effect, I perceive that I have not known you till now. I regarded you as a man fond of peace and quiet; I now see that you are pushed forward by a spirit of wrangling and chicanery.

Simon.—How, sir, what do you say?

Dupuis.—What the force of truth and your interest itself oblige me to reveal to you. Are you not ashamed, master Simon? A man loaded with the gifts of heaven, as you are, to wish, in a fit of anger, to undertake an unjust law-suit against his own neighbours! Have you forgotten this maxim of the Scriptures; "For with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again?"

Simon, (mockingly.)—You speak to me, sir, as if I had chosen you director of my conscience.

Dupuis.—It is enough for me to be a man, to tell you that one is unmanly who undertakes a law-suit, when he has against him, law, religion, and humanity. I believe after this discourse that my presence is no longer necessary to you. Therefore I will retire.

Simon, (*without taking off his hat.*)—Adieu, sir.

Toinette, (*after a moment of silence.*)—Well! my friend, you have heard him?

Simon.—Be quiet, you are only a woman, and he also. Mr. Dru is a much better lawyer than this pitiful fellow. It is to him that I will address myself.

Toinette.—Ah! my friend, if you love me still, do not put yourself into the hands of that wicked man. Since you must have counsel, go rather to the curate. You know that he has heretofore given us such good advice!

Simon.—Yes, I should have but to follow yours to guide me. As if a curate understands a law-suit, as well as a sermon. It is not a sermon, but a suit that I require; and Mr. Dru is my man. I will go and find him immediately.

Toinette in vain endeavoured to retain him by the most tender caresses; her husband rudely repulsed her, and after having menaced her with his anger if she still continued to detain him, he went out.

The most sure means of meeting Mr. Dru was not to go and seek him in his office. Therefore, Simon, who was well acquainted with his haunts, began to track him from tavern to tavern. It was in those places that he generally held his sittings. He never left them, especially on those days when the markets drew thither a crowd of countrymen from the neighbouring counties. Mingled with them, he incited them to drink, and when in the fumes of wine there happened any little difference, he soon turned it into a serious quarrel, upon which there were complaints to carry to the courts of justice. Sometimes he excited contractors to draw back from their bargains, farmers to quarrel about their leases, brothers and sisters about their inheritance; sometimes he instigated wives to separate from their husbands, children to plead against their fathers, servants to complain of pretended vexations from their masters, and creditors to pursue without mercy their debtors. There was not a single family in which he had not endeavoured to create discord. And when all was in confusion and division, what part do you think he offered to sustain? The most just? Oh! no. The conducting of a good cause was too upright for him. He found it more to his account to take charge of the bad, because that, under pretext of better defend-

ing it, he could employ as much sophistry as he wished; particularly if he who employed him was rich and not over-scrupulous.

He had often been forbidden to practise, on account of his roguery; but that did not embarrass him at all, because when his functions were suspended, he had two or three practitioners of the same stamp, who lent him their names. His was of such bad odour in the court, that the judges had need of all their integrity not to be disposed to condemn him, even before having heard him. It was necessary to redouble one's attention and care in every affair in which he was employed, because in the most simple they always expected from him some hidden artifice.

It was into such hands as these that Simon was imprudently about to cast himself. One may well imagine that instead of endeavouring to deter him, like Mr. Dupuis, from undertaking so unjust a suit, Mr. Dru only persuaded him to hurry it on. When he had examined the titles of succession of his uncle, he made him understand that it was not merely the apples of which he should demand the restitution of Thomas, but that he had a right to the whole field, and that he had found in his papers wherewith to justify his pretensions, and cause them to succeed.

After having thus aroused the sentiment of

avarice in Simon's heart, by representing to him that his property would be doubled in value, could he join to it that of his poor neighbour, he set himself to work in consequence, by falsifying titles and changing dates, to have occasion to swell up the procedure to all the plumpness that chicanery could give it.

Poor Thomas, who continually remembered the first benefits of Simon, did not wish to plead against him. He offered to yield to all his demands. But this would not do for Mr. Dru; he adroitly piqued the self-love of his client, by saying that it was not right he should appear to receive as a gift that which justly belonged to him; that besides Thomas, whenever he pleased, could again bring up this transaction; that he would never be the tranquil possessor until he obtained the judgment of the court; and finally that he should not yield in this affair, that other neighbours might be struck with it, so that they would never dare to undertake anything against him.

It is thus, that, notwithstanding the offers of Thomas, notwithstanding the supplications of his wife, notwithstanding the representations of the curate and all his neighbours, he had the art to keep up in Simon these ideas of usurpation and violence till the day in which the affair should be tried. But how terrible

was this day for him! The indignation and horror of all those who assisted at the pleading, announced to him his sentence before it was pronounced. He lost his suit, and was condemned to pay the expenses.

Poor Toinette, who, during the whole night, had her ears torn by the blasphemies and imprecations of her husband, went the next day to consult her worthy pastor, to engage him to persuade her husband not to appeal from this judgment, as he talked of doing. After having meditated some time, the curate informed her of an expedient which came to his mind, and upon which he founded the greatest hopes. It was agreed that it should be tried on the day that Simon should be legally notified of his sentence.

This day came: the bailiff of the court, by chance, was an honest man. After having concerted measures the evening before with Toinette and the curate, he proceeded to Simon's house, where Toinette, being alone, let him in.

"Ah! Mr. Bailiff," said she, "give me your best aid, I pray you."

Bailiff.—Let me alone: I will act as we have agreed. Have you brought hither the little mendicants?

Toinette.—Oh! yes; I have concealed them in a barn with my children; I will bring them

in when it is necessary, that they may put in Simon's hands the letter of the curate.

Bailiff.—You may now call your husband.

Toinette, (*going to the garden gate.*)—Simon, Simon, here is a gentleman asking for you.

Simon, (*from the bottom of the garden.*)—I am coming.

Toinette.—Here he is. Oh! how my heart beats!

Bailiff.—Mr. Simon, here is a sentence of the court which I bring you, with an order for you to pay me immediately, one hundred and six livres.

Simon.—Why, I pray you?

Bailiff.—It is for the cost of the suit you have lost.

Simon.—What do you say? one hundred and six livres!

Bailiff.—Exactly. Will you give yourself the trouble to read? The bill is made out by the judges themselves.

Simon, (*after having run over the paper, casts it with fury on the table.*)—I hope a hundred and six pounds of lead may fall upon my heart, drop by drop, if I give you this money.

Bailiff.—Leave off, I pray you, these imprecations; you must know they can do you no good.

Toinette, (*with a sigh.*)—Oh, no! certainly.

Simon, (*roughly grasping her arm.*)—What

do you say? Go to your wheel, and do not use your tongue, but to wet your thread—one hundred and six livres!

Bailiff.—All that astonishes me is that you have got off so easily; it might have ruined you entirely. Remember farmer Denis; he was rich as you; a bad law-suit ruined him; and you have seen him die last winter in prison of misery and despair, leaving behind him a wife and three children without bread. You should not have undertaken this suit, master Simon.

Simon.—Yes, I should allow myself to be robbed with impunity! (*He strikes his forehead with his hand.*) But I will not keep quiet. I will appeal from this judgment; I will appeal from it to all the tribunals in the world, even should it cost my whole fortune.

Toinette, (*leaving the house weeping.*)—Just heaven, deign to pity us. (*Aside,*) I see it is time to strike the great blow.

Bailiff.—Listen, master Simon. I find it to my profit that there be many suits in court. But I would willingly give all that returns to me from this affair, that you should not have embarked in it. The judges who know you cannot understand how you could have so unjust a quarrel with your neighbour, and why you would not listen to his proposi-

tions of accommodation. The whole village thinks ill of you.

Simon.—Eh! What do I care about the village? Come, come, I must get my horse, that I may go to town and find a lawyer.

Bailiff.—Softly! There is no hurry. You can have all the time you please for this extravagance.

Simon, (with an imposing air.)—Mr. Bailiff, do you know that you are in my house?

Bailiff.—You will not be in it long, yourself, if you go on this way. You know that Denis did not die in his.

Simon.—Why do you always speak to me of this man?

Bailiff.—Because I still see him in prison, stretched out on straw. "Never," cried he, in dying, "never can I make my peace with God. I die in a prison, I die insolvent, I die leaving my wife and children without bread." You have also a wife and children, master Simon. Do you understand me?

(A moment of silence, during which Simon falls into a profound reverie. He comes to himself on hearing the voices of little Margaret and Lubin, his children, who enter with Denis's children covered with rags. Toinette follows them.)

Margaret.—Father, here are some little unfortunates that I bring you.

Lubin.—They bring you a letter from the curate.

(*The other children advance towards Simon, and present him with the letter. Simon turns away, saying:*)

My head aches very badly. I cannot now read this letter.

Bailiff.—It is open; I will read it for you. (*He takes the letter and reads:*)

My dear Simon,

You have always been a charitable man. I recommend to you strongly the three little unfortunates whom I send you. Their father died, as you know, from misery and sorrow, occasioned by an unjust law-suit he had undertaken. I have found means to take care of his widow. But the children are so small that no one wishes to receive them. Besides, the name of Denis is become so odious, that they are repulsed wherever they go. You will not repulse them; you whom I have found to be so charitable on every occasion. You will join your charity to mine in order to alleviate their misfortunes, and prevent them from loading the memory of their father with maledictions. Your pastor,

S. Amand.

Bailiff.—Well! master Simon, what answer shall I return to this letter?

Simon, (*concealing his head in his hands.*)—Send away these children; let them come another time!

Margaret.—But, father, in the mean-while, they will die of hunger.

Simon.—Send them away, I tell you.

Bailiff.—No, no, master Simon, let them remain. You have need of them. They will name to you the tribunals where you can carry your appeal.

Simon, (*with anger.*)—Mr. Bailiff!

Bailiff.—They will tell you, better than I, what is the death of a litigious man.

Simon.—Again, Mr. Bailiff!—

Bailiff.—They will tell you how they saw to-day the grave of their father.

Simon.—What dare you say in presence of my children? (*To Toinette.*) Toinette, take them away till I have answered these.

Toinette.—Eh! my friend, why separate yours from the others? You should permit ours to learn from them how to beg one day their bread.

Simon, (*rising suddenly.*)—Oh! what have I heard! It is too much, I cannot resist this last stroke; no, I will not plunge my children into misery. No, they shall never curse me. My eyes open upon my folly; I wish to ask pardon of my neighbour for all the evils I have caused him. I will do him so much good, that

he will be forced to forget my unworthy conduct.

Toinette, (*throwing herself in his arms.*)—Oh! my dear husband, I now recognise you again. You are he who always rendered me happy. I know not how I shall ever be able to recompense you for this, by my affection and care.

Bailiff.—Master Simon, you feel at this moment what one feels from being a good man.

Simon, (*extending his hand.*)—If all lawyers were as honest as you! (*Extending the other hand to Toinette.*) If all pleaders had a wife like mine! (*He embraces them both.*) Come, I will give you the hundred and six livres. Large as the sum is, never have I paid money so willingly.

CHICKENS AND EGGS.

MATHURIN owed the price of several days' labour to his neighbour, Lucas. Money being very scarce in the country, and still scarcer in his house. he could not pay it in specie However, as he did not wish to keep from his creditor the fruit of his labour, he proposed that he should receive in payment four chickens, which he still possessed. Lucas accepted the proposition, because he had no chickens, and because those that his neighbour offered him were worth what was owing to him. The chickens were therefore carried the same day to the house of Lucas. But as they were not shut up, the next day, when they wished to lay, they returned to Mathurin's to deposite their eggs in the usual place. The son of Mathurin, named Philip, a small child, aged only about seven years, was then alone in the house. He heard his dear hens cackling, and did not doubt of what they had just done. He ran immediately to the coop, scraped among the straw, and found the eggs. "Ha! ha!" said

he to himself, "here are some good fresh eggs which I love so much! My mother will be very glad to find them when she returns; she will cook them, and we will eat them. However," replied he a moment after, "should we keep these eggs from neighbour Lucas? Our poor hens are his, now; the eggs of these hens must also be his. I learnt the other day, at school, that we should restore whatever we find to the owner, as soon as we know who he is. Come, come, I will not wait till my parents return, I will carry these eggs to their owner." In effect, he ran immediately and knocked at Lucas's door. "Hold, neighbour," said he on entering, "I bring you the eggs that your chickens have just laid in our coop." "And who sent you with them?" demanded Lucas. "No one," replied Philip.—"What! have you brought them to me without being ordered?" "Yes; neither my father nor mother is at home: I am doing what they would doubtless have commanded me."—"And why did you not wait till they returned?" "Because they will not return till noon; and had you suspected anything of your chickens from not seeing the eggs, you would perhaps have thought ill of my parents."

THE END.

(Berquin)
NAS

AN

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

STUDY OF NATURE;

WITH OTHER PIECES,

FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. BERQUIN,

AUTHOR OF

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND," "THE CHILDREN'S FIRE-SIDE BOOK," &c.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY CRISSY & MARKLEY,
GOLDSMITH'S HALL, LIBRARY STREET.
1854.

Natural history — Essays and misc.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

All the elementary books for children, hitherto written, have appeared to take for granted, that the first and simplest laws of Nature were previously understood. This is an error. All the knowledge children possess on this subject, is generally obtained by the uncertain and fatiguing method of oral communication. A book, therefore, wherein such instruction should be presented to them, in an order adapted to the gradual development of their intellect, whose language should be simple and familiar, so as to impress upon their young memories the facts they are already acquainted with, and to create a desire for further information, is a great desideratum. Such is the character of Mrs. Trimmer's books for children, and such it is hoped will be the character of this, in the full persuasion, that the young minds led on by degrees through such a course of instruction, will be inspired

with an ardent longing after more elevated subjects of study.

As this is precisely the point whence I wish to start, I have thought proper to prepare my little friends for further improvement, by the exercise of their faculties in the region throughout which we are to pass. Before leading them as it were into strange countries, I wish to give them some little knowledge of their own, as, no doubt, much that is highly instructive and entertaining, has heretofore escaped their observation.

In the fear that this little book, which is designed only for children, might disappoint some people, I have determined to offer it as a present to many of my little friends. In this manner they will be able to profit by the work without my incurring any reproach. I flatter myself that mothers in particular will take an interest in the incident related in one of my other books for children, of a young girl, whose education had been shamefully neglected, yet whose native fondness for study, and penetrating mind, induced her to instruct herself, even in those branches of education generally esteemed foreign to her sex.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE STUDY OF NATURE.

THE MEADOW.

ELL, Charlotte, here we are, at last, in the country; and since we are both so fond of walking, suppose we make use of this agreeable means for increasing our knowledge of nature, by an attentive observation of the objects around us. Your brother Henry, I am afraid, will hardly be able to understand all our researches, but here he comes!

Well! Master Henry, how fine you look in boy's clothes! I hope you begin to feel more like a man, since you are dressed like one. But I can tell you there is much more to be learned besides whipping a top, and even reading. Come, then, with me, and your sister, to take a walk in the fields.

You remember, my dear children, that in the short walk we took last evening, I told you the names of several of the flowers, plants, trees, and birds, in the neighbourhood; but we are now to give our attention to some particulars concerning them, which I am sure will interest you.

Well, children, is not this a pretty place? See what thick, long grass, and how fresh the air is, and look! what pretty flowers!

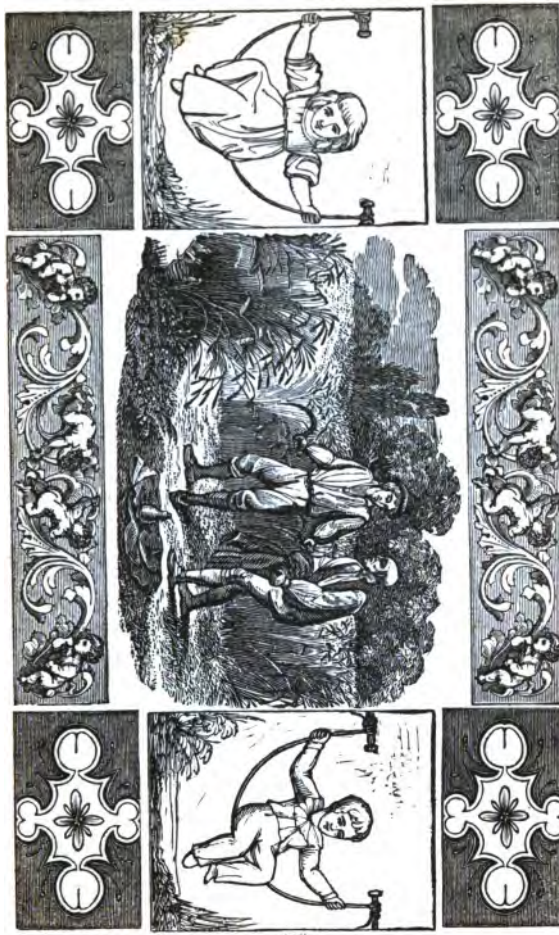
This grass under our feet is the natural food for horses and cows. In the month of June, it begins to turn yellow, it is then mowed down with large scythes, and spread out in the sun till it is perfectly dry; when it is gathered with rakes and piled into hay-stacks. This is excellent food for horses in winter, when no grass can be procured. In the process of mowing, a great many seeds escape and fall into the ground, where they produce another crop the next year. But in a new or barren ground, these seeds must be planted. Those pretty flowers you have picked, Charlotte, are produced from seeds, which have fallen accidentally among the grass, and sprung up with it. Many of them are medicinal—or useful in various ways. Henry, don't you think the pretty green grass is a very useful thing? I am sure the poor sheep would say so, if they could speak. They

have no cook to prepare their food for them, as you have. But it grows all around them. They can easily obtain it, and even if it gives us some little trouble to make it grow for them, it is right that we should do a little for such useful animals.

THE WHEAT FIELD.

OW we will go into the wheat-field. Is this wheat? yes, this is wheat. I know it by its high stalks. I hope we shall have a good harvest this year. August is the harvest month. Look here, Henry, here is a grain of wheat from last year, and here are several grains in one head, and you see there are several heads on the same stalk, and all this is produced from a single grain.

Before wheat can be planted, the ground must be ploughed. This is done by turning up the earth into small ridges, with an iron machine called a harrow. Manure is then spread over it. A man then walks along over the ground and strews the grain, which he covers up with the earth, by oxen or horses. The seeds remain in the earth swelled with the dampness, and the little roots strike down into the ground, while at the same time, little green spires or sprouts appear above. It continues to grow until it becomes a high stalk, bearing several heads as you see. When



perfectly ripe, these stalks are cut down and gathered into bundles, they are then taken to the barn and thrashed, by which process the grains are beaten out. The grains then are sent to the miller to be ground into flour; and from him to the baker to be made into bread.

What an immense quantity of wheat must be sown every year! consider, my children, that it forms an important article of food for millions of the human race! It is at once the most abundant and the wholesomest food that can be obtained. Large quantities are raised for exportation, in the United States, Poland, and the North of Europe. It is sent to the West Indies, South America, and occasionally to countries ravaged by war, or suffering from deficient crops.

Here is another kind of grain called *barley*. Take care Henry not to put a head of this into your mouth, it will choke you! It is nevertheless very useful. The farmers sell it to merchants, who, by mixing it with hops, make it into beer; it is also good food for poultry, and is sometimes made into bread.

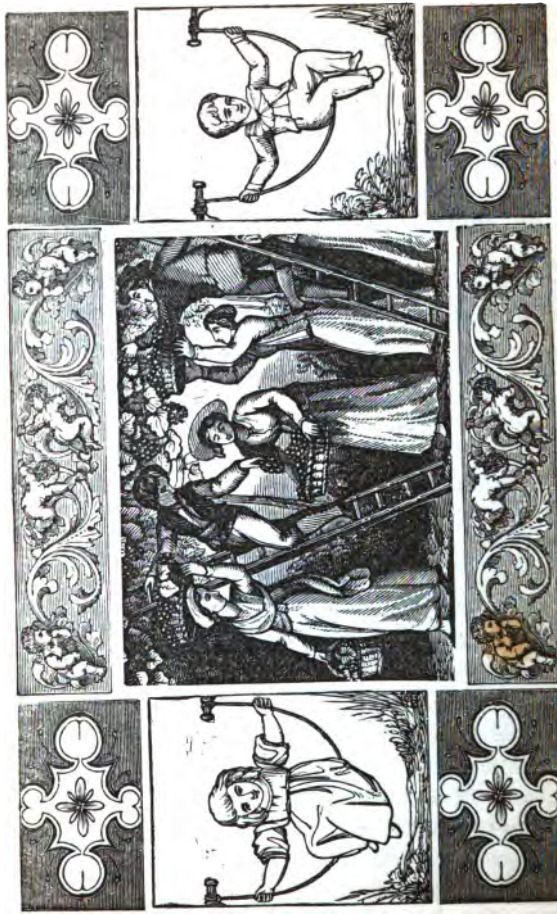
Hops grow on long poles, and bear a yellow flower. When ripe, the crops are gathered into heaps and sold to brewers.

This is oats: you have seen them given to horses. There is another kind of grain called rye, which is also used for making bread.

Grain presents a different appearance in different countries. For example, the wheat which is brought from Turkey, is very different from ours: the heads are much larger, and the seeds are red or yellow.

You know as well as I do the appearance of millet seed, which we give to birds. The flour made from it is excellent, cooked with milk.

In those countries where grain will not grow, the inhabitants live upon fruits, roots potatoes, nuts, &c.



VINES, VEGETABLES, FLAX, HEMP AND COTTON.

COME into this vineyard! See the bunches of purple grapes; they are not ripe yet, the vintage season is the autumn. Early in the morning the vintage people pick great numbers of grapes, and put them into large baskets. When they are all gathered, they are trodden under foot by men: this presses the juice out, which runs into tubs and barrels, where it is left to ferment.

The vintage season is always a time of merriment and hilarity among the country people. Wine, taken in moderation, is a pleasant and wholesome drink; but taken in excess, it lowers a man to the level of a brute. You have sometimes seen drunken men, Henry, and you remember with what disgust you looked at them.

Come into the next field. Let us see what is growing here. These are turnips, I think. Potatoes, onions, beets, carrots, parsnips, and several other vegetables grow under ground. Others, such as pease, beans, &c., grow on

stalks in pods, &c. I believe you know perfectly well what cabbages, melons, cucumbers, and asparagus are, so I need say nothing about them.

Do you see those two fields? One is Flax and the other Hemp; some of our clothing is made from Hemp. But Flax is of a finer quality; it is made, sometimes, into lace. Your shirt and your ruffles, Henry, were growing, not long since, in a field like this.

Hemp is also made into cables and ropes.

Coarse ropes have been made from nettles.

Cotton is produced in the Southern part of the United States, which yields far more than all other parts of the world. It is raised also in the East and West Indies, in Brazil, and Egypt. The seed is surrounded by a sort of down, which is the cotton. The fruit is about the size of a nut, and opens of itself when ripe. After a slight process, it becomes what we call raw cotton. The coarsest part is used for lamp-wicks, and the rest rendered nearly as fine as hair, and woven into clothing. You see, my dear children, the variety of useful, as well as beautiful objects in nature. Even the rough bark of trees has been made into clothing by savages, whom we consider so very ignorant.

What smells so nice? Look behind the hedge, Henry. Ah! Charlotte, what beautiful

flowers he has picked. And a branch of hawthorn too. How beautiful! The farmer plants a hedge round his enclosure to protect it from the incursions of men and animals; it serves also as a shade for the wearied sheep, during the heat of the day.

FOREST TREES. THE ORCHARD FRUITS. THE NURSERY.

HAT a beautiful oak, and how many acorns it bears! You know what animal feeds on this fruit. But to furnish food for pigs is not the only use of the majestic oak. These spreading roots extend very far into the earth, and imbibe moisture from it for the nourishment of the tree. Three men could not surround this immense trunk with their arms extended, and all this grows from a single acorn; and from a few handfulls of such little acorns, whole forests are produced. When these forest trees, such as oaks, chestnut, walnut, pine, &c., have attained their full growth, a wood-cutter comes with his hatchet and cuts them down. They are then sawn into beams, rafters, posts, &c., and used in building houses, ships, and different machines; the smaller branches are burnt in our fireplaces. Even the bark is useful in tanning leather.

These forest trees require no care, no watching, in order to arrive at perfection. They

3

grow slowly, but surely, for man's use and advantage.

There are other trees not less useful, such as the apple, peach, pear, plum, &c. These trees require constant care. I hope, Henry, we shall have plenty of fruit this year. A few weeks ago, these trees were covered with beautiful blossoms. These are all gone, and the fruit is growing in their stead.

Apples and pears may be safely kept all winter; but the other fruits decay, if kept at all, in their natural state. Some fruits are shut up in thick shells, such as chestnuts, almonds, nuts, &c. Among fruit-trees of this kind, the cocoa tree is the most remarkable. It grows in the Indies. There are no leaves except at the top, and these are very large. Some branches grow out between the leaves, in which, when an incision is made, a sweet liquor runs out, from which arrack is made. The fruit grows in large clusters on the same branch, sometimes as many as ten or twelve. You have seen the cocoanut, no doubt. It is a very large dark-coloured fruit, containing a white liquor.

There is a sort of almond, which grows in South America and the West Indies, which bears the name of cacao. It is from this little fruit that chocolate is made.

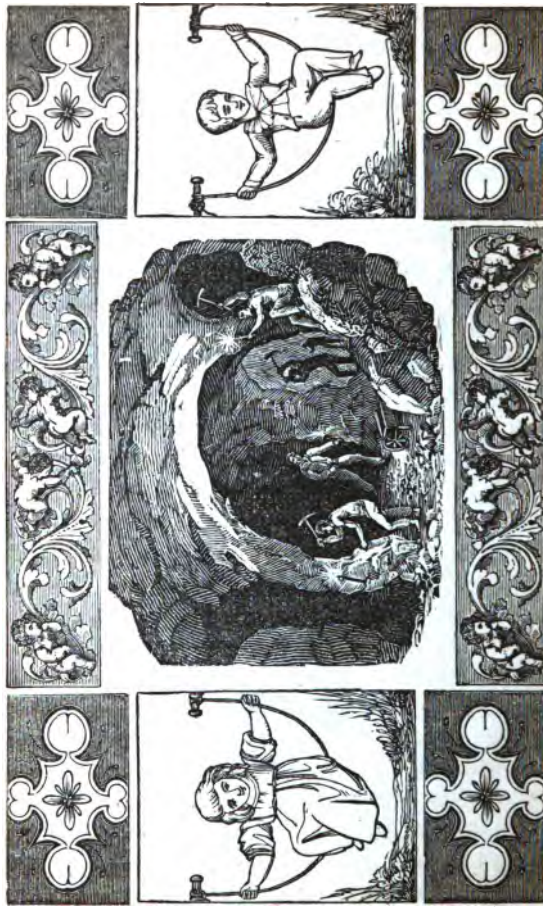
Trees are reproduced in three ways; by

seeds, by slips, and by grafting. The place where young trees are planted and taken care of, is called a nursery ground. Grafting is done in the following manner: a small incision is made in the stem of a tree, into which is inserted a young slip from another tree. A string is tied tight around them, and the opening closed up with moss. The new branch receives nourishment from the tree, and soon is in a condition to bear fine fruit.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

IF you are not tired, Charlotte, we will go look at our flowers. Take the key, Henry, and open the garden gate. Which shall we look at first? So many beautiful objects on all sides, it is really hard to decide. Look at these tulips and gilliflowers, these pinks, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and jessamines. Observe the extreme whiteness of those lilies and tuberoses. Take the smallest flower and examine it closely. You will find it full as curious as the largest. Pick me a rose, Charlotte. This is well named, the queen of flowers. Get me now a few lilacs, some jessamines, a little honey-suckle, some lilies of the valley, and what a collection of exquisite perfumes we shall have, in a very small nosegay! But don't pick any more, Charlotte. It is a shame, they fade so very soon, when held in the hand. Have you observed that the leaves of all these flowers are different; some striped, some white, some coloured. You are too young yet to understand anything about Botany; but I will explain a few circumstan-

ces to you. None of these beautiful flowers, which you see here, are to be met with in the open fields. They all require cultivation. The gardener must give them his whole time and attention. They are watered every day. Water and earth are to plants, what meat and drink are to us. Some plants are very delicate and require certain soils. But others are strong and hardy. Their habits are as different as are those of one person from another. Many curious plants are produced in hot houses. They are not hardy enough to grow here, in the open air; because they are transplanted from very hot countries.



QUARRIES AND MINES.

YOU appear surprised, my children, at the diversity of beautiful and useful objects, which you have seen. What would be your astonishment if you were acquainted with some of the productions of the interior of the earth? The stones with which our streets are paved, the gravel you see in the garden walks, the porcelain and earthen-ware utensils, which we use in our house, the bricks of our walls, the tiles of our roofs—all are dug out of the earth. Indeed, the greater part are but earth itself, more or less baked. Our bottles, our tumblers, our panes of glass, are *sand, melted.* Mortar, lime, plaster, clay—every thing that you have seen employed in building—comes from the interior of the earth. Even our marble mantels, have been rough stone at one time. The places whence these articles are obtained are called quarries. In some countries, mines of coal are found, after digging to a certain depth; this article is used in France only by blacksmiths; but in Eng-

land, the United States, and many other coun tries, it is used for fuel, as it emits a very strong heat.

Charcoal is not obtained from mines; but is made in the following manner: Large holes or pits are dug in the earth, into which wood is thrown, which is set on fire. Before it is quite consumed, the fire is extinguished, and the wood remains, in the black charred state, in which we use it.

There are immense salt mines in various parts of the world. In some of these mines the salt is as hard as marble, and can be cut into statues without falling apart. It is a singular circumstance, that when found in this hard state, it is more easily dissolved by means of fire than water.

The salt, which we commonly use, is not that obtained from mines. It comes from the salt-water of the ocean. The water is let into large basins, exposed to the action of the sun. After some time, the water evaporates, and the salt is left behind.

I have not told you half the riches contained far down in the earth, such as gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, and zinc. These are called metals. Look at my watch. It is gold. Gold can be beaten out thinner than paper. This is called gold-leaf. It is used for gilding; it gives picture-frames and various ornaments

the appearance of gold, when it in reality is only a slight covering. Gold is the most precious of all metals.

Silver is next in value. It is much used in coining.

Copper is used for cents and pennies; also for making pots and kettles for kitchen use. This would be dangerous and unhealthy, if the precaution were not taken to line them with tin or pewter.

Iron is the commonest and most useful of all metals. Steel is a preparation of iron. This is used for knives, forks, needles, &c.

Lead is also very useful; it is a very heavy metal; it is used for pipes to convey water.

Zinc is a whitish metal, softer than silver, but harder than lead. Combined with lead, it forms pewter, and is used for plates, dishes, spoons, &c., among the lower orders.

All these metals are found in mines in the earth; quicksilver which also is found in the earth, is useful for covering the backs of mirrors, also antimony, &c. These, in composition with other metals, make bronze, brass, &c.

Precious stones are found in mines, such as the colourless diamond, the red ruby, the blue sapphire, the green emerald, &c. When discovered, they are rough, dull, and shapeless; but, when polished and set, present a beautiful

appearance. Look at the diamonds in my ring. See how beautifully they reflect the light from their numerous faces. You see, my children, what thousands of objects there are, to interest and amuse us. Let us never complain of having nothing to do, whilst nature opens such a vast field before us.

But you must be tired now, Charlotte, let us go home. I think dinner must be waiting for us. Let us make haste, and to-morrow, if you choose, we will take another long walk.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

GOOD morning, Charlotte, you are up early, this morning. I have not seen Henry yet. Let us go and look for him.

Oh, you lazy little fellow! Not out of bed yet? Make haste and get up. It is a delightful morning, Charlotte, and I want to take another long walk, such as we had yesterday.

Since you are all ready, now, let us set out. Don't you see the milk women yonder with their pails?—they are milking the cows.

Cows as well as all other four-footed animals are called quadrupeds. See what thick horny hoofs they are provided with, to protect their feet from the stones; and what thick horns on their heads. These are their weapons of defence.

Cows are very useful animals. I don't know what we should do without them. In the first place, we have milk and cream; then butter and cheese, which articles form the food of a great part of the human race, both as we see them, and in composition with other articles. Some day I will take you to the dairy where you can see the different processes of setting

milk in broad dishes for the cream to collect on the top, churning, and making cheese.

What a cloud of dust, coming down the road! Look what immense oxen! don't be afraid, Charlotte; they will not hurt you. They are going to the butcher's, and you will eat a piece of beef for your dinner, before long. Their hides are to be sold to the tanner, to be made into shoes, and their horns are made into combs and lanterns.

In some countries, cattle have nothing to do but to eat and grow fat; but in others, they are yoked and harnessed, and used in wagons, for which their great strength renders them peculiarly fit.

See the innocent sheep. Poor timid creatures! how frightened they look. Examine their coats. What thick shaggy wool! This is very comfortable and warm in the long cold nights, when they sleep out of doors.

But in the summer, such wool would be too thick and oppressive. The farmer makes use of this season for shearing. The wool, when washed and dried, is very valuable; it is carded, and spun, and woven into cloth, for our use. The poor sheep would not play about the fields so briskly, if they knew that they were destined to the butcher. The covering of your drum, Henry, is made of the skin of these animals.

Horses are taken to market to be sold, but not to the butcher. Their flesh is not fit to eat. The Horse is a noble creature. His long slender legs render his movements very graceful. He is provided with a heavy hoof, as well as the cows; but he is so much of a traveller, that it is necessary to furnish him with iron shoes. Don't you wish, Henry, that you were old enough to ride on horseback. After a while you will have to learn this useful and agreeable exercise.

This ass is a poor wretched-looking creature, after the horse. But he is not to be despised, for all that. He is a very patient animal. He is always contented with a few thistles, or a little bran; he requires no stable, or groom to curry him. Asses' milk is esteemed very wholesome, especially in pulmonary diseases.

Let me look at my watch. Past eight o'clock. It is time for us to go home to breakfast. Here are the dogs, coming to summon us. Well, Medor, you are a good affectionate fellow. See how he wags his tail. All night long, when we are fast asleep, this faithful fellow sits at the hall door, and would never allow a thief to enter the house. And yet, although he can be so fierce, when it is necessary, he will let you play with him and climb on his back without ever showing the least impatience.

THE DEER, THE CAT, THE ELEPHANT, THE CAMEL.

LET us go through the little park, on our way back to the house. Look at the beautiful deer, with their branching horns, and the little playful fawns, Henry. These pretty creatures must be confined within high walls. They would stray away if put into an open field, like cattle. In some places, gentlemen amuse themselves with hunting these animals. They let them escape from the park, and immediately let loose upon them a pack of hounds, who by their furious barking indicate to their masters the direction they have taken. This is said to be so exciting an amusement, that whole hours are passed in it without fatigue. The poor animal, after being hunted down by the dogs, is torn to pieces by them. A Hare is sometimes hunted in the same manner. This is a cruel sport, Henry. Don't you think so: I am sure I should think more of the sufferings of the poor beast, than of any pleasure to be derived from chasing it.

Here is Minette, Charlotte, in a basket with her kittens. See how weak they are, poor little things. They do not open their eyes till the ninth day. So that they are perfectly blind yet. When they are old enough to catch mice, their mother will leave them to get their own living. But I should never finish, were I to mention all the animals on the earth. But I must tell you that there are a great many wild beasts, which you have never seen alive, that are extremely ferocious. The furs, which you have seen on clothing, and made into muffs, &c., are the covering of such animals as the Tiger, the Leopard and the Bear. When these animals are caught young, they may be tamed, and are then put into menageries and exhibited, from place to place.

The Elephant is the largest animal in the world. His strength is very great; but at the same time, he is quite gentle and docile. He is furnished with a long moveable trunk, which serves him as a hand. He can bend it up and down in a thousand different ways, and always takes his food up in it. Some of them have been taught to uncork bottles, and to pick up small pieces of money with the end of their trunk, and they possess sufficient strength to tear up trees.

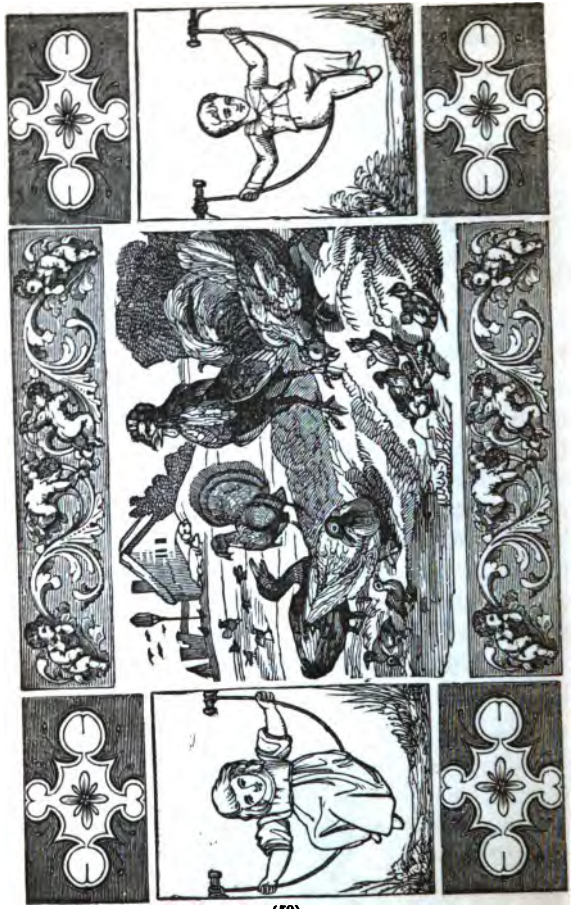
It was formerly the custom to employ Elephants in battle. Little castles, made of wood,

were placed on their backs filled with men, who were able to throw their darts with unerring skill, aided by their great height. The Elephant himself was a powerful adversary in war. When angry, he would crush numbers under his immense feet.

The tusks of the Elephant are sometimes more than ten feet long. When polished, they are called ivory, and are used for knife-handles, and various other common articles.

We have no Camels in this country, except now and then one or two in a travelling menagerie.

In the countries inhabited by these animals, there are vast sandy deserts, where no trees, nor grass are to be seen, nor any shelter from the scorching rays of the sun. Nevertheless, merchants are able to traverse these places mounted on the backs of Camels, whose speed is very great, and who can subsist many days without food or water. Arrived at the end of their journey, the Camels kneel down to be unloaded.



DOMESTIC BIRDS.

IF you have finished your breakfast, let us go down into the yard. Take a handful of corn with you. I am sure it will be very welcome. See what a number of little chickens around that white hen. Don't chase them, Henry; the mother will fly at you. These little creatures must have been hatched since yesterday. The hen has been sitting on the eggs for three weeks, hardly leaving them an instant to pick up a little food. Look at that hawk how he watches her. Run, Henry, and tell Thomas to come quickly and bring his gun. Don't be so frightened, poor hen, the hawk shall not seize any of your little ones.

Look if there are any eggs in the nest, Charlotte. Yes, I see three. Take them out; we want them at home.

Eggs may be hatched in ovens. This was the custom in Egypt. As soon as the chickens, hatched in this manner, come out of the eggs, they are placed under the care of some hen, who attends to them with the same care and attention as if they were her own.

Ducks' eggs are sometimes given to hens to hatch; who, entirely unsuspicious of any change, sit on them carefully: but when they behold the little ducks, immediately after their birth, plunge into the water, they show great signs of distress. You would pity the poor creature, if you could see her, running up and down, and calling anxiously to her disobedient, adopted children. Chickens have sharp pointed claws, with which they scratch up the earth, in search of worms, and insects. The males are beautiful creatures, and very fierce ones. Some people in England are very fond of setting two of these creatures to fight. It is a cruel and wicked sport, Henry, and one I hope you will never witness.

What a splendid Peacock! See how proudly he spreads out his gorgeous tail? and see, also, our Chinese Pheasant! they display a fine show of colours, and even the little pigeons have some pretensions to beauty of plumage, and our Indian Cock, there, how proud and conceited he looks! but you need not be afraid of him, Henry.

Take care, Henry, don't go too near the edge of the pond. Give me hold of your hand, and walk along slowly, while we look at the majestic swans. See how they plunge their graceful heads and necks into the water, and how slowly they glide along. The young

ones are of a dull grey colour; but before long they will turn white also.

The poor geese are awkward creatures, and what a harsh discordant cry they make! But they are very good to eat. The Swan is only useful on account of the down on its breast, which we make into powder puffs, &c.; but the plainer birds, such as geese and ducks, are excellent food for us.

There are the ducks, Charlotte. See how often they plunge downwards in the water. Observe the feet of these animals. They are provided with a broad web, which aids them in swimming.

FOREIGN BIRDS.

THE Ostrich is esteemed the largest bird in the world. It is as high as a horse, and runs very fast on its long slender legs. Its eyes are about the size of the human eye, and ornamented with eyelashes. This is a voracious bird, eating any thing which falls in its way. It lays fifteen eggs at a time, which it buries in the hot sands of the deserts. These birds are seen in flocks, so that one at a distance would take them for a body of cavalry. A singular stratagem is sometimes employed to catch these animals. A man will dress himself in the skin of an Ostrich, with the feathers on it, filling the long neck with his arms. The wild Ostriches hasten to flock round him, taking him for one of their own species, and are easily made prisoners.

The head of these birds is the only part which is without feathers, and therefore liable to injury. This is the part which they are most anxious to protect from the assaults of men, or other enemies: and when frightened, they bury their head in the sand.

The greatest strength of an Ostrich lies in his beak and his feet. They have been known to knock a man down, with a single blow.

Ostrich feathers, when cleaned and pressed, have a beautiful appearance, and are used in various ways. Those of the male bird are preferred, as they are larger and thicker than those of the female.

To obtain these beautiful feathers, men, in the native country of the Ostrich, pursue him on horseback, and shoot him with arrows.

I have described the largest bird in the world to you. I must now speak of the smallest, which is the Humming-bird. This beautiful little creature, has all the colours of the rainbow in his variegated plumage. His tail is composed of nine feathers, of which, the two middle ones are twice the length of his body. His eyes are black and sparkling, his beak long and curved. He has a long tongue, which he dips into the calices of flowers in search of honey. His flight is so quick that he is to be heard, before he is seen. The humming noise is produced by the movement of his wings.

In those countries where flowers bloom but once a year, it is said that the humming-bird remains all winter on the top of a tree, in a dormant state; but where flowers are to be

seen all the year round, they are always awake and lively.

The humming-bird's nest is generally suspended from the branch of an Orange tree, and composed of dried grass, lined with soft cotton. The eggs are about the size of a pea; and the birds, when first hatched, hardly larger than a fly.

They are caught in various ways. One is to throw sand at them to stun them, another to hold towards them a stick, covered with a sort of sweet glue. It is soon covered with these greedy little creatures, who before long find their tongues and feet fastened tight. In this state, they are easily taken. A traveller relates the following anecdote of the humming-bird. Having taken a nest of these birds, he placed it in a cage at his window. The old birds soon discovered this, and came every day to bring the young ones food. Before long, they became so tame as to enter the room, and even the cage; and perched on the hand of the gentleman, who kept them in this manner for six months, till one night, having forgotten to use the precaution of shutting the cage door, they were devoured by rats. The fly-bird, so called, from its extreme diminutiveness, is a species of humming-bird.

Who is this coming, Charlotte? Oh! it is little Julian. And what have you got in your

hands? A bird's nest! Oh! you naughty boy, to take the young birds away from their parents, and the nest which they have taken such pains to make! Look how beautifully it is put together. See the straw and sticks, bent round so neatly, and the inside is of soft stuff like down. What a warm bed for the little ones! It is from the nest that they take their first flight, and by degrees learn to fly through the air as gracefully as their parents. Think, how would you like to have your comfortable home taken from you, and find yourself alone and unprotected? It is very different with birds that have been brought from a hot climate. Alone in the woods, they would soon die here; but to take prisoner a happy little bird from these woods, and shut him up in a narrow cage, I am sure is very cruel, Charlotte.

Many birds, such as cranes, wild geese, swallows, plovers, &c., go annually at a certain season to another country. These voyages are generally made in large flocks, going in the autumn in search of a warmer climate and returning in the spring.

INSECTS.

HAT are you running after, Henry? A butterfly! Don't hold it so tight. You may hurt it, or injure the beauty of its delicate wings. And that beautiful airy creature was a few days ago, an ugly caterpillar, crawling on the ground. Silk worms are a species of caterpillar. When first hatched, they are of a grey colour, and feed on mulberry leaves. They soon grow large and white. After some time, they turn yellow, and increase very much in size. This is towards the time when they are about to spin. The cocoon of yellow silk is spun by them, and completely envelopes the worm. When the silk is formed, it is thrown into water, and the silk carefully unwound. Each cocoon contains one thread, nearly one thousand feet long.

On opening a cocoon, no worm is to be found, only a little dried up thing, something the shape of a bean. This is the future butterfly, who at the end of twenty days, opens its wings, and appears in all its beauty.

There are innumerable diversities of the butterfly race, all differing in size, shape, and more particularly in the gorgeous colours they bear on their wings.

Here is some honey. Taste it, Charlotte. Is it not delightful? This is all gathered from a bee-hive. Bees inhabit hives in great numbers. Sometimes there are as many as thirty thousand in one hive. Yet the greatest order prevails throughout; there being a queen bee, who allows no drones to remain. These little cells are the wax or honey-comb, and made entirely by the bees. When pressed out, it is made into candles, and also used in polishing furniture. Let us go and look at a hive. See what a number of bees going in and out, at every moment, either in search of food, or returning laden with it.

Hear what a noise they make with their wings! Don't be afraid of them: they will not sting you, unless you disturb them first.

THE OCEAN.

OME in Henry, come in Charlotte, look at this globe: do you know the use of it? Little as it is, it represents the whole world. When you were very young, you no doubt thought the whole world to consist only of the town you were born and lived in; but now I hope you are well persuaded that there are other countries which you have never seen, which, together with vast oceans, comprise the globe of the world. The surface of the world is not smooth and polished like the surface of this globe; it is diversified with mountains, hills, and plains, which, although they appear so large to us, in reality affect the spherical form of the earth no more than a few grains of sand, stuck on this globe before you, could alter its appearance.

What we call the earth is not all a solid mass, like the ground we tread upon. A great deal more than half of it is water. This is divided into what we call oceans, and seas, and subdivided into lakes, bays, gulfs, and rivers. It is impossible for man alone and

unassisted to traverse these vast bodies of water. Thence has arisen the art of navigation. It is supposed that some one, ages and ages ago, saw a log or a plank floating in the water, and tried his weight upon it. Next, bodies of old trees were hollowed out and used in fishing expeditions. By degrees improvements have been made, and now we often see a vessel capable of containing several hundred men, go out on a cruising voyage, with provisions for six months.

The noblest object ever attained by this art, was the discovery of America.

Before a vessel puts to sea, care is always taken to stop all the seams, to prevent leaks. A supply of water must be provided also, as the sea-water is too salt to drink. Barrels of salt meat, and hard ship biscuit, form the principal food of sailors. This is a hard-working class of people, and yet they become very much attached to the sea, so that they dislike being on land. Imagine a storm at sea, my children, the ship overwhelmed with the roaring waves, and tossed up and down by them, masts broken, ropes lost. Ah, that is a dreadful scene for the poor sailor.

You will be surprised to hear that sailors dread a calm quite as much as a tempest. At such a time, the hitherto turbulent waves are smooth and glassy, and reflect the sun's light

in a most distressing manner. The ship becomes motionless, sometimes remaining a whole month in this condition. The sailors are seized with a sort of lethargic stupor, and are wretched from inaction. But every one is filled with joy at the first breath of wind, harbinger of a prosperous delivery from the dreadful calm.

In some parts of the ocean, the wind blows incessantly from one quarter, during six months of the year, and from the opposite quarter, the rest of the time. These are called trade winds, and are of great service to mariners.

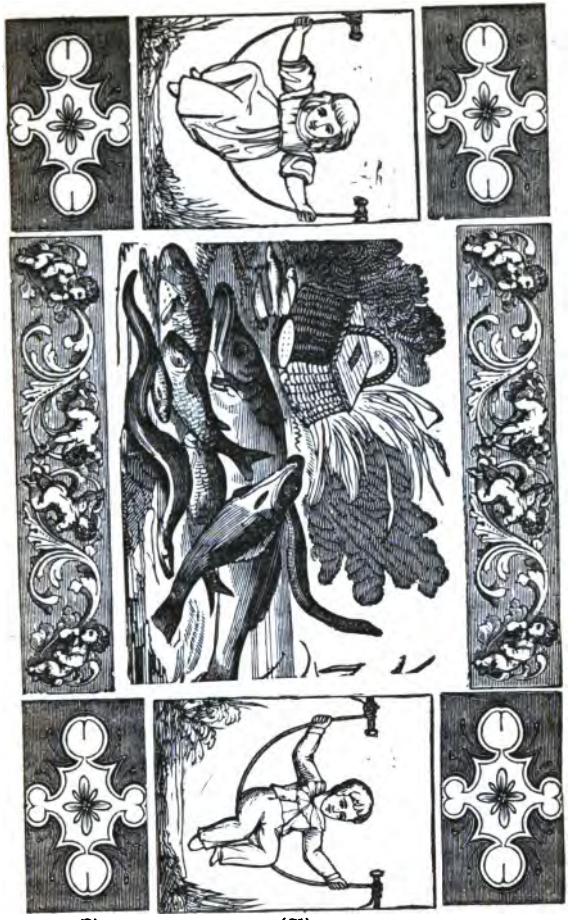
Sometimes a vessel is for many months at sea, without ever being in sight of land. At such times they are very much aided by the little compass, in which there is a needle which has the singular property of turning always to the north. Since I have spoken of the loadstone, I must explain to you what it is. It is a sort of stone resembling iron, and found generally in iron mines. It attracts iron and steel, and these articles when rubbed on it, borrow a small degree of its properties. Give me your knife, Henry, I will rub it against this loadstone, and now see how it draws these needles towards itself. Imagine now a vessel at night, in a storm, and you can readily figure to yourself the immense advantage of the compass.

The vapour which escapes from the sea, is condensed in the air, and falls again in rain and dew, which are the source of the fertility of the earth.

FISHES.

THE inhabitants of the water are Fishes, of which there are numerous varieties, of all sizes. You have often seen turbots, pikes, sturgeons, mackerels, &c. on the table: these fish are caught near the shores. But there are others which are only to be met with in the open sea, such as the whale. This is the largest fish in the world. It is taken with a harpoon, by several men in a whale boat. Some of them are sixty feet long, and often upset the boat and cause a great deal of harm. When dead, they are drawn to the side of the ship, and cut into pieces, to obtain the fat, which, when melted, becomes lamp oil.

The flesh of the codfish forms a considerable article of food for the inhabitants of the north. On the banks of New Foundland, there is a celebrated cod-fishery, which supplies every part of the world. The fishing season lasts here for three months, and 50,000 men are constantly employed in it, each one taking between three and four hundred of



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these fish in a day. They are so voracious that they are easily caught by fastening a piece of any thing red to the hook. If a part of a dead one is held in the water, they will flock round it in such numbers that their fins are often raised out of the water. What is called stock-fish, is only a preparation of cod-fish, which has been exposed to the cold north air for some days, after which it may be kept for years, without spoiling, and forms excellent provision for ship consumption.

The herrings are caught in still greater numbers than the cod-fish: indeed their increase is so rapid, that it is said, if it were not for the annual diminution by the fisheries, they would soon fill the ocean. They cast their spawn in the bed of the northern ocean, and depart immediately to seek their food in a warmer region. They perform these voyages in immense troops, presenting sometimes a front of more than three hundred miles. Warning is given of their approach, by the birds of prey continually following their course and hovering over them.

This fishery is carried on during the night, by the aid of lanterns, the light of which attracts them. Sometimes the line breaks under their weight. From one port in Holland, more than three hundred barks are sent out on this expedition.

Herrings are salted and put up in barrels, and sent all over the world.

The oyster is a strange-looking animal. Indeed it has been doubted by many, whether it is an animal at all. Shut up in its shell, growing fast on the side of a rock, it certainly presents many of the attributes of a vegetable, although it appears to provide food for itself, as the shell opens to receive insects, plants, &c., which float around it in the water. Pearls are sometimes found in oysters; these are obtained by divers who bring up large quantities of oysters in a sack, and extract the treasures from them.

Imitation pearls are made by a sort of composition, and very often equal the true articles in beauty. Indeed they have the superior advantage of being regular.

Pearls are also sometimes found in shell-fish. The shells of these animals are often very beautiful, presenting all the colours of the rainbow.

The shell-fish, like the oyster, remains immoveable on a rock.

A navigating shell-fish is certainly a curious object. When the nautilus sails carefully through the ocean, and stretches out its little sails to the wind, it certainly has very much the appearance of a miniature boat, or ship. It also stretches two oars into the water, and

by this means, steers safely along on the surface. But at the approach of a storm, it lowers itself a little, so as to fill the shell with water, which gradually sinks it to the bed of the ocean.

Tortoises are of three kinds—the sea, the land, and the fresh-water Tortoise. The sea tortoises are the largest. It is said that some of them are of such a size, that fourteen men may ride on the back of one, at a time. The vast shell is very useful, as a shelter to the huts of savages on the little oceanic islands. It is said, that these tortoises, when taken, shed tears, and utter sighs of deep distress. They lay their eggs in the hot sand, on the banks, and cover them over completely with earth: the eggs are round, and about the size of a billiard ball. Twenty-five days after they have been so buried in the sand, numerous little tortoises are seen digging their way out of the earth, and instinctively making their way towards the sea. Unfortunately for them, birds of prey are always on the watch, at this time, before they have sufficient strength to protect themselves.

The manner of taking these animals, is to come by stealth, and turn them over on their backs, in which posture they are incapable of defence. When killed, the flesh is very good, and more than thirty bottles of oil can be

extracted from a large one. One was taken on the coast of France, which was six feet long, and weighed between eight and nine hundred pounds. The liver alone was sufficient for the dinner of several men.

The growth of these animals is very rapid: a very small one was once put in a tub, and in a short time, it would hold him no longer. Their life is sometimes prolonged to the space of eighty years.

The fresh-water Tortoise resembles very much that of the sea. In the winter season, they remain in the ground in a torpid state. They are very destructive to fish in ponds. The land tortoise is found in every country in the fields, in gardens, on mountains, and in forests: they live upon insects and plants.

The shell of the Tortoise is polished, and made into snuff-boxes, combs, knife-handles, and various articles.

Every one of those shells you have seen in such numbers lying on the sea-shore, was formerly the habitation of a little fish.

There is a sort of shell-fish, called the soldier. This little animal outgrows its shell, and is obliged to seek another, large enough to hold him. For this purpose, he goes up and down the bank measuring and examining all the empty shells, and when he finds one to suit him, takes possession of it. It sometimes

happens unfortunately that two of these fish contend for the same shell, in which case a battle ensues, and the vanquished is obliged to leave the field. From this is derived their appellation of the soldier.

There is less variety among marine plants, than among those of the earth.

The leaves of the common Algus are two or three feet long, soft, and of a green colour. When this plant is exposed to the sun, a sweet substance oozes from it, which is eaten like sugar.

The Fuci grow in little bushes. On the leaf grows a little vessel filled with air, resembling a balloon, which serves to hold the plant erect in the air, or enable it to float in the water. Some kinds are of a yellow, pink, or green colour. These are very beautiful, and may be dried and pressed for any length of time.

Coral is also a marine production. It is sometimes found more than a foot high. Its colour is generally red, and sometimes white. The stem is about one inch in thickness, and branches spread out on all sides, varying in size.

This is all the work of little worms. Each one builds himself a little house, which, in process of time, being all in a mass, forms the beautiful coral we use for ornaments.

Sponge is a production of the same nature, only differing in texture.

When we go back to town, my dear children, I will take you to see a cabinet of natural history, where you will see many curious and interesting articles.

THE SUN.

LET us rest here, on top of the hill; what a beautiful prospect lies before us! See how brightly the sun shines over everything around us, and what beauty his presence lends to the woods and fields.

The sun, my dear children, is a vast globe of fire, which revolves on an axis, and sends out in all directions rays of light and heat, which penetrate every quarter of the globe by turns. With a good telescope, dark spots have been observed on the sun's disk, some of them as large as the world we live in.

The revolution of the sun is effected in twenty-five days and a half.

If you close all the shutters of a room, and bore a little hole in one of them, you will see the sun's rays, entering and crossing the room in straight lines.

These lines of light proceeding from the sun, are as perceptible to the eye of the smallest insect, as to your own, Henry. Don't you remember that beautiful line of M. de Bonneville—

"And on the insect's eye, he paints the universe."

The sun's rays reach the earth in eight minutes from the time they leave him. When you are a little older, I will explain to you the process of making this discovery. For the present, the fact is all you need learn.

Do you remember the state of all nature last winter, Charlotte? No flowers appeared; the naked trees sighed in the cold wind; and everything seemed benumbed. The sun only appeared for a few hours, during the day, and even then was faint and cheerless. Since then, you have observed the days gradually grow longer and longer. The trees begin to put on their leaves; and now that we are in the middle of the summer, we behold the fruits nearly ripe: corn, wheat, and different sorts of grain, ready for an abundant harvest. Again we shall see the days, before long, growing shorter and shorter, until we shall have cold winter again. These changes in the seasons are caused by the position of the sun alone. It is true, that in summer, he is farther from us, but his rays are more vertical, and the days being so long, the earth retains the heat, either in itself, or in the atmosphere around it.

Formerly, it was generally believed, and by many ignorant people it is still believed, that the sun revolves around the earth. The com-

mon expressions of the rising and setting of the sun, have confirmed this belief.

But modern discoveries have proved the wisdom of the ancients to be all foolishness in this respect. The truth is that the revolution is made by us around the sun. Have you never observed, Charlotte, when you have been in a boat on the water, how the shore seems to be receding from you, instead of you from it. But you knew it was not so. The case then is the same with regard to the apparent motion of the sun.

The earth's movement around the sun is performed in 365 days. Look here, I will light a candle, and hold this globe at the side of it. Do you observe that one half of it is lighted by the sun's rays, whilst the other half is in darkness. This is an exact representation of night and day. These two ends of the globe, so to speak, are the north and south poles. The sun's heat penetrates very feebly to these regions, which are enclosed in perpetual snow and ice. They have night and day alternately, each lasting six months. How would you like to live in such a place, Henry? Not much, I should think, and yet the people are very contented and happy.

What do you say, Henry? You do not understand how, if the world turns round on its axis, the people are held on it. This is a

question which has puzzled many a wiser head than yours. But, Henry, we are held on the earth by an attraction as curious and as powerful as the attraction of steel to the load-stone, so that we always remain on our feet. Jump off the ground. You see you come down on it again.

We are not conscious by our feelings of the motion of the earth. The reason is, that we meet with no resistance in our annual revolution; the atmosphere around us always accompanying us. But we must not forget the moon, faithful companion of the earth. She is not a ball of fire, like the sun. She is conjectured to be a world, like the one we inhabit, to whose inhabitants, we are, no doubt, a moon also, only fifteen times larger. The light of the moon is reflected from the sun. Suppose, Henry, that this candle is the sun, this globe the moon, and your head may be the earth. Whilst the earth turns round the sun, the moon turns round the earth, in about the same plane. Now let us place the moon between the sun and the earth, that is the globe between the candle and your head, Henry. Such is the situation of the moon when she is new. The half of the globe which is lighted by the candle is turned towards it, so that you could not see it. The dark half is turned towards you, so that you

see only a very small portion, that is the new moon. If I turn the globe a little to the left, you see a little more of it in the form of a crescent. As I continue to turn it, you gradually see more and more, till it is full moon. In the same manner the moon turns away again, and you gradually see less and less, till it disappears entirely.

The moon takes twenty-seven days, seven hours, and forty-three minutes, in its revolution round the earth; and the same time exactly to perform her revolution on her axis. An eclipse of the sun is caused by the interposition of the moon, between the sun and the earth. An eclipse of the moon takes place when the earth is between the sun and the moon.

If the sun, the earth, and the moon, were always in the same line, these eclipses would occur much more frequently.

Let us suppose, Henry, that the candle, the globe, and your head, represent the same objects, as they did just now. I can now easily make an eclipse for you, by placing the globe, which represents the moon, between the candle and your head. All three are in a line, so that the candle's light is hidden from you by the moon.

I can also produce an eclipse of the moon, by placing your head, which is the earth,

between the candle and the globe, or moon. If you stoop a little, Henry, you will see that it is no longer an eclipse; it is true, you are still between the candle and the globe, but not exactly in the same line: the shadow lies now underneath the moon, and not on it.

THE PLANETS, COMETS, AND FIXED STARS.

EE this picture of Galileo, observing the stars with a telescope. It is by the discoveries of such men that we learn the nature of the heavenly bodies. The earth is not the only body revolving round the sun. There are others called planets, and others called wandering stars; the planets are seven in number, namely, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel, discovered lately by an astronomer of that name; besides the four small planets, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta.

Mercury is the nearest planet to the sun; it is the smallest planet we have, and performs its revolution in 88 days.

Mercury is fifteen times smaller than the earth; its mean distance from us is 34,357,480 leagues. It has not yet been discovered whether this planet turns on an axis, or not. Its extreme proximity to the sun, causes it to be apparently lost in the splendour of his beams.

Venus is, by turns, the morning and the

evening star; she is one-ninth smaller than the earth, and situated at nearly the same distance from us as Mercury. Her rotation on her axis is performed in 23 hours, 20 minutes, and she travels round the sun in 224 days and 15 hours.

I have already spoken to you of the revolutions of the planet on which we live, the Earth. It is sufficient to add that we revolve round the sun in 365 days, 5 hours, 49 minutes, and 56 seconds. Our mean distance from the sun is 34,357,480 leagues, and 86,380 leagues from the moon. The diameter of the earth measures 2865 leagues.

Mars is much smaller than the earth; its diameter measuring about three-fifths of our own. Mars completes a revolution round the sun in 321 days, 23 hours, and a half, and turns on its axis in 24 hours, and 40 minutes; mean distance from the earth 152,350,240 leagues. At one season of its revolution, this planet is nearer to us by 68 millions of leagues, than at any other time, and appears to us seven times larger.

Jupiter is 1300 times larger than the earth. He turns on his axis in 9 hours and 56 minutes, and performs his revolution round the sun in eleven years, 315 days, and 8 hours. His mean distance from the earth is 178,692,550 leagues. He is accompanied by four

satellites revolving round him, as the moon round the earth.

Until the late discovery of Herschel, Saturn was considered the furthest planet from the sun. His revolution is completed in 29 years, 167 days. He is 1000 times larger than the earth, and at a distance from it of 327,748,720 leagues. As with Mercury, it has not yet been discovered if this enormous planet turns on an axis, or not. Beside seven satellites, Saturn is surrounded by a luminous ring.

On the 13th of March, 1781, Mr. Herschel made the discovery of the planet which afterwards received his own name, at the city of Bath, in England. It is supposed to be twice as far from the sun as Saturn, and to perform a revolution in more than 83 years. Four smaller planets, Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta, have been recently discovered. Among the stars are certain wild, apparently pathless bodies, called comets. Their orbit is so elongated that they appear as if directing their course in a straight line towards the sun. They are known by a train of light behind them, like a tail, generally in an opposite direction from the sun, supposed to be an exhalation of vapour from the planet itself, as it is transparent. In 1682, a comet appeared, and returned again in 1759; it was supposed

to complete a revolution round the sun in about 75 years. Observations have been made on as many as 60 comets, and M. de la Lande supposes them to be about 300 in number. The comet which appeared in 1680, passed so near the earth, that if the part turned towards it had been land instead of water, important observations might have been taken, as the distance was not greater than from us to the moon. Any slight deviation from the course of the comet, at such a time, would be sufficient to destroy our globe and hurl it into the vast chaos of the universe.

The fixed stars are those luminous bodies we behold on a clear night, thickly scattered over every part of the heavens. The name of fixed stars has been given to them because they always preserve the same relative distances without sharing in any of the planetary movements. They are still further removed from the sun than even Saturn, and are often eclipsed by him. A telescope which magnifies Saturn's disk two hundred times, presents the fixed stars to our view only as almost imperceptible points; because, besides their immense distance, they are when seen in this manner robbed of the scintillation surrounding them. It is supposed that Sirius, the most brilliant of the fixed stars, if interposed between the sun and earth, would be in contact

with both, being 99 millions of miles in diameter.

Although, in some parts of the earth's orbit, it is nearer to some of these stars than in other parts by 198 millions of miles; yet the diminished distance makes no perceptible difference in the size and appearance of the fixed stars. This proves the vast extent of the universe, and teaches us what a very small part of it is our earth with all its inhabitants.

If it were possible for a man to be placed as near to one of the fixed stars as we are to the sun, it is probable that it would present the same appearance to him as the sun does to us, while our sun, most likely, would appear like a fixed star—a distant and hardly perceptible point in the heavens.

It is evident that the fixed stars are suns shining by their own light: no reflected light such as that of the moon would enable us to see them.

Astronomers divide the stars into classes according to their size. The largest and most brilliant are termed stars of the first magnitude. The smallest we can perceive are styled the sixth class.

A great many stars are not at all visible to the naked eye. These are not included in the above-named classes. They are simply styled telescopic stars.

Others appear in the form of an indistinct cluster of stars, and are called nebulæ.

The ancient astronomers, in order to distinguish the stars in their respective situations, formed them into constellations. Some in the forms of animals, men, serpents, &c., or a crown, a harp, a chair, and various familiar forms.

Each constellation bore the name of the form it was thought to resemble; and modern astronomers, to avoid confusion, have continued to apply to them these names. Some of the principal stars are named, such as Aldebaran, Sirius, Arcturus, &c. Others are classed, several in one constellation with one name for the whole.

Besides these various planets and stars, there is a beautiful and remarkable appearance in the heavens, styled the milky way. This large white band, which crosses the sky, like a belt, is supposed to consist of an infinite number of little stars, whose united beams produce the white appearance.

The number, place, and relative distance of the fixed stars, have always been the same as observed by different astronomers. The first catalogue of the stars was made 120 years before the time of our Saviour. It has been frequently altered and added to, as discoveries have progressively been made by means of the

telescope, an instrument unknown to the ancients. The most attentive observers have hardly been able to count more than 1400 stars, visible to the naked eye. At first sight, the number appears much greater; but this is found to be a delusion caused by the scintillation.

The error is corrected by taking a view of the heavens through a telescope.

Changes are often observed in very distant stars, which, if they are inhabited globes like our own, must cause important effects to the inhabitants. Sometimes one will become very faint and dim, and again blaze up as if on fire. Some have been known to disappear for a length of time.

There are more stars to be observed in the north, than in the south; but those of the south are much larger and more brilliant.

More stars are visible in winter than in summer. The reason of this is, that in summer the air is moist and obstructs the view. Those people who believe that all the heavenly bodies exist only for the purpose of giving a feeble light to our earth, have certainly not a very elevated idea of the divine wisdom. How much more rational, my dear children, to look upon them as inhabited worlds, revolving round suns of their own!

VIEW OF THE UNIVERSE.

MADAME DE CROISSY, had been a widow for three years. On her husband's death, she hastily quitted Paris, and retired to a country-house, at the distance of a few leagues, where she resolved to devote herself entirely to the education of her daughter, now her only remaining consolation. Madame de Croissy had married very early; her own education had been very much neglected. Her father, a man of business, thought a few accomplishments all that was necessary to his daughter's happiness. Raised by her marriage to the society of an intelligent and well-instructed man, she soon began to experience the sad consequences of this early negligence; and in seeking to correct her own defects, she determined to prevent them in her daughter. The continual gaiety of a city life had never entirely altered this determination.

During her daughter's early childhood, she studied a great deal. Her excellent judgment, her active mind, and her perseverance rendered this an easy and agreeable task.

Already was she well acquainted with ancient and modern history, geometry, and natural history, besides geography. Whatever peculiar branch she deemed suited to the gradually developing mind of her daughter, in that would she exercise herself.

At the age of thirteen, Emily, by her unusual progress, had given her mother the greatest satisfaction; and amply rewarded her for all the pains she had taken.

Their days passed in the quiet enjoyment of the purest pleasures. Nothing but an occasional visit from some city friends ever disturbed their rural tranquillity. Emily's happiness was entirely bound up in her mother, and in the remembrance of her father, of whom they often cheerfully spoke, as it was a theme of which Madame de Croissy was never tired.

Their only intimate friends consisted of the family of Madame de Croissy's brother, Mr. de Gerseuil. This gentleman occupied an honourable public station in Paris; he had two daughters, still under their mother's care, and a son, Cyprian, a boy of a warm heart and lively disposition.

Our story begins at the time of a visit, paid by Mr. de Gerseuil, with his son, to his sister and niece. Their unexpected appearance one evening after a long separation caused great joy in the little household; Emily and Cyprian

embraced each other with mutual delight, while Madame de Croissy shed tears of joy. The next morning, the sister and brother took a long walk together, when they communicated to each other their respective plans for the future concerning their children. Dinner united them all again in the house, where mirth and gaiety presided, and every heart felt the delights of friendship.

The coolness of the evening induced the little party to walk out in the open air. The sun had just reached the horizon.

Madame de Croissy, observing this, suddenly left her brother's side, and seated herself alone on a stone bench, which faced the entrance to the grove. Mr. de Gerseuil supposing her to be seized with a slight illness, or overcome by some melancholy recollection, hastily followed her, and anxiously demanded what was the matter.

"Nothing, nothing," answered she with a smile: "wait till the sun goes down, and then I will tell you something."

In a few moments the sun disappeared, and Madame de Croissy, rising gaily, said to her brother,

"You were surprised at my leaving you so abruptly; but listen to me. This is my birthday. It always seems to me that every thing around me interests me more strongly on such

an occasion than on any other. This morning, when walking in the orchard, I observed with great interest the changes in my fruit trees since my last birth-day. Just now I recollected that a year ago, at sunset, I was seated on this same stone bench, watching the departure of his glorious rays: I was suddenly struck with a desire to observe him this year, and to discover if there was any change in him. I observed then that he set behind that elm tree, and I confess I was really a little surprised to find not the slightest variation in his movements."

"The sun might pay you the same compliment; since after performing a journey of 210 millions of leagues, he finds you in the same spot awaiting him."

Emily.—Oh, there are the stars, coming out, uncle. I suppose their inhabitants are looking at us in the same way that we are looking at them.

Mr. de Gerseuil.—Indeed, my dear niece, you are very much mistaken. The inhabitants of most of these stars have never seen our little globe, and have not the smallest idea that we are in existence.

Cyprian.—How! never see us? It is very mortifying, papa, to be of so little consequence in the universe.

Mr. de Gerseuil.—Console yourself, my son;

it is most probable that Mars, Mercury, Venus, and the moon are perfectly sensible of our existence, if they are not dazzled by the great light which surrounds them; but as to Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel, their distance is too great. Besides, if our globe were so swelled out as to fill the whole space described by its orbit, it would occupy but a point in the vast immensity of the universe.

Cyprian.—But, papa, if the inhabitants of these planets behold the sun, surely we, who are much nearer to them than the sun, must be in their line of view.

Mr. Gerseuil.—Listen, my son: do you see a light over the fields?

Cyp.—Yes, papa; it is a lamp in a house!

Mr. G.—The house is much larger than the lamp; can you distinguish it?

Cyp.—No, papa, I can only see the light of the lamp.

Mr. G.—You see, therefore, that a small body, shining by its own light, is much more easily distinguished by the eye than a larger one, which has only a reflected light. Let us now reduce things to their true proportions. The Earth, in comparison with the Sun, instead of being as the house is to the lamp, is more like a pin's point at the side of a flaming torch.

Emily.—Are we not then in the centre of the universe, uncle? I should have thought

there was not an inch more on one side of us than on the other.

Mr. G.—You will think better of this, my dear niece, when you reflect how often you may have been deceived, as to the distance of objects seen from your window. The church, for instance, from your house, appears very near; but quite a long walk is necessary for you to reach it.

Emily.—Yes, uncle, I remember now.

Mr. G.—I will draw the form of the earth's orbit on the sand. It is of an oval shape. I will lay my hat in the centre of the orbit to represent the sun.

Cyp.—A black sun is something new, indeed, papa; but wait, I will bring you a better one, (*he runs towards the house.*)

Emily.—Where is the giddy fellow gone?

Mr. G.—Don't blame him, my dear niece, until you know him to be in fault.

Cyprian (*coming back with a servant bearing a fire-brand.*) Here, papa, here is a much better sun, and you can put your hat on your head, to prevent you from getting cold.

Mr. G.—Thank you, my dear son: (*to the servant*, "Champagne, you may stay here,") now let us take a journey round the sun. Here, Champagne, take the fire-brand and run to the end of the walk with it.

(*Champagne goes off with the fire-brand.*)

Emily.—What are you going to do, uncle?

Mr. G.—You will see presently. Wait till Champagne has taken his station.

Cyp.—There he is now, papa. Oh, how very little the fire-brand looks at this distance.

Mr. G.—I am glad you observe that circumstance. Now walk round the mark which designates the earth's orbit. Now that you are on the opposite side, does the fire-brand appear any larger?

Cyp.—No, papa, not in the least.

Mr. G.—And yet you are nearer to it than you were before.

Cyp.—But so very little, papa.

Mr. G.—Well, then, suppose the diameter to be 66,000,000 of leagues, one side of the earth then is nearer to the sun, by all this distance, than the other.

If then the size of the sun never appears changed by this immense difference in the earth's distance, think how very trifling in proportion is the appearance to those planets from whom she is so much further removed than from the sun.

Cyp.—I am struck, papa, with a deep sense of our exceeding littleness.

Mr. G.—The Philosopher Pythagoras had some very true notions concerning the solar system. He considered the sun to be in the centre of the whole system, round which the

planets revolve. To be sure, he was mistaken in the distances, but geometry, in his time, was in a rude state.

Mad. de Croissy.—And did his system gain ground?

Mr. G.—Not much, indeed, among a people who believed the earth to be a plane, the stars to be rocks, detached from the earth and carried by some process up into the air, the sky a concave body of a solid nature, and the sun a ball of fire which was extinguished every night and lighted again in the morning.

Ptolemy found such opinions in full vigour in his age. He taught that the earth was the centre of the universe. This system lasted for fourteen centuries, gathering by degrees new absurdities, which the philosophers were obliged to disseminate, in order to uphold the system.

Cyp.—Papa, so many centuries must bring them very near our own time.

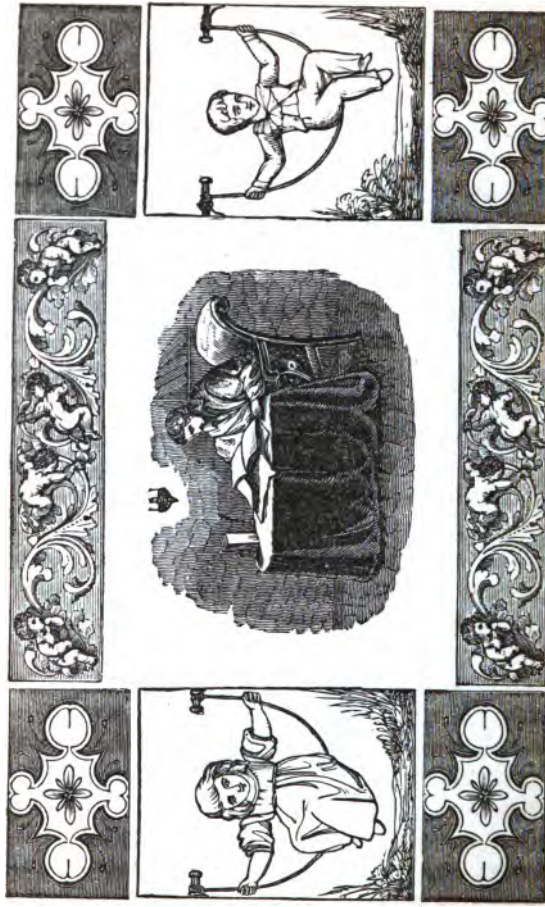
Mr. G.—Yes, my son, it is only 240 years since Copernicus enlightened the world with his discoveries; although it afterwards fell into error again; for Tycho Brahe, the greatest philosopher of his age, fell back into Ptolemy's error in giving the earth a central position. He also supported the idea that the sun, with all the planets, perform an annual revolution round the earth.

Mad. de C. — How ridiculous, brother!

Mr. G. — If it had not been for Galileo, we might have still been in such blindness. It was he, who, by his discoveries with the aid of the telescope, confirmed the plan described by Pythagoras, and Copernicus. Newton, afterwards, in England, lent his genius to the advancement of this interesting science.

I have seen his statue at Cambridge. Roubillac, a French sculptor, has represented him standing, looking at the sun with a prism in his hand.

But it is getting late: we must go into the house. Another evening I will continue my instructions, dear children, by which I hope you will endeavour to profit.



VIEW OF THE UNIVERSE—Continued.

YPRIAN was a hard student. He had often sat up half the night to read volumes relating to his favourite studies. He had soon begun to have a desire to learn astronomy. His cousin felt the same disposition.

The next evening Madame de Croissy and her brother were equally surprised and pleased at the impatience shown by both Emily and Cyprian for the time to arrive when they should receive a second astronomical lesson.

They soon openly expressed their wishes on this subject, and Emily playfully rallied her cousin, concerning his anxiety to renew his acquaintance with those bodies by whose indifference to him he had been so vexed the evening before.

Ah! Emily, said he, don't laugh at me. I have the authority of a very high example for my conduct. I was reading the other day a circumstance which happened once to Mahomet.

This personage, wishing to give his army a

proof of his power, proposed one morning to show them a miracle. He therefore commanded a neighbouring mountain to come to him. But the mountain remained quiet. A second time, the prophet called with a terrible voice; but a second time was he disobeyed. The soldiers looked in dismay. "Well," said Mahomet, "the mountain appears to prefer remaining where it is — let us go then to the mountain."

So it is, Emily, with me. The stars do not see me, but I have no objection to look at them.

So saying, Cyprian left the room abruptly.

In a few moments, the others followed him into the garden.

It was a beautiful night, not a cloud was to be seen. Sirius shone in all his splendour.

"That star, my son," said his father, pointing to Sirius, "is 200,000 times farther from us than the sun is."

Cyp.—Oh, papa!

Mr. G.—There is a sort of light all round Sirius, which prevents any very accurate discoveries being made respecting its size. Sometimes the apparent size is 900 times greater than the true, on this account.

Cyp.—We never see any such light round the moon's disk, papa.

Mr. G.—No, my son, nor yet round Jupiter.

The reason is that Sirius probably shines by its own light, like the sun, while Jupiter and the moon have only rays reflected from the sun.

Cyp.—And, papa, all these little stars which we see so thickly scattered over the sky, are they as far from us as Sirius?

Mr. G.—Probably a great deal further, my son.

Emily.—But, uncle, they seem all close together.

Mr. G.—Have you ever, my dear niece, remarked the lamps along the street, or on a bridge. When you are at one end and look far on, these lamps will seem almost to touch, and yet you know perfectly well that they do not. It is the same with the stars.

Emily.—Then, uncle, are these stars suns like our own sun?

Mr. G.—Yes, my dear.

Emily.—And what are they made for? they give us no heat, I am sure, nor light either. I am afraid if these numerous suns were all we depended upon for our harvests, we should soon starve.

Cyp.—I should think, papa, that if these stars are in reality suns, they must have worlds revolving round them as our sun has.

Mr. G.—This is philosophically thought,

my son; it is to this point that all astronomical discoveries tend.

Cyp.—Then my newly discovered friend Sirius has planets revolving round him.

Emily.—I will not ask, uncle, why we see the suns, and not the planets. I remember what you told us about the house and the lamp.

Mr. G.—But we have forgotten to speak of the comets.

Cyp.—Oh, papa, tell us something about them.

Mr. G.—I suppose you have heard that some of these strange bodies are known to occupy several years in performing a revolution round the sun.

Cyp.—Oh, papa, how very strange!

Mr. G.—There is one, which returns about every 500 years. But let us now occupy ourselves with the comet, which was observed for the first time in 1264, which reappeared in 1556, and which is expected again in 1848.

The orbit of a comet is not in the same form as that of the planets, being a very long ellipse.

Mad. de C.—My dear brother, how many known stars are there?

Mr. G.—The most accurate observers of the heavens have counted more than 3,000 in

our hemisphere, and 10,000 in the other hemisphere.

That makes 13,000, in the whole universe.

Besides these, we must reckon all those not visible to the naked eye, and the immense numbers clustered together in the milky way. The imagination is frightened when it endeavours to dwell upon these numerous worlds.

Cyp.—And has the sun also a motion?

Mr. G.—No doubt. Why should it alone be exempt from the laws of nature? The movements of Sirius, Aldebaran, and Arcturus, (the three largest suns,) are well known. Arcturus has been observed to proceed further south every year, by about ninety millions of leagues.

There is an attraction exercised by a larger body over a smaller one, which compels it to revolve round the greater. For instance, the earth, sixty times larger than the moon, obliges her to perform her revolution round us. This is an invariable law in the solar system, to which even the irregular comets must submit.

Is there then a sun for every planet?

Several planets revolve round the same sun. This sun with all its tributary planets revolves round another sun, this system again round another, and a greater centre, and the whole mass of the universe, no doubt, revolves round an immeasurably distant central point, where,

no doubt, is placed the throne of the Creator of all.

Emily.—Oh, what a sublime idea!

It seems as if this beautiful system, in which every planet is but a small part of the great whole, teaches us a lesson. It says, "Mortals assist each other, labour together for the good of all, without attempting to leave the sphere in which you were placed. This order is established for your happiness, as well as for the maintenance of the whole world."

The two children lost not a word of what Mr. de Gerseuil said: for some time they stood in silence, for every heart was touched with awe at the wonders they had learned.

THE DISCONTENTED MAN.

FARMER ANDREW prospered so well in his affairs, by his industry and activity, that want was a thing unknown in his house. One saw almost every day at dinner, on the table, a dish of meat, or of fish. In the evening, sometimes they served up salad and eggs, sometimes vegetables and milk, and always some sweet bread and exquisite fruits.

His children were healthy and robust, and as their mother was as skilful as laborious, one never found them with soiled linen, or ragged clothes.

On Sundays and holidays, when the weather was fine, the whole family went out to take a walk, in one of the neighbouring villages. They stopped on the road to take refreshments, and their little pleasure parties did not interfere with their domestic arrangements.

Besides this, the name of Andrew was held in high consideration, because all those who bore it, had, from time immemorial, received, in succession from their fathers, sentiments of

right and honour, which formed the best part of their inheritance.

This is, you will say to me, a man who ought to live well contented with his fortune.

Well! Andrew was anything but that: of an envious disposition, discontented and jealous, he murmured incessantly against divine Providence, because it had not placed him in a more elevated condition. He regarded with vexation, all those who were above his situation; and he was not able to conceal his envy of those who appeared to have advantage over him, though this appearance was often deceptive. He always thought that he had a right, as much as another, to occupy the most eminent offices; and that he was, perhaps, more capable of filling them with honour. Sometimes he even maintained that if he had been at the head of finance, he would have known how to make up a *deficit*, without establishing new imposts; in short, if one might believe him, all went wrong, because he had not the helm of government.

The poor man! how little did he know the way of the world, and the march of business!

He knew very little of true happiness, imagining that in another condition he would lead a happier life. He was not willing to see that his discontented character would have rendered him miserable, even in the highest places, since happiness depends more upon the dis-

position, than upon the external means of enjoyment.

This is not all. Instead of locking up within himself these sad thoughts which were the torment of his life, he sought to instil them into the minds of his children. He always spoke to them in such a manner as to make them believe that their condition was the most miserable on earth. He carried the bitterness of his reflections into their sports, and represented to them as the source of all pleasures the things of which they were deprived.

When they enjoyed themselves, for example, in eating an excellent dish of vegetables: "Ah!" said he to them, "in that castle down there, they have better cheer. They have as much game, pastries, and foreign liquors as they desire. The water goes a thousand times to the mouth, while these good things never find their way there," and after these words, the good vegetables no longer gave pleasure to the children.

If he saw the son of some wealthy man pass in fine clothes, he called his children to show him to them. "Do you see," said he, "with what magnificence he is clothed? Ah! my poor children, when I compare your dresses of coarse dark cloth with these of silk, what shame for us!" and the children thought that they ought to be ashamed of their clothes.

In their walking parties, if there rolled by them a coach, he exclaimed: "Oh! the beautiful horses! the superb equipage! See these happy people! They are drawn along at their ease, whilst we are obliged to walk on foot like dogs." The children, who, a moment before, tripped along with a light foot, failed not to complain of fatigue, as if they had been over-burdened.

It is by a natural consequence of these foolish complaints that the noble pursuit of agriculture already became as contemptible to the eyes of the children, as it was odious to their father. They murmured, like him, against Providence, because they were not born sons of the king. They were every day richly provided, yet they lived discontented. They did not rejoice at the comfort that reigned in their house, but afflicted themselves with what they saw at the houses of others.

Andrew became sick of the yellow jaundice. This was the third time that this malady had attacked him, and it overcame him. Perhaps at this moment he regretted the life that he had rendered every day so uncomfortable. There is too much reason to apprehend that his children had the same destiny, if, when their reason became a little more strengthened, they endeavoured not to subdue this discontented humour which is contrary both to justice and reason.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

N a sultry day of summer, when the reapers, notwithstanding their fatigue, sung gaily while tying their sheafs, and moistening the fields with their perspiration, there arose suddenly a black cloud which obscured the entire horizon. The lightning flashed without interruption, and they heard the thunder in the distance.

All these hardy men soon redoubled their ardour to gather their harvest, and put it under shelter from the rain, which they did not believe would begin until the end of half an hour; but in an instant a furious whirlwind arose which carried the tempestuous cloud over their heads. The thunder-bolt parted from the cloud, and struck a barn in the middle of the village which it set on fire.

The reapers, who, from the middle of the field, saw the fire, ran with all their might to put it out. But, before their arrival, the flames had already so expanded, and had been carri-

ed so far by the impetuosity of the wind, that to render assistance became impossible; and the whole village was reduced to ashes.

The unfortunate inhabitants thus lost, in less than an hour, all that they had gathered by the labour of many years. The little grain that remained to them from the preceding year, the hay that they had just laid up, their linen, their clothes, their furniture, their provisions, all were buried under the heaps of smoking rubbish.

This dreadful spectacle made the tears start from the eyes of all. Complaints and lamentations filled the air. One might see women and children running about and uttering cries of despair. Matthias above all was inconsolable. "Great God!" exclaimed he, wringing his hands, "what shall I do? unfortunate man that I am! I have lost my cottage, my clothes, and my bed. I have not a cent left to purchase bread. I can do nought but throw myself into the river, or precipitate myself from the top of this rock."

Theobald, who heard him, approached him. "Why do you lament so much?" said he to him. "I have lost as much as you. I have nothing more than the clothes which are on my back; my body remains to me, and with it my head and my arms. There have been many villages burned, and their inhabitants

have not died of hunger. Will not he who has preserved them, do the same for us?"

These encouraging words did not encourage Matthias. He continued to afflict himself and to cry, "Unfortunate man that I am! what shall I do? I am lost for ever."

Theobald hoping nothing more of him, went to find the others that were burnt out, and endeavoured to raise their courage by his discourse. But they were in general as unmanly as Matthias, and they cried, with him, "Unfortunate beings that we are! what shall we do? we are lost for ever."

Some, however, listened to the words of Theobald, and consented to follow his advice. They first went to visit the remains of their habitations, where they yet found some good boards but little damaged, some utensils, tools, and their iron pots, which the fire could not melt. They went to the corporation of the neighbouring town to ask for succours which soon arrived in abundance. A wealthy man of their neighbourhood, named M. de la Haye, whose property they had respected in times of trouble, hastened to their aid. He lent them a vast coach-house, into which they carried their sheaves which were on his field. Other charitable persons joined with him to sustain the most unfortunate during the rigour of the following winter. Some sold part of

their land, others borrowed from their generous neighbours. Each of them had soon enough money to rebuild his cottage and procure all the necessary instruments of his labour.

Animated by this first relief, they laboured on their lands with more courage and ardour than they had ever done before; and Providence blessed their labours, so that in a few years they had regained all that the fire had caused them to lose. They gained also the three greatest benefits on earth, namely, self-esteem, confidence in the wealthy, and a new sentiment of gratitude and love for the God of justice and goodness.

But those who had abandoned themselves to unmanly despair, received the punishment of their unworthy feebleness. No person presented himself to aid in re-establishing their affairs. Most of them dragged along the rest of their lives in idleness and apathy; and the others, reduced to the rank of mendicants and vagabonds, were despised by everybody, and had to depend upon the bread of charity to keep them from starving.

JAMES, THE GARDENER.

JAMES, the gardener of Livry, was regarded as the ablest in the district. His fruits surpassed in size those of all his neighbours, and they had the sweetest and most exquisite taste. All the wealthy, in their preparations for feasts, bought some of his peaches as a dessert. He had no need to carry his melons to the market. Purchasers came and selected them from his garden-beds: often even at a price that could be procured for them nowhere else.

The satisfaction that he found in his labour, and the gain that he acquired, attached him assiduously to his task of cultivation. Rich and laborious as he was, it was not difficult for him to find a good partner. He espoused Colette, a young woman of the neighbourhood, whose discretion equalled her beauty.

The first year of their marriage was very happy. Colette seconded her husband in all his labours; and never had the fruits of his garden prospered so well.

Unfortunately for James, near his house

lived another gardener named Gregory, who, from the break of day, settled himself in a tavern, not to go out till night. The jovial humour of Gregory had seduced James, who was not slow to adopt his tastes. At the commencement, he went to the tavern only to speak of gardening: soon, even in his garden he thought only of wine.

Colette lamented this change in the conduct of her husband. As she had not yet acquired enough experience for attending herself to his fruit-trees, she was often obliged to go and seek him while over his glasses and bottles, to bring him back to his work. Alas! he no longer pruned his trees, but with his head full of wine. His pruning-knife played at hazard among the branches. The fruitful branches were cut indifferently as the barren ones, and his fine peach-trees, of which, the preceding year, he had not one bad shoot, now only extended faintly their arms like some great sluggard.

The more James saw his garden droop, the more he felt strengthened in his taste for intoxication. His fruits and vegetables lost all their renown; and not getting enough from his labour to satisfy his shameful passion, he disposed, little by little, of his furniture, his linen, and clothes. At length, one day when his wife was gone to carry to market some

roots that she had cultivated herself, he sold all her clothes to spend the money in drinking with Gregory.

One could scarcely imagine the distress of Colette on her return. To be fallen from easy circumstances into dreadful misery, was too great a misfortune. She lamented still more the loss of her husband, and of a young infant six months old, that she nursed.

Who would believe that it was this child who should save the whole family from ruin? On the evening of the same day, James returned home cursing, leaned with his elbow on the table, and brutally demanded of his wife something to eat. Colette presented to him a large knife, and a basket covered with her apron. James quickly removed the cover. What was his surprise on seeing in the basket his son apparently asleep! "Eat," said Colette to him, "this is all I have to give thee. Thou art the father of this child, thou hast more right to devour it than hunger." James petrified at these words, stood without speaking, and his eyes stupidly fixed on his son. At last, overcome by his grief, he burst into tears. He arose, threw himself on his wife's neck, demanded her pardon, and promised to change. He kept his word. His father-in-law, who for a long time refused to see him, informed of his repentance, made some advances to him to

place him in condition to begin his work again. James made good use of this assistance; and soon his garden became more fruitful than ever. He became, notwithstanding his age, active, industrious, a good husband, and a good father.

He was sometimes pleased, blushing, to relate this history to his son, who, from his example, held intoxication and idleness in such horror, that he was all his life as sober as laborious.

IDLENESS.

ERVAIS imagined, because he was an only son, and his parents possessed a fine house well stocked with furniture, fertile lands, and numerous flocks, that he would never have need to work.

From what arose this extravagant thought? From his being spoiled in his early years, by a thousand unreasonable compliances, and from his being always left master of his own pleasure.

When his father, at the break of day, went into the fields to labour, Gervais remained extended on his bed, and did not get up till the moment when his father returned to repose from his fatigue.

The first thought of Gervais, when he awoke, was to demand of his mother what he should have for breakfast. He then greedily devoured it; and though dinner was ordinarily served before his breakfast was quite digested, he ate until he could eat no more.

His day never commenced until noon; and when he had carelessly worked for half an

hour, he believed himself overcome with fatigue, and laid down under a tree to refresh himself.

His parents, who had not acquired their competence, but by dint of labour, knew well its price; but a silly fondness for their only son would not let them oppose his habit of idleness. They were foolish enough to believe that he would mend his ways as he became older, and that in any case, the wealth that they would leave him would put him all his life above want.

But did this happen? His cruelly tender parents soon after died, and Gervais obtained possession of their inheritance.

He congratulated himself that the time was come to enjoy, at his ease, all his riches, which he thought enough to last the rest of his days. You will see how dear this thought cost him.

As his principle was to spare himself the trouble of doing anything that another could do for him, he abandoned the care of his flocks, gardens, and lands, to the good faith of servants; but these witnesses of their master's idleness, soon thought that they were not obliged to take great trouble with his affairs, whilst he neglected them, he who was most interested. They followed his example, and abandoned themselves, like him, to inaction.

The cattle confided to their care were not

slow in feeling this negligence. They no longer had their food at the usual hours. The cows no longer gave as much milk; the sheep no longer had as fine wool; the horses could not carry as much; nor the oxen perform as much labour. It was the same in the poultry-yard, in the warren, and by the pigeon-houses, which fell into the most sad decay.

What had become in the interval of those orchards, those gardens, and those lands, whose fertility was, at other times, so much admired? Alas! Instead of the asparagus, and plump melons, one saw only briars, and sterile weeds. Moss covered the branches of the trees, the caterpillars gnawed the fruit. This was not all. The servants attached to the service of the farm, no longer having the attentive eye of the master to inspect their duties, and verify their accounts, agreed among themselves to commit all sorts of thefts and knavish tricks. While Gervais had his feet on the andirons, his knees on the table, or his head on a bolster, his ploughmen went to labour with his oxen on the lands of his neighbours. His poultry-yard maids gave to him only the half of the produce of eggs, and milk; and the butcher made him pay dearly for the legs of his own mutton, with which he was accommodated at a very cheap price by the shepherd.

When the end of the year came, the harness-makers, the cart-wright, the blacksmith, and the farrier, presented themselves before him with long bills, which they wished to be paid. Scarcely had he drawn from his wealth what was necessary to satisfy them, when he saw himself obliged to borrow.

The following year produced still less. Besides his ordinary expenses, he had to pay the interest of the money that had been lent to him. It was necessary, therefore, to borrow again, with this difference, that the amount was greater, and the interest at a higher rate.

From year to year, he saw his revenues diminish, and his debts increase. He was soon unable to pay even the interest to his creditors: he wished to borrow as before; but this time no person was willing to lend him even with the most enormous usury. Who would wish to risk his money in the hands of a man so much embarrassed?

Soon the finishing stroke was put to his affairs, and he saw himself dispossessed by the law, of all this fine inheritance which ought to have supported him all his life-time; and he was obliged to come and beg a piece of bread at this same door, where his father, in other times, had made a row of wagons pass, groaning under the weight of a rich harvest.

AVARICE.

THE peasant Leonard was so sordidly parsimonious, that it is difficult to form an idea of him. One may compare him to that miser, who, to save ink, had determined not to put dots over the i.

Leonard possessed, by his marriage, excellent lands, which, if well kept together, would soon have heaped up riches. But as he had some scruple to give to his land a part of the grain that he had raised from it, and, instead of ten measures of grain that would be necessary for seed-time, he thought he was very economical in using only six; his corn was not near as thick, as that of others; and in some places the scattered stalks were like those pollards that fall far apart in the forest, under the axe of the wood-cutter.

Far from spreading the manure from his cattle on his fields, Leonard believed that he would make great profit by selling it. Thus, his meagre and dried-up lands had the appearance of those infirm poor, to whom the merciless rich refused to give a morsel of bread.

His possessions would have required the constant labour of four robust men. Leonard, to whom the wages and food of four servants, seemed an enormous expense, with which it was useless to charge his purse, contented himself with the services of one. Nevertheless, both of their services put together were not equal to those of one other; and his poor servant whom he fed badly, had no disposition to overwork himself, to satisfy the avarice of his master; soon his domain was covered only with briars and thistles.

One may well judge that his stable, his cow-house, his sheep-fold, his poultry-yard, did not suffer less than his fields. With a few more bundles of hay, and sacks of oats, he would have been able to keep his beasts in a better condition; instead of that, they wasted slowly away by the cruel abstinence that he made them endure. Scarcely a week passed, but one of his horses died: all his hens had the pip. His lambs, not finding any milk in the teats of their mothers, expired almost at birth, and those who lived some days longer, became the prey of wolves, who had neither to fear shepherds nor dogs.

The principle of Leonard was to do himself all that would cost money to get another to do. Would you believe that one day he took it into his head to cut and stitch his

clothes, so as not to be obliged to pay a tailor? Well! what did he gain by it? His garments were awkwardly made up, and it cost him more stuff than it would have cost him to get them made, so little experience had he in his new profession.

When his spade, or some one of his tools was broken, you think, perhaps, that he purchased another one with the money that he had in reserve? Oh! no, no. He loved better to serve himself, as long as he was able, with the half of his tool. See, therefore, the fine profit! He did less work, with greater fatigue; and sometimes retarded the most urgent labours.

As he lent none of his utensils to any person, no person wished to lend him theirs. Had he an indispensable want for a thing, for a day or two, he was obliged to make a purchase of it, or, as was mostly the case, to do without it; whilst all his neighbours would have lent him them with pleasure, if he had ever been willing to lend them some other thing in his turn.

Abhorred and contemned by every one of his neighbours, he was still more so by his miserable servant. It was little for him not to give him even his moderate wages, he had still the secret of retrenching daily some part for the least thing that broke in his hands.

The other in revenge did not scruple to rob him, whenever he found an opportunity, during the little time that he remained with him; for the longest service did not last longer than three weeks. Thus, on one side, Leonard caused himself to be pillaged in every way, and on the other, he saw himself abandoned precisely in those circumstances, when he most wanted some one to assist him in his labours.

It is easy to conceive that he found not many servants eager to offer themselves to occupy the vacant place. Not many presented themselves, except bad characters, dismissed from other farms for their idleness, drunkenness, or theft. From the thousand quarrels in his house, Leonard was not to be endured. He got into such a passion as to beat his servant; and justice had already often condemned him to pay large fines, so that, all accounts being reckoned, it would not have cost him as much to have a sufficient number of servants, well paid, and fed, who, in their turn, would have made it a duty to work with all their strength for his interest.

You will, perhaps, demand of me, why I have not, till the present, said a word of his wife. Alas! my friends, it is for a good reason. It is already a long time since the poor unfortunate woman was dead, half from the shame of her husband's niggardliness, and

half from the misery of all sorts of privations that she had to endure on her part, though she had brought him as a dowry, all the wealth that he possessed.

One of the griefs with which she had been most tormented in her last hour, was the cruel fate which awaited an only son, that she left quite young. I, who love children so greatly, I should suffer too much to describe the situation of this little unfortunate. He was refused even the nourishment that was necessary to him. Twenty times he was on the point of dying, for want of food, had it not been for the pity of some compassionate neighbours. You would have taken him for the child of the poorest inhabitant in the village, on seeing him overcome with hunger, running half naked, from door to door, to dispute the bread of charity, with the most indigent vagabonds. He was scarcely six years old, when his father forced him to work, in order to earn the little food that he was obliged to give him. He never spoke but of the value of gold, of the necessity of acquiring it by every means, only to keep it locked up. He did not receive from others any other instruction. Leonard would sooner have drawn out his heart, than draw from his purse the little money that it would have cost to send him to school. A young savage, brought up in the depth of a forest,

would not have been more ignorant, or more rude.

In a flood which happened at the end of autumn, a dyke which defended the field of Leonard, was destroyed by the violence of the waters. By employing five or six men immediately to repair the damage, he could have re-established all, as it was before, in one day. But these five or six men, it would be necessary to pay, and this was precisely what Leonard would not hear of: he believed that he could do it all himself. He also suspended the pruning of his vineyard, though he had not a moment to lose for this operation, so that the vines unfortunately felt it the next year; and he commenced his laborious enterprise. But how could his unassisted strength be capable of accomplishing this work? All that he did during the day, the waters destroyed during the night. At last, the waters increased to such an extent, that being spread over all the field, they completely undermined what remained of the dyke, and not retiring till the end of some days, after carrying along with them a part of the ground, left the rest without defence, at the mercy of any new inundation.

This experience should have rendered him better prepared for what would happen to him at the commencement of the winter. But

what can correct a miser? His house, badly kept in repair, was near tumbling down. The mason demanded only six crowns of him, to repair it. "Six crowns!" exclaimed Leonard, as if he had not more than one bag filled with this sort of money. Whilst he contracted his purse, the crevices enlarged; and the mason soon declared to him that the only way that remained for him, was to tear it down, and rebuild it.

These two events plunged him into such deep grief, that he became sick. A fever soon seized his body, exhausted by forced labour, and his blood impoverished by bad food, completed the disorder. They spoke to him of remedies; he refused them, to save a few cents. His avarice increased more sensibly, as he grew weaker. He would never consent that one should kindle a fire in his chamber, whilst the cold wind entered from all sides, through the crevices in the walls of his house. To the pains of disease, were joined the continual fear that some one would profit by his weakness, to rob him: he languished yet some time in these frightful torments; and at last, died lamenting the expense of his interment.

What a lesson for you, my dear friends! Leonard might have lived long in the midst of plenty, and enjoyed the pleasure of seeing his wife happy, and his son brought up in the prin-

ciples of a good education: but Leonard died while young, after having caused the death, before him, of his wife from grief, leaving a stupid and sickly son, to whom all the gold that he received as an inheritance, would not suffice to *fertilize* his lands, re-stock his cow-house, and re-build his house.

THE END.